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THE
NIGHTINGALE;
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
SONGS, CHANTS AND HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF
Juvenile Classes, Public Schools, and Seminaries;

CONTAINING ALSO A
Complete and Concise System of Elementary Instruction.

BY

W. O. & H. S. PERKINS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.

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P R E F A C E .

In the introduction of this volume, the Editors deem it unnecessary to apologize for adding another to the list of Juvenile Singing-books. Its success will prove whether it was needed.

The Elementary portion, a part of which has been arranged from the "Choral Harmony," by permission, will be found a truthful deduction from the best specimens of the art. Brevity and clearness have been our motto, and it is thought that the arrangement, in the form of questions and answers, will add much to the utility of this part of the work. The exercises and rounds will be found attractive, simple and progressive.

Immediately following "Musical Notation," are exercises adapted to physical action, which will be useful especially for Primary Schools. It must be admitted, that a great fault in the education of the young, is the constant straining of the intellect, forcing it like hot-house plants, to the neglect of physical training; and hoping to aid somewhat in this important part of education, these exercises have been inserted.

In the selection of the music, it has been our aim to use such, only, as will be pleasing and practical in its character, and adapted to the wants of those for whom the work has been prepared. The Editors have had access to a large collec-

tion of music, and there will be found several favorite copyright songs never before published in a work of this kind. By a special arrangement, several pieces never before published, from the pen of Mr. T. Wood, the well-known composer, and Teacher of Music in the Public Schools of Albany, N. Y., have been inserted. The part-songs have been arranged with reference to practicability, avoiding feebleness on the one hand, and unnecessary difficulties on the other.

Much care has been exercised in the selection of words. We have not, knowingly, allowed the expression of any sentiment that could offer objectionable suggestions or associations. In some cases, new words have been adapted to favorite melodies; in others, words have been altered. The variety of music is such as to be adapted to all occasions where children sing; songs for May-day, and other festivals, patriotic and Sabbath School songs, hymn-tunes, and chants, to which may be adapted hymns of irregular metre for devotional or other exercises. The Editors take this opportunity to express their thanks to all who have aided them in contributing either music or words.

With these remarks we now submit our work to the public, hoping that it may contribute largely to the pleasure and edification of the rising generation.

INDEX.

A good name,.....	105	Higher will we climb,.....	109	Song for Freedom.....	162	Would you be a sunbeam,.....	185
A hundred years to come,.....	79	Hoe out your row,....	134	Song of night,.....	67	EXERCISES & ROUNDS.	
All around and all above thee, ...	54	Hunter's song,.....	156	Speak kindly,.....	107	A kind good night,.....	29
Annie Lawrie,.....	170	Hurrah for old New England, ...	168	Speed away.....	106	Away now, joyful riding,	26
Annie Lisle,.....	104	Hurrah! the merry harvest,.....	49	Spider and Fly,.....	108	Childhood's pleasures,.....	35
As gaily o'er the sea,.....	103	I'll away to school,.....	180	Spring and the birds,.....	78	Clap, clap, hurrah,.....	39
A social song,.....	132	Independence Day,.....	167	Star of the twilight,.....	178	Cleanliness,.....	42
Blanche Alpen, 59 Brave old oak, ..	96	I would I were a Fairy Queen.....	48	Strawberry girl,.....	89	Come to the greenwood,.....	26
Boat song, 74 Beautiful moonlight, ..	206	Joy, joy, freedom to-day,.....	198	Sunbeams,.....	119	Crier's song,.....	41
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea, ..	204	Last rose of summer,.....	73	That place is home,.....	159	Haste to school, (Round,).....	34
Brightly gleams the morn,.....	160	Let me kiss him for his mother,....	201	The Fire-fly,.....	179	Here we stand,.....	40
Buy my strawberries,.....	90	List, 'tis music stealing,.....	154	The Lark,....	76	How sweet to be roaming, (Round,) ..	33
Call the children early,.....	144	Little things, 155 Like a dream,....	184	The Meeting,.....	92	Hunter's chorus, (Round,).....	135
Care not for the morrow,.....	111	Marion Day,.....	63	The Melodies of many lands,.....	182	Let us endeavor, (Round,).....	34
Chime again, beautiful bells,.....	136	Marseilles Hymn,.....	122	The merry sunshine,.....	70	Marching song,.....	38
Coasting song,.....	181	Maying Party,....	114	The Nightingale was singing,.....	116	Merrily greet the morn, (Round,)..	93
Come again,.....	113	Merrily rolls the mill-stream on, ..	95	The Ocean is my home,.....	50	Orphans' song,.....	38
Come, fairies, trip it,.....	196	Mountain bugle,.....	194	The Parting,.....	94	Saturday night,.....	37
Come forth ye hunters,.....	177	Mountaineer's farewell,.....	164	The Queen of May,.....	66	Scholars' pledge,.....	42
Come, O, come with me,....	126	Murmur gentle lyre,.....	139	The Rain,.....	82	The Bell doth toll, (Round,)	29
Come o'er the moonlit sea,.....	161	My home on the hill,.....	56	The Rainbow,.....	91	The Exercise,.....	39
Come to the Public School,.....	86	My native hills,.....	45	The School-house under the hill,....	125	The quiet vale,.....	30
Come with thy lute to the fountain, ..	46	My native land,.....	62	The Seasons,.....	121	The school-bell, (Round,).....	30
Dearest mother,.....	160	Neva boatman's song,.....	152	The setting sun,.....	61	Try again,.....	36
Dearest spot of earth,.....	171	Never late at school,....	97	The Sun that warms,.....	137	SACRED MUSIC.	
Dear mother, I'll come home again, ..	88	Never say fail, 55 New England, ..	57	The Welcome,.....	76	Dinsmoor,.....	214
Deeds of kindness,.....	158	O'er Praries green,.....	203	Those evening bells,.....	66	Evening,.....	213
Dip, boys, dip the oar,.....	145	On the Village Green,.....	64	Thoughts of home,.....	128	God is good,.....	51
Draw the sword, Scotland,.....	146	Orphans' greeting,.....	166	'Tis Winter far and wide,.....	189	Happy meet we here,.....	216
Dixie's Land,.....	200	Orphans' prayer,.....	191	To the Cuckoo,.....	192	Hear our prayer, (Chant,).....	209
Erin is my home,....195 Effie....	165	O, the old house at home,.....	65	Twinkle, twinkle little star,.....	150	Hebron,.....	213
Evening song,.....	141	Our country's flag,.....	80	Vacation,.....	148	Hymn,.....	215
Ever of thee,.....	72	Parting song,.....	143	Vacation is over,.....	117	I want to be an angel,.....	211
Excursion song,.....	44	Pleasures of song,.....	84	Vacation song,.....	124	Loomis,.....	215
Exhibition song,.....	169	Polish maiden's song,.....	130	Vesper chime,.....	110	Marlow,.....	214
Flowers of May,.....	187	Recess song,.....	133	We all love one another,.....	43	Old Hundred,.....	213
Fox and grapes,.....	138	Red, white and blue,.....	52	We delight in our school,.....	148	Orford,.....	212
Friends of Freedom,.....	176	Remember me,.....	118	Weep not for me,.....	172	Our Father,.....	212
Gandalquiver,.....	127	Rest, troubled heart,.....	186	Welcome, fair morning,.....	193	Putnam,.....	214
Gentle harp,.....	197	Room enough for all,....	68	We're going home,.....	207	Seaman's prayer,.....	210
Gently sighs the breeze,.....	120	Sabbath School song,.....	149	We live in hope. 75 Welcome May, ..	142	Shepherd,.....	216
Good night,.....	131	Say what shall my song be to-night, ..	100	What's the news?.....	69	The day is past,.....	215
Guardian Genius of the Swiss,....	99	Scenes that are brightest,.....	183	When there's love at home,....	129	The hour of prayer,.....	211
Hail Columbia,.....	60	School-boy's song,.....	188	Where are those dreamers now?..	102	The Lord our God, (Chant,).....	209
Happy are we,.....	140	Sleep on, dearest mother,.....	46	Winter is coming,.....	115	The Lord's Prayer, (Chant,).....	208
Happy Childhood,.....	147	Sleighting song, 58 Sliding song, ..	157	Winter sports,.....	173	The reaper and flowers, (Chant,) ..	208
Happy New Year,.....	190	Smiling faces,.....	205	With songs of joy,.....	112		
Hearts and homes,.....	163						

MUSICAL NOTATION.

CHAPTER I.

1. What is MUSICAL NOTATION?

ANS. It involves the signs and characters employed to represent tones in their various relations, and periods of silence that may occur between tones.

NOTE. Some tones may be sung higher or lower than others; such difference is termed a difference in pitch.

2. In what is the pitch of tones classified?

ANS. In a series of eight tones, called the SCALE.

NOTE. The teacher may now sing the tones ONE, TWO, asking the pupils to imitate him, taking care that they sit erectly, and pronounce each word distinctly and freely. As soon as these are learned, add THREE, and FOUR, and so continue till the scale is complete. Then sing the syllables Do, Re, Mi, &c.

THE SCALE ILLUSTRATED.

8.....	○Do.
7.....	○Si.
6.....	○La.
5.....	○Sol.
4.....	○Fa.
3.....	○Mi.
2.....	○Re.
1.....	○Do.

3. What are the names of the tones of the Scale?

ANS. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

4. What syllables are applied to the tones of the Scale?

ANS. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

5. On what is the pitch of tones represented?

ANS. On the STAFF.

THE STAFF ILLUSTRATED.

5th line.	_____	- 4th space.
4th line.	_____	- 3d space.
3d line.	_____	- 2d space.
2d line.	_____	- 1st space.
1st line.	_____	

6. Of what does the Staff consist?

ANS. It consists of five parallel horizontal lines, with the intervening spaces.

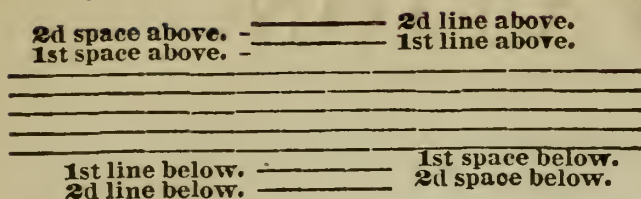
NOTE. Each line and space is called a DEGREE.

7. How many degrees does the Staff contain?

ANS. Nine, viz: five lines and four spaces.

8. When more degrees are wanted than the Staff contains, what is done?

ANS. Short lines are added above or below the Staff, thus:



9. What are the literal names of the degrees of the Staff?



Ans. A, B, C, D, E, F, G.




NOTE. Numerals designate the *relative*, and letters the *absolute* pitch of tones.

10. How is the place of these literal names determined?

Ans. By a character called a CLEF, placed upon the Staff.

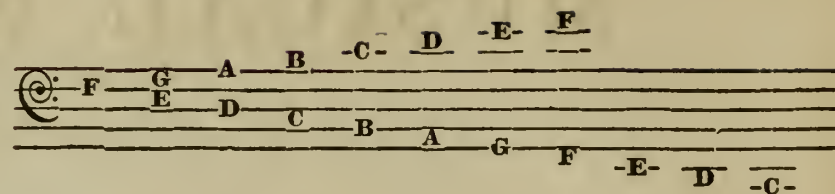
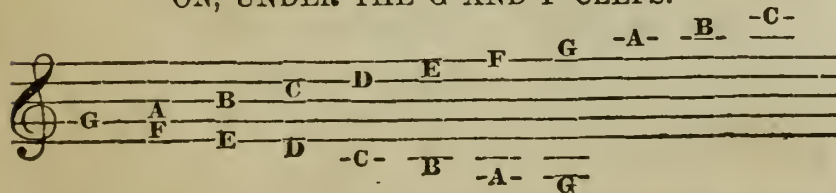
11. How many Clefs are there, and what are their names?

Ans. Three; the G Clef, thus;  the F Clef, thus; 

and the C Clef, thus;  thus;  or thus; 

NOTE. No use is made of the C Clef in this work.

THE STAFF, WITH THE LETTERS REPRESENTED THERE-
ON, UNDER THE G AND F CLEFS.



12. Upon what letter and degree of the Staff is ONE of the Scale represented under the G Clef?

Ans. On C, the first added line below.

13. Upon what letter and degree should Two be represented?

Ans. On D, first space below.

NOTE. Similar questions may be asked in regard to the other tones of the Scale, the teacher representing them upon the black-board, if convenient.

14. The difference of pitch between two tones, is called what?

ANS. AN INTERVAL.

15. The difference of pitch between two consecutive tones, is called what?

ANS. A SECOND.

16. How many Seconds are there in the Scale?

ANS. SEVEN.

17. How many kinds of Seconds are there ?

Ans. Two, viz: large and small Seconds.

NOTE. The large Seconds are called MAJOR Seconds, of which there are *five*, and the small ones, MINOR Seconds, of which there are *two*.

DIAGRAM OF THE MAJOR SCALE.

EXAMPLE 1.

The diagram illustrates the intervals of the major scale. It consists of two main parts: a diagram of intervals and a musical staff.

Interval Diagram:

- On the left, a vertical line is marked with numbers 1 through 8. Horizontal dotted lines extend from each number to the right. Vertical dotted lines connect these horizontal lines at specific points, forming a series of rectangles. The intervals are labeled as follows:
 - Between 1 and 2: Major Second.
 - Between 2 and 3: Major Second.
 - Between 3 and 4: Minor Second.
 - Between 4 and 5: Major Second.
 - Between 5 and 6: Major Second.
 - Between 6 and 7: Major Second.
 - Between 7 and 8: Minor Second.
- On the right, a similar vertical line is marked with numbers 8 through 1. Horizontal dotted lines extend from each number to the left. Vertical dotted lines connect these horizontal lines at specific points, forming a series of rectangles. The intervals are labeled as follows:
 - Between 8 and 7: Minor Second.
 - Between 7 and 6: Major Second.
 - Between 6 and 5: Major Second.
 - Between 5 and 4: Major Second.
 - Between 4 and 3: Minor Second.
 - Between 3 and 2: Major Second.
 - Between 2 and 1: Major Second.

Musical Staff:

- A single musical staff is shown at the bottom, with a treble clef on the left and a double bar line on the right.
- The staff contains 15 notes, each with a solfège name below it: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
- Below the solfège names are the corresponding syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

18. Between what tones of the Scale do the Major Seconds occur?

ANS. Between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, and 6 and 7.

19. Between what tones do the Minor Seconds occur?

ANS. Between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

20. Between what syllables?

ANS. Between Mi and Fa, and Si and Do.

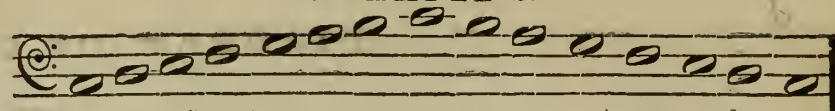
21. Between what letters?

ANS. Between E and F, and B and C.

22. On what degree of the Staff is ONE represented under the F Clef?

ANS. On the second space?

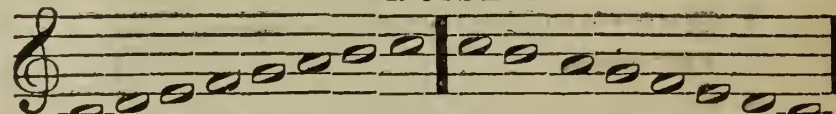
EXAMPLE 2.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do

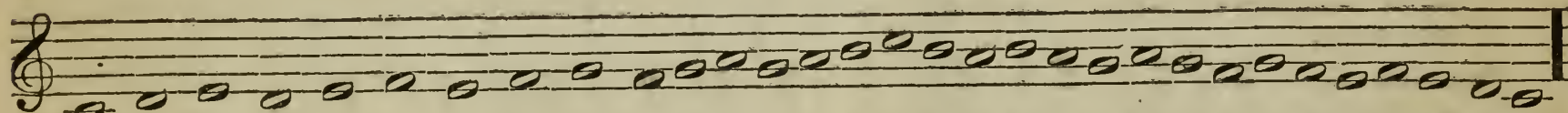
NOTE. Practice the following Exercises.

EXERCISE 1.



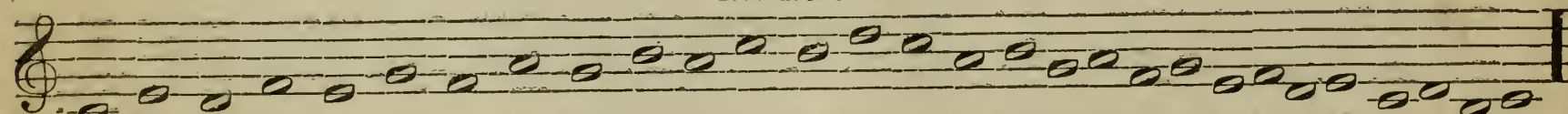
Let us now be up and doing, Still a-chieving, still pursuing.

EXERCISE 2.



Do, Re, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Si, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re Do.

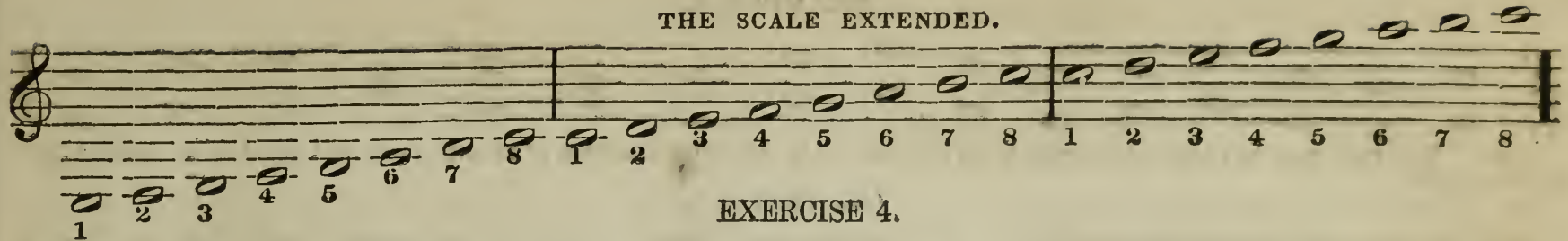
EXERCISE 3.



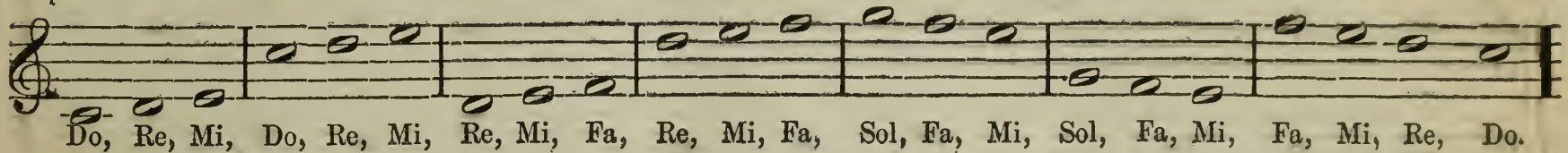
Do, Mi, Re, Fa, Mi, Sol, Fa, La, Sol, Si, La, Do, Si, *Ra, Do, La, Si, Sol, La, Fa, Sol, Mi, Fa, Re, Mi, Do, Re, *Si, Do.

* If we wish to sing higher than EIGHT, EIGHT is regarded as ONE; if lower than ONE, ONE is regarded as EIGHT.

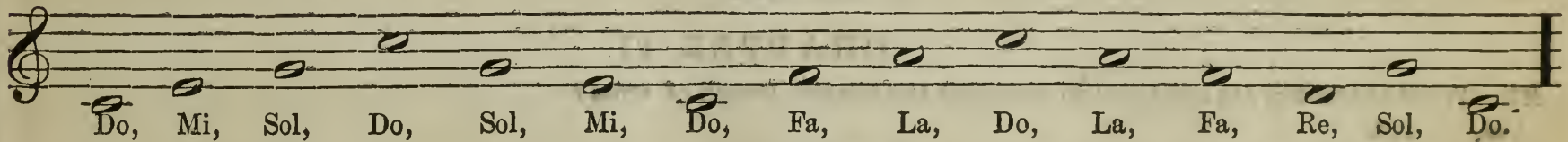
EXAMPLE 3.
THE SCALE EXTENDED.



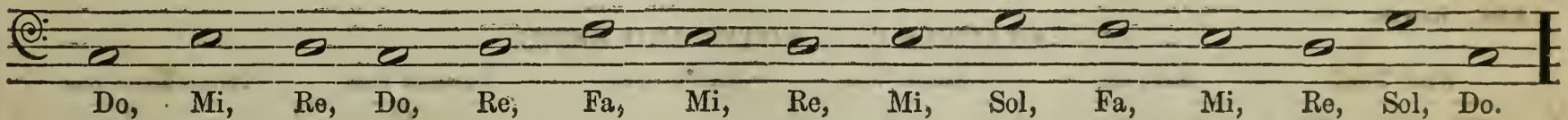
EXERCISE 4.



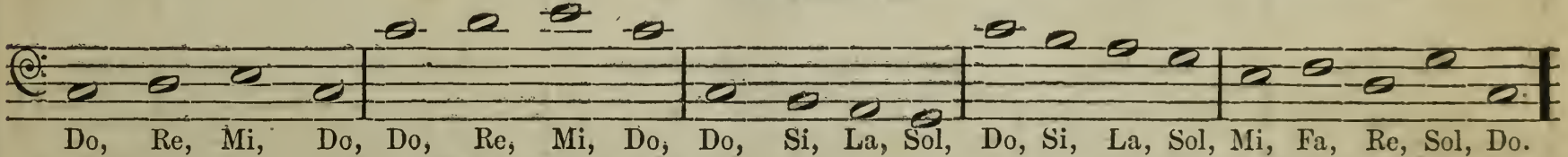
EXERCISE 5.



EXERCISE 6.

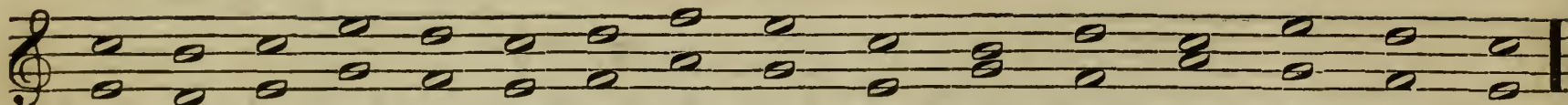


EXERCISE 7.



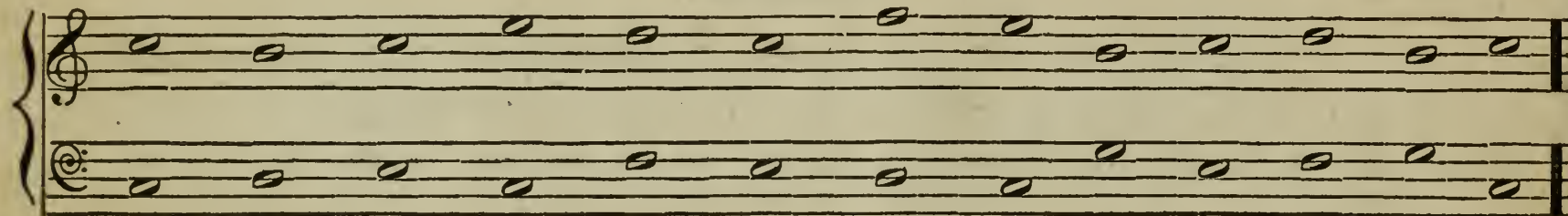
NOTE. The pupil will remember that every note on C, is called Do, and every note on D, is called Re, whether it be on this or that C or D.

EXAMPLE 4.



NOTE. Two parts may be sung simultaneously on one staff as in the above example, or on two staves tied together, as in the following example.

EXAMPLE 5.



CHAPTER II.

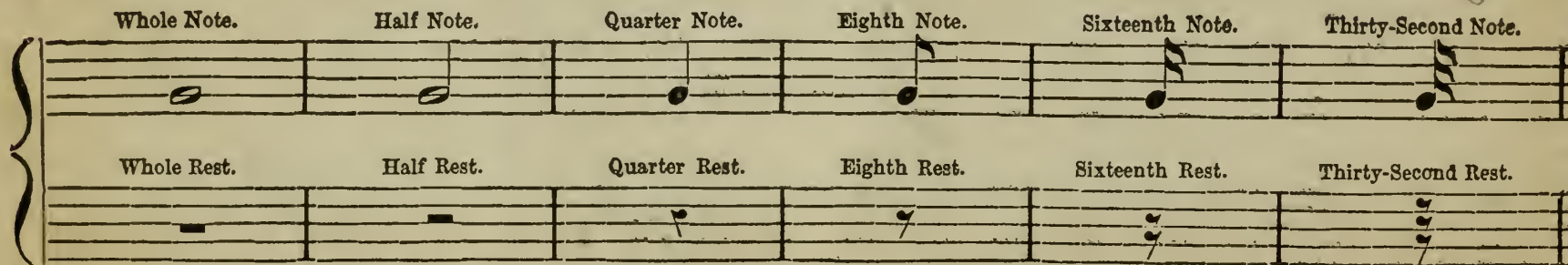
23. What characters are employed to represent the relative length of tones?

ANS. NOTES.

24. What characters are employed to represent silence?

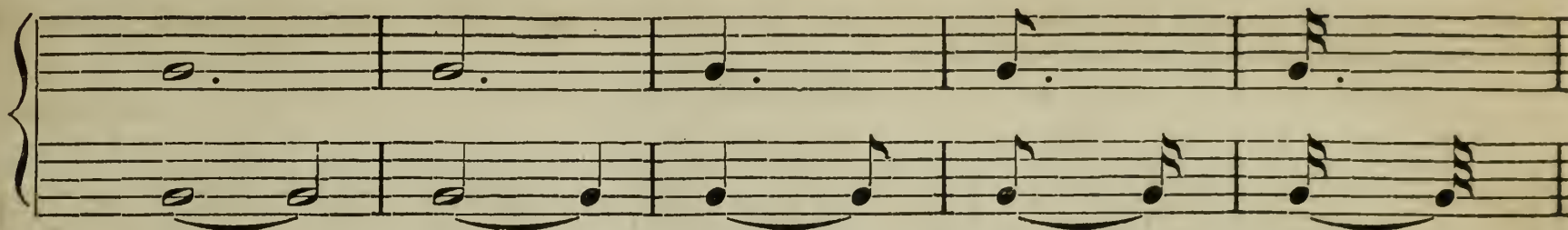
ANS. RESTS.

EXAMPLE 6. NOTES AND RESTS.

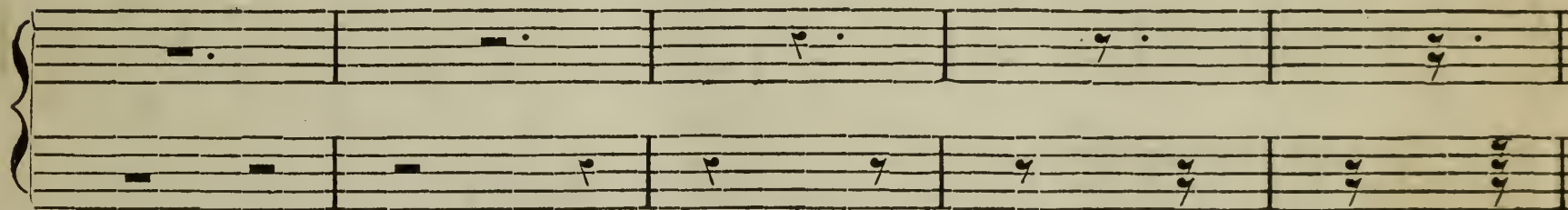


NOTE. A dot adds one half to the original length of the Note or Rest after which it is placed.

EXAMPLE 7. DOTTED NOTES.

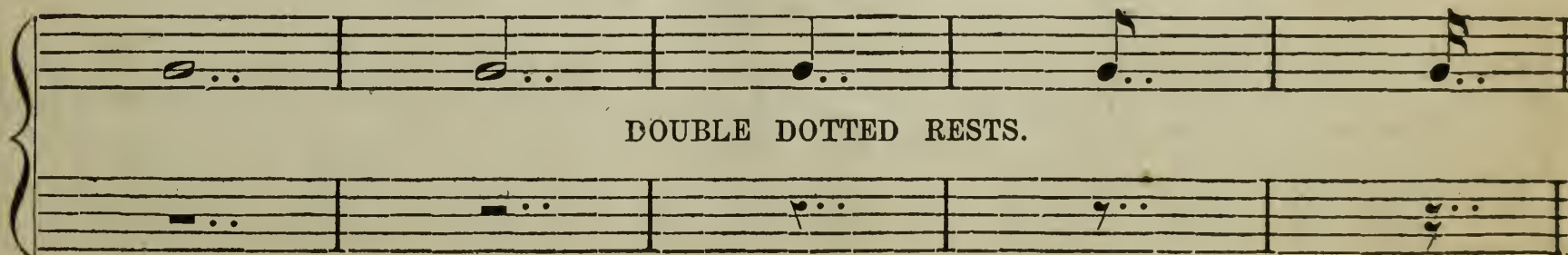


EXAMPLE 8. DOTTED RESTS.



NOTE. Two dots may occur after a note or rest, the latter of which adds one half the value of the former.

EXAMPLE 9. DOUBLE DOTTED NOTES AND RESTS.



CHAPTER III.

NOTE. The pupils may sing the Scale, making two BEATS (motions of the hand, down and up) to each tone. Then sing the following exercise, making one Beat to each tone.

EXERCISE 8.

down, up, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, Rest two beats, d, u,

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do,

d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u,

Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do,

NOTE. This is called *beating* or *measuring* time.

25. What are the perpendicular lines drawn across the Staff in the above Example?

ANS. BARS; they divide the Staff into MEASURES.

26. What do Measures indicate?

ANS. Accent; the note on the first part of the measure is accented, that on the second unaccented.

EXAMPLE 10.

Accented.		Unaccented.		Ac.		Unac.		Ac.		Unac.		Ac.		Unac.	
Glo - - - ry,		Good - - - ly,		Man - - - ly,		Han - - - dy.									
One,		Two,		One,		Two,		One,		Two,		One,		Two.	
Loud,		Soft,		Loud,		Soft,		Loud,		Soft,		Loud,		Soft.	
Down,		Up,		Down,		Up,		Down,		Up,		Down,		Up.	

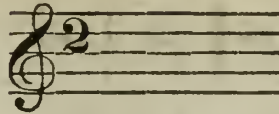
NOTE. Practice Exercise 8 with reference to Accentuation.

27. What is that Measure called having two parts, as in Exercise 8?

ANS. DOUBLE MEASURE, (two part Measure.)

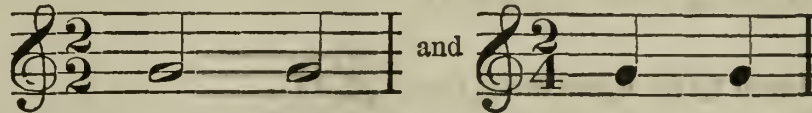
28. What is the sign for Double Measure?

ANS. The figure two (2.) placed on the staff, thus:



29. With what denomination or kind of notes, may Double Measure be represented?

ANS. With Halves or Quarters; the full designation of which is as follows;



NOTE. The learner will entertain the idea that the *upper* figure indicates the number of *parts, counts, or beats* in a measure, while the *lower* figure shows the value of each part in notes or rests.

EXERCISE 9.

d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u.

do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, fa, sol, la, sol, la, si do, do, si, la, si, la, sol, fa, fa, sol, fa, mi, fa mi, re, do.

Here we meet with joy to-gether, Here to learn our Songs to raise; O, how sweet the hour of Singing, Hearts and voi-ces joined in praise.

EXERCISE 10.

d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u.

Do, Re, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, (Rest) La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Do.

Praise to him who rules on high, Built the earth, and framed the sky.

EXERCISE 11.

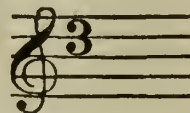
up, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d, u, d.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low.

NOTE. A piece of Music may commence upon any part of the measure.

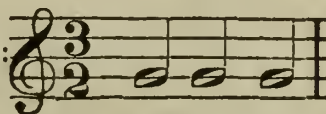
30. What is that Measure called having three equal parts?

ANS. TRIPLE MEASURE; it is indicated by the figure three, thus:

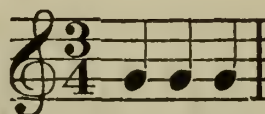


31. With what kind of notes may Triple Measure be represented?

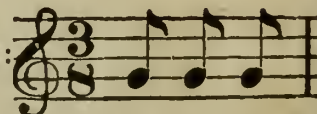
ANS. With Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, thus:



thus:



or thus:



32. How is Triple Measure accented?

ANS. The first part is accented, and the second and third parts unaccented.

EXAMPLE 11.

Accent.	Unac.	Unac.	Ac.	Unac.	Unac.	Ac.	Unac.	Unac.
Glo	ri	ous,	God	li	ness,	Man	li	ness.
One,	two,	three,	One,	two,	three,	One,	two,	three.
Loud,	soft,	soft,	Loud,	soft,	soft,	Loud,	soft,	soft.
Down,	left,	up,	Down,	left,	up,	Down,	left,	up.

EXERCISE 12.

d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u.

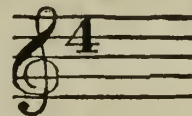
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u. d. l. u.

Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

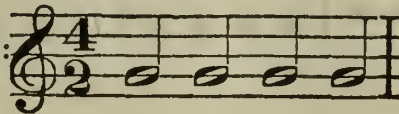
33. What is that Measure called having four equal parts?

Ans. QUADRUPLE MEASURE; it is indicated by the figure four, thus:

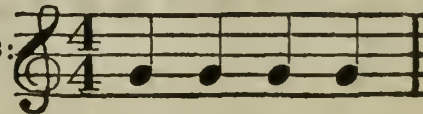


34. With what kind of notes may Quadruple Measure be represented?

Ans. With Halves, or Quarters, thus:



or thus:



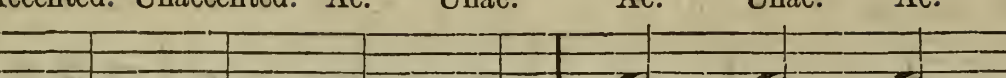
35. How is Quadruple Measure accented?

Ans. The *first* and *third* parts are accented.

NOTE. The *first* part should receive the *primary* or stronger accent.

EXAMPLE 12.

Accented. Unaccented. Ac. Unac. Ac. Unac. Ac. Unac.



Glo - - ri - - fy - - ing. Sancti - - fy - - ing.

One, Two, Three, Four. One, Two, Three, Four.

Loud, Soft, Loud, Soft. Loud, Soft, Loud, Soft.

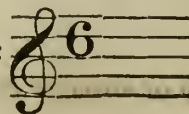
Down, Left, Right, Up. Down, Left, Right, Up.

EXERCISE 13.

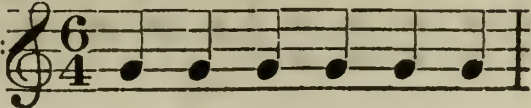

[illegible]

36. What is that Measure called having six equal parts?

Ans. SEXTUPLE MEASURE; it is indicated by the figure six, thus:



37. With what kind of notes may Sextuple Measure be represented?

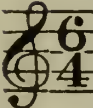


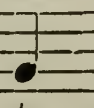
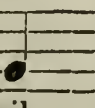
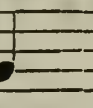

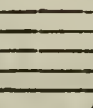



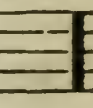
ANS. With Quarters, or Eighths, thus:  or thus: 

38. How is Sextuple Measure accented?

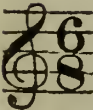
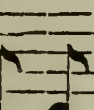
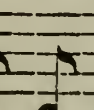



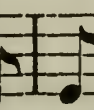
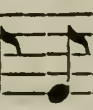


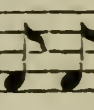


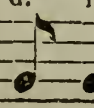

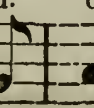
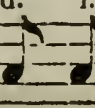
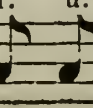
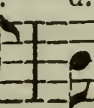
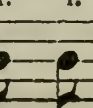




ANS. The *first* and *fourth* parts are accented.

NOTE. The first part should receive the stronger accent.

EXAMPLE 13.

Accented.	Unaccented.	Unac.	Ac.	Unac.	Unac.	Ac.	Unac.	Unac.	Ac.	Unac.	Unac.
											
Im	-	mu	-	ta	-	bil	-	i	-	ty.	
One,	Two,	Three,	Four,	Five,	Six.	One,	Two,	Three,	Four,	Five,	Six.
Loud,	Soft,	Soft,	Loud,	Soft,	Soft.	Loud,	Soft,	Soft,	Loud,	Soft,	Soft.
Down,	Down,	Left,	Right,	Up,	Up.	Down,	Down,	Left,	Right,	Up,	Up.

EXERCISE 14.

d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.
																							
Do,						Re,						Mi,						Fa,					
d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.	d.	d.	l.	r.	u.	u.
																							
Sol,						La,						Si,						Do,					



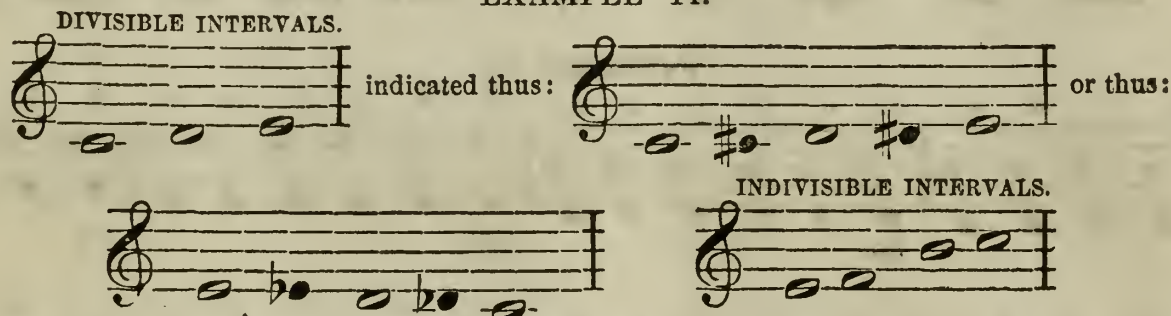
CHAPTER IV.

39. What is the use of the SHARP (#) and FLAT (b)?

ANS. A Sharp elevates, and a Flat depresses the pitch of the note before which it is written.

NOTE. Between those tones of the Scale which form a Major Second, an intermediate tone may be introduced, but the Minor Seconds are Indivisible Intervals.

EXAMPLE 14.



40. The Scale that has hitherto been explained, is called what?

ANS. The MAJOR SCALE.

NOTE. The Major Scale, including all the intermediate tones, constitutes what is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

DIAGRAM OF THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

EXAMPLE 15.

Diagram illustrating the chromatic scale across 8 staves, showing the progression of notes and their corresponding solfège names and numbers.

Staff	Note	Solfège	Number
1	C	Do	1
2	C#	Di	#1
3	D	Re	2
4	D#	Ri	#2
5	E	Mi	3
6	F	Fa	4
7	F#	Fi	#4
8	G	Sol	5
7	G#	Si	#5
6	A	La	6
5	A#	Li	#6
4	B	Si	7
3	C	Do	8
2	B	Si	7
1	Bb	Se	b7
8	A	La	6
7	Ab	Le	b6
6	G	Sol	5
5	Gb	Se	b5
4	F	Fa	4
3	E	Mi	3
2	Eb	Me	b3
1	D	Re	2
8	Db	Re	b2
7	C	Do	1

41. Of how many tones does the Chromatic Scale consist?

Ans. Thirteen.

42. What are their names?

Ans. One, Sharp One, Two, Sharp Two, &c.

43. What is the use of the NATURAL (\natural)?

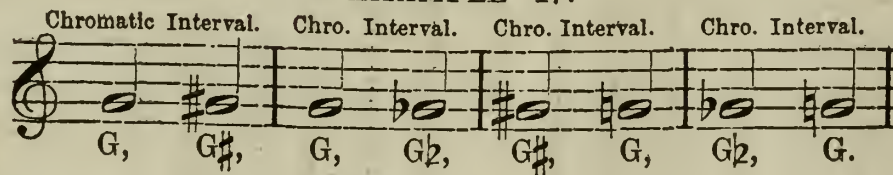
Ans. It cancels the effect of a sharp or flat, and restores a note to its original pitch.

EXAMPLE 16.



NOTE. Two tones differing in pitch, represented on adjoining degrees of the Staff, form the interval of a SECOND. When two tones are represented on the same degree of the Staff, between which there is a difference of pitch indicated by a Sharp, Flat, or Natural, the interval is called a CHROMATIC INTERVAL.

EXAMPLE 17.

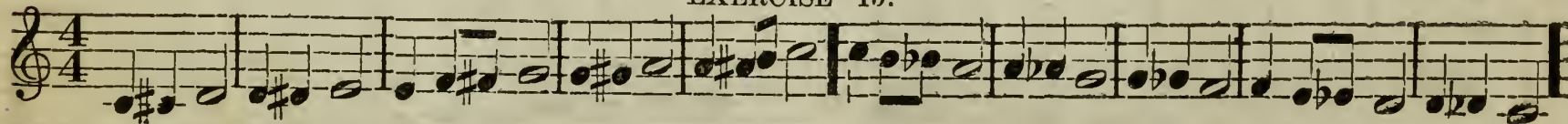


44. How far does the influence of a Sharp or Flat extend?

Ans. Through the measure in which it is written, except when otherwise indicated by a Natural.

NOTE. The teacher and pupils may alternate in singing the measures of the following Exercise.

EXERCISE 15.



CHAPTER V.

45. How many Scales have been explained?

Ans. Two. The Major and Chromatic Scales.

NOTE. There is still another Scale, whose structure differs from these with respect to the kind and order of intervals, beginning with the syllable LA, on A, as the Major begins with Do, on C. It is called the MINOR SCALE.

DIAGRAM OF THE MINOR SCALE.

EXAMPLE 18.

The diagram illustrates the intervals of the minor scale. It consists of two parts: a schematic diagram at the top and a musical staff example at the bottom.

Schematic Diagram: The diagram shows the intervals between the notes of the minor scale, numbered 1 through 8. The intervals are labeled as follows:

- 1 to 2: Major Second.
- 2 to 3: Minor Second.
- 3 to 4: Major Second.
- 4 to 5: Major Second.
- 5 to 6: Minor Second.
- 6 to 7: Augmented Second.
- 7 to 8: Minor Second.

The diagram also shows the intervals between the notes of the major scale, numbered 1 through 8, for comparison:

- 1 to 2: Major Second.
- 2 to 3: Minor Second.
- 3 to 4: Major Second.
- 4 to 5: Major Second.
- 5 to 6: Minor Second.
- 6 to 7: Major Second.
- 7 to 8: Minor Second.

Musical Staff Example: The staff shows the notes of the minor scale: A, B, C, D, E, F, G \sharp , A, G \sharp , F, E, D, C, B, A. The notes are labeled with their solfège names: La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La. The intervals between the notes are labeled as follows:

- A to B: Major Second.
- B to C: Minor Second.
- C to D: Major Second.
- D to E: Major Second.
- E to F: Minor Second.
- F to G \sharp : Augmented Second.
- G \sharp to A: Minor Second.
- A to G \sharp : Minor Second.
- G \sharp to F: Augmented Second.
- F to E: Minor Second.
- E to D: Major Second.
- D to C: Major Second.
- C to B: Minor Second.
- B to A: Major Second.

46. Of how many tones does the Minor Scale consist?

Ans. Eight.

47. How many Seconds, and how many of each kind?

Ans. Seven, viz: three Major Seconds, three Minor Seconds, and one Augmented Second.

48. Where do the Major Seconds occur?

Ans. Between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5.

49. Where do the Minor Seconds occur?

Ans. Between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8.

50. Where does the Augmented Second occur?

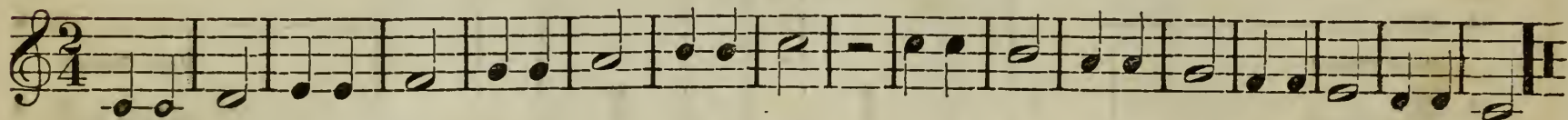
Ans. Between 6 and 7.

NOTE. The pupil will notice that there are three kinds of Seconds, viz: the Minor Second, between which there is no available tone; the Major Second, between which there is one available tone; and the Augmented Second, between which there are two available tones.

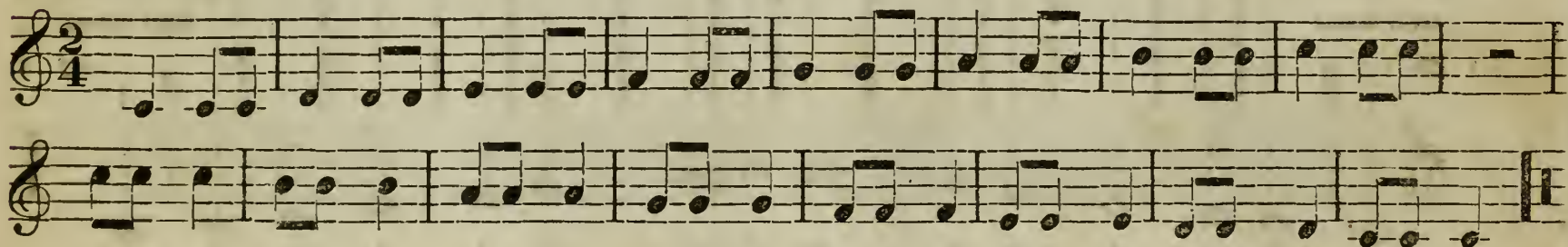
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

CHAPTER VI.

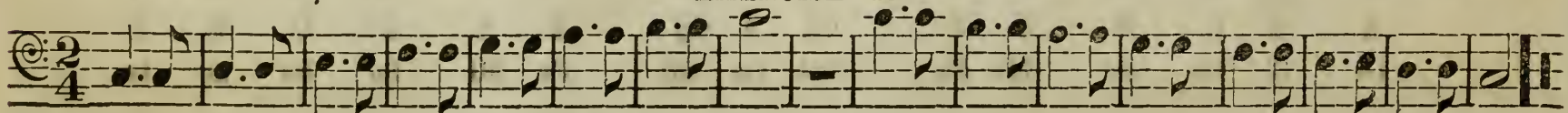
EXERCISE 16.



EXERCISE 17.



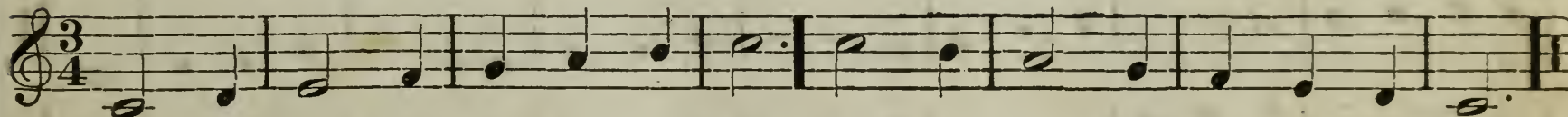
EXERCISE 18.



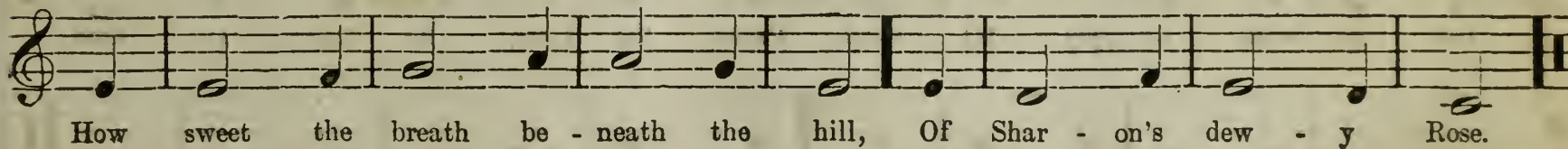
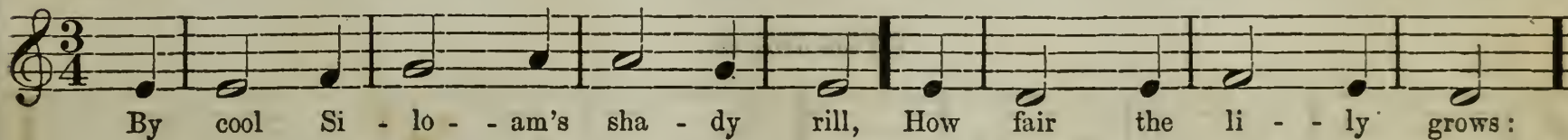
EXERCISE 19.





EXERCISE 20.

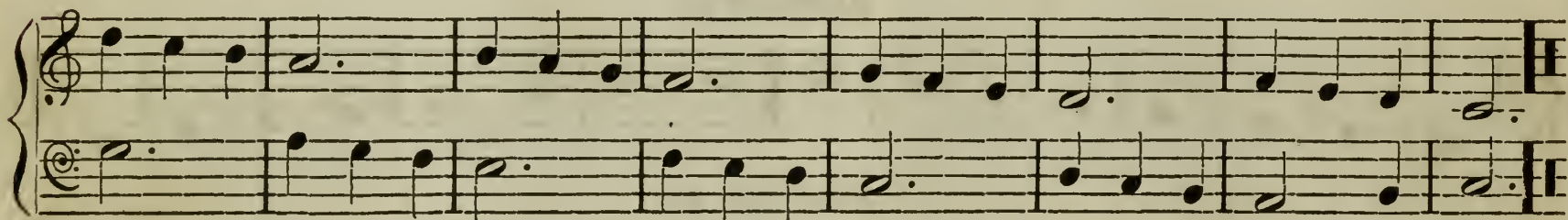


EXERCISE 21.

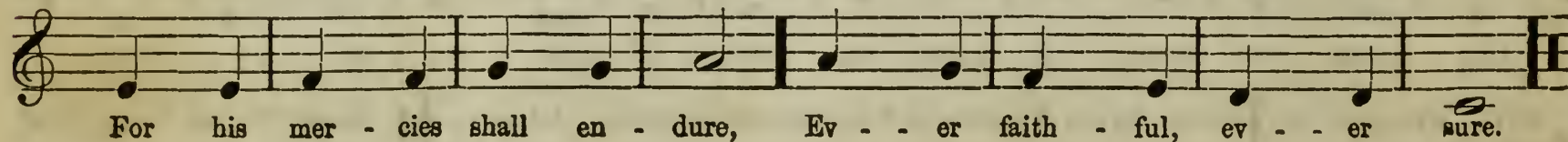
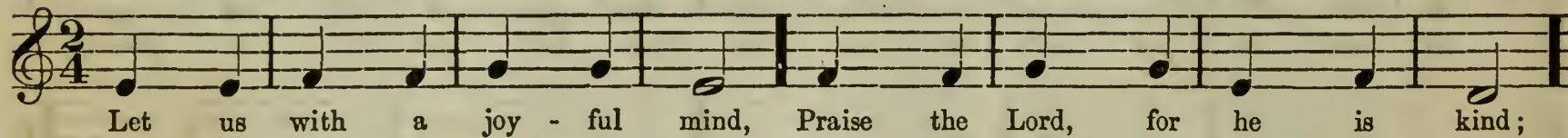


NOTE. A DOUBLE BAR  denotes the end of a strain in Music, or a line in poetry. A CLOSE,  denotes the end of a piece of Music.

EXERCISE 22.

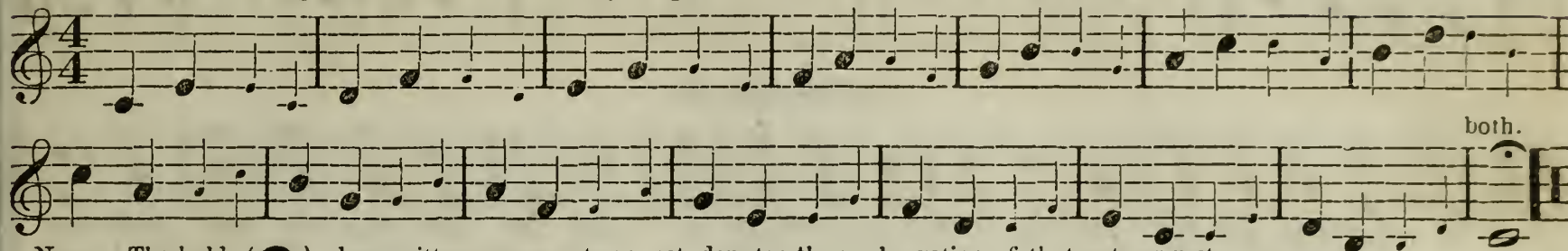


EXERCISE 23.



EXERCISE 24.

NOTE. In the following Exercise one division may sing the large notes, and the other the small ones.



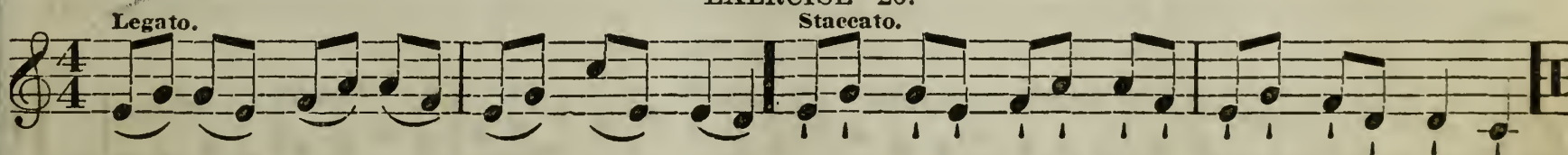
NOTE. The hold, (◡) when written over a note or rest, denotes the prolongation of that note or rest.

EXERCISE 25.



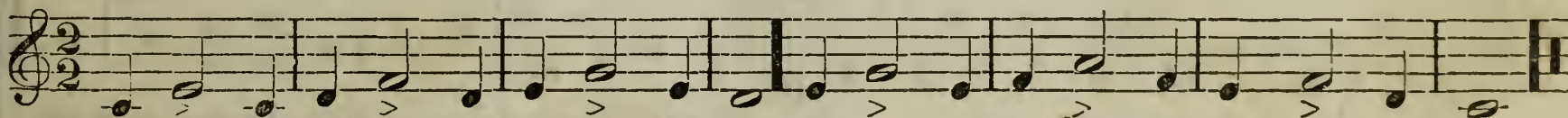
NOTE. A tie * (—) shows how many notes are to be sung to one syllable, as in Exercise 25, and also denotes a smooth, connected style of performance, called *Legato*, as in Exercise 26. The *Staccato* mark (·) indicates that the tones should be sung short and distinct.

EXERCISE 26.



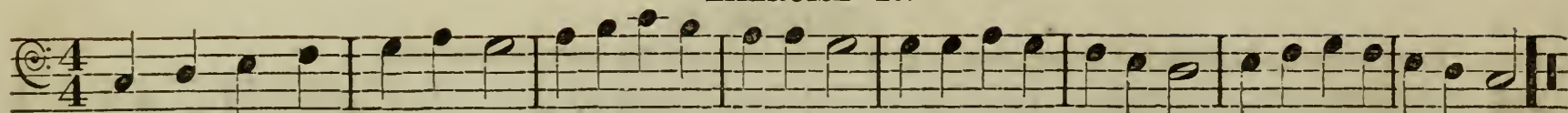
NOTE. The explosive mark (>) indicates that the tone should be attacked suddenly and forcibly. When the accent occurs upon the unaccented part of the measure, it is called *Syncopation*.

EXERCISE 27.



* The first of two or more notes connected by a tie should be accented.

EXERCISE 28.

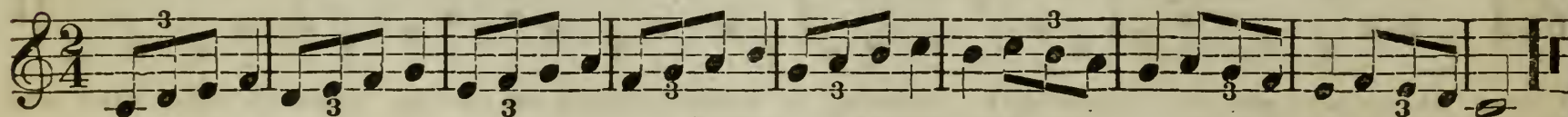


EXERCISE 29.

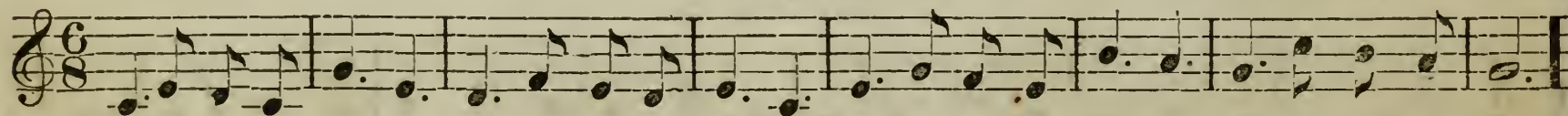
A - way now, joy - ful rid - ing, With heart and hope so light, My foam - ing steed now chid - ing,
 Now cheering his quick flight; Now urge thee still more fleet! We'll have a smile most sweet; Trot, trot, trot, trot my
 friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet, Trot, trot, trot, trot my friendly steed, 'Tis love and home to meet.

NOTE. The figure *Three* over or under three notes of the same kind, reduces their value to that of two; they are called *TRIPLETS*.

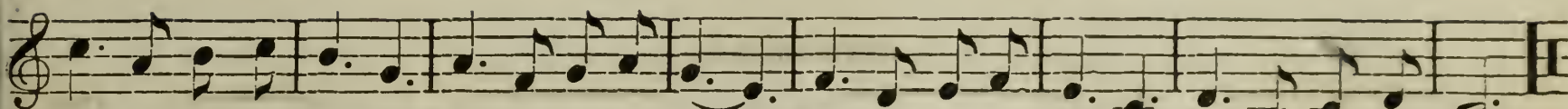
EXERCISE 30.



EXERCISE 31.

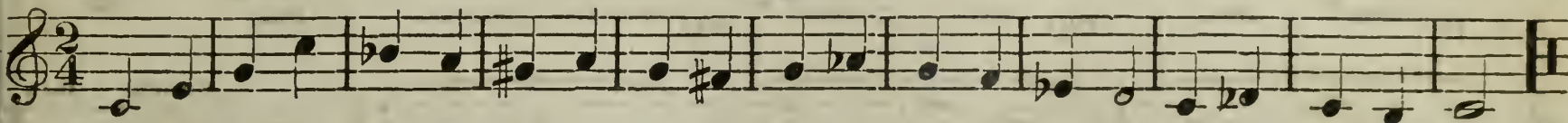


Come, come to the greenwood, Come, merri - ly now, Where rip - ple sweet fountains, Where trembles the bough.

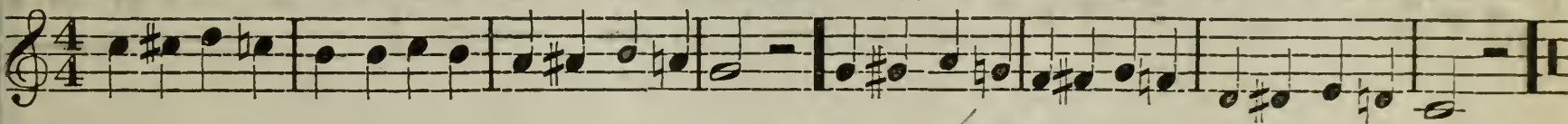


When pass-eth young zephyr, Light dancing a - long, There rustles the as-pen, Soft to his sweet song.

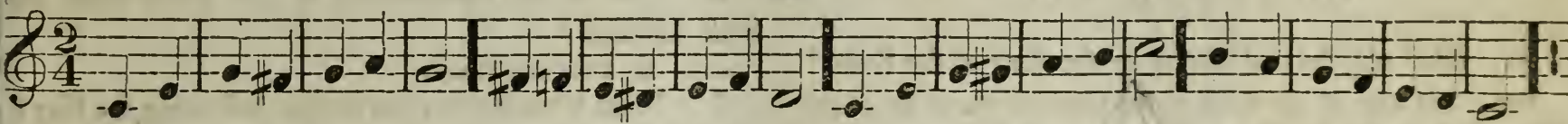
EXERCISE 32.



EXERCISE 33.


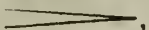
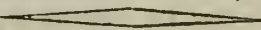



EXERCISE 34.



Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades upon our sight away; Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

NOTE. The following words, or their abbreviations, denote different degrees of force.

PIANO, or *P*, soft. PIANISSIMO, or *PP*, very soft. FORTE, or *F*, loud. FORTISSIMO, or *FF*, very loud. MEZZO, or *M*, medium. MEZZO PIANO, or *MP*, rather soft. MEZZO FORTE, or *MF*, rather loud. CRESCENDO, or *CRES.*, or , commence soft and increase. DIMINUENDO, or *DIM.*, or , commence loud and diminish. The SWELL, , is a combination of the *CRES* and *DIM*.

NOTE. The words DA CAPO, or the abbreviation D. C., refer back from the beginning; the words DAL SEGNO, or D. S., from the sign,  FINE, signifies the end.

EXERCISE 35.

p Cres. Dim. *mp* *mf* Cres. *ff*

Ritard. D.C.

CHAPTER VII.

1. What may be understood by the KEY of the Scale?

ANS. The Key of the Scale is that letter on which Do of the Major Scale, or La of the Minor Scale is written.

2. In what Key thus far, have the Scales been written?

ANS. The Major Scale in the Key of C, and the Minor Scale in the Key of A.

3. May the Scales be written in any other Key?

ANS. The Scales may be written in the Key of any letter.

NOTE. When the Major and Minor Scales are written in any other Key than C and A, they are said to be transposed.

4. How is the transposition of the Scale upon the Staff indicated?

ANS. By Flats and Sharps.

5. What is the SIGNATURE or sign indicating the Key?

ANS. The number of flats or sharps next to the clef.

NOTE. The absence of flats or sharps is termed the NATURAL SIGNATURE.

6. How does the addition of flats or sharps in the Signature affect the position of the Scale upon the staff?

ANS. Upon the addition of a sharp, the position of the Scale is changed a fifth higher or a fourth lower. Upon the addition of a flat, the position of the Scale is changed a fourth higher or a fifth lower.

MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF G.

EXAMPLE 19.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

NOTE. The MINOR SCALE under each Signature may be written, commencing on La, a third below Do, or ONE, of the Major.

EXERCISE 36.

ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

1 2 3 4
Now to all a kind good night, Sweet - ly sleep, till morn - ing light.

EXERCISE 37.

THE BELL DOTH TOLL. Round in three parts.

1 2 3
The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know its sound full well; I love its ring-ing, For it
calls to sing-ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome, bell; Bome, bome, bim, bome, bell.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF D.

EXAMPLE 20.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

EXERCISE 38.

THE SCHOOL BELL. Round in four parts.

1 2 3 4
We the school bell love to hear, Ring - ing mer - ri - ly Loud and clear.

EXERCISE 39.

EXERCISE 40.

THE QUIET VALE.

1. In the quiet peace - ful vale, Where the flowers their sweets ex - - hale ;
2. There a sil - ver stream - let flows, O'er its peb - bly beach it goes,

Blithe and gay, eve - ry day, I have joys that need not fail.
Hast - 'ning by, mer - ri - ly, While the bush - es round it close.

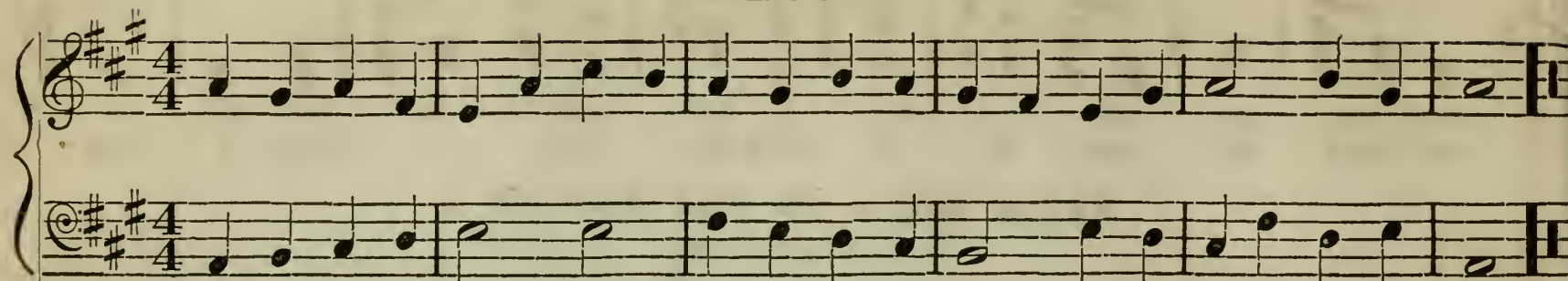
MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF A.

EXAMPLE 21.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

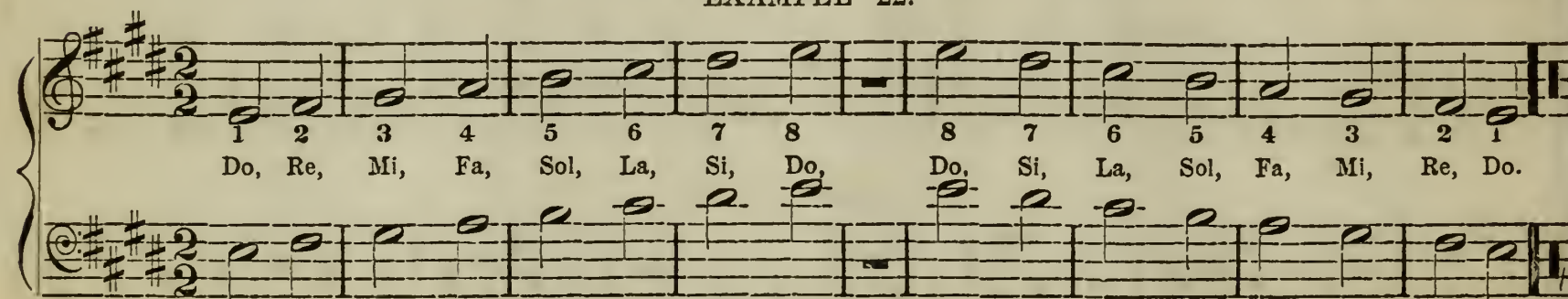
EXERCISE 41.

EXERCISE 42.

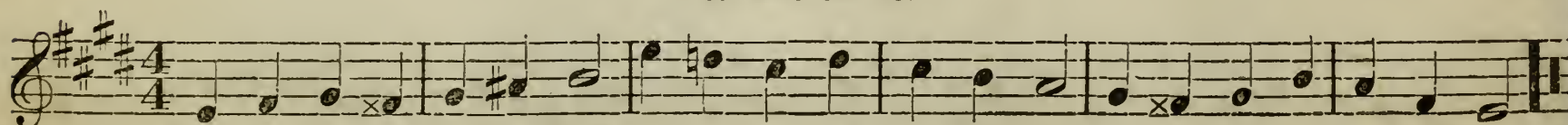


MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF E.

EXAMPLE 22.



EXERCISE 43.



NOTE. A DOUBLE SHARP (×) elevates the pitch of a note already made sharp.

EXERCISE 44.

HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING. Round in three parts.

1
How sweet to be roaming, When sum - mer is blooming, Thro' woodland and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.

2
How sweet to be roaming, When sum - mer is blooming, Thro' woodland and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.

3
How sweet, How sweet, How sweet to be roam - ing, Thro' wood-land, Thro' wood-land and grove.

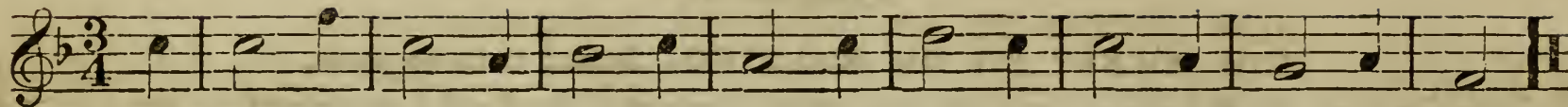
MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF F.

EXAMPLE 23.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

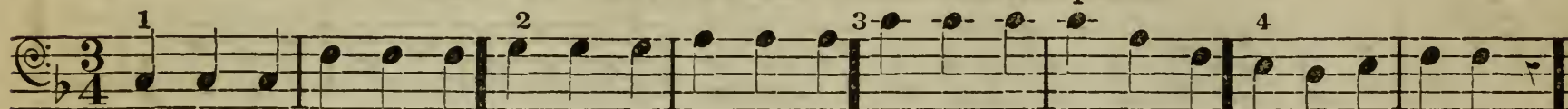
MUSICAL NOTATION.

EXERCISE 45.



EXERCISE 46.

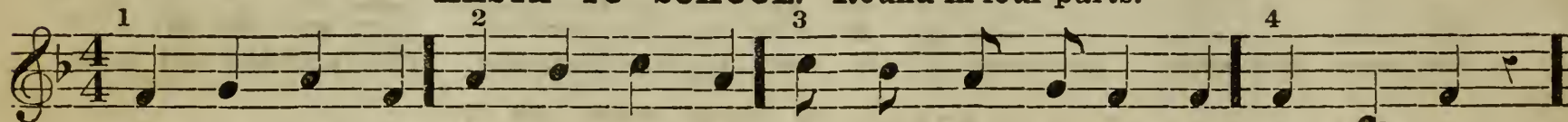
LET US ENDEAVOR. Round in three parts.



Let us en - deav - or To show that when - ev - er We join in a song we Can keep time to - geth - er.

EXERCISE 47.

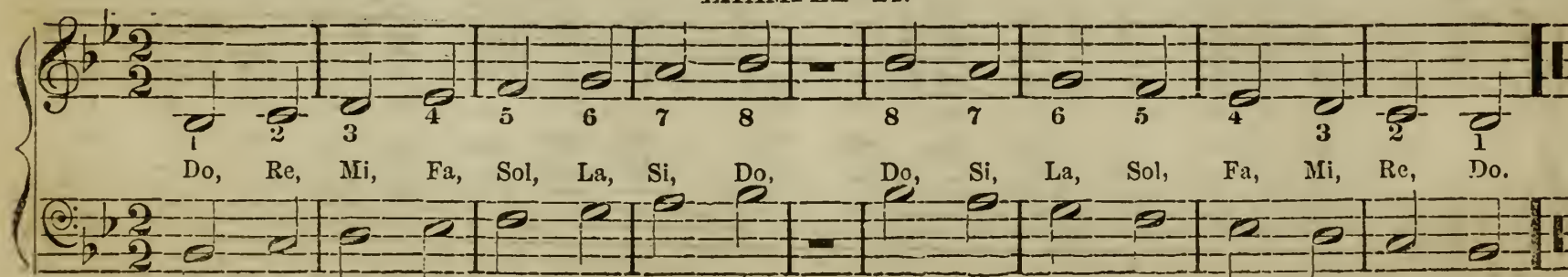
HASTE TO SCHOOL. Round in four parts.



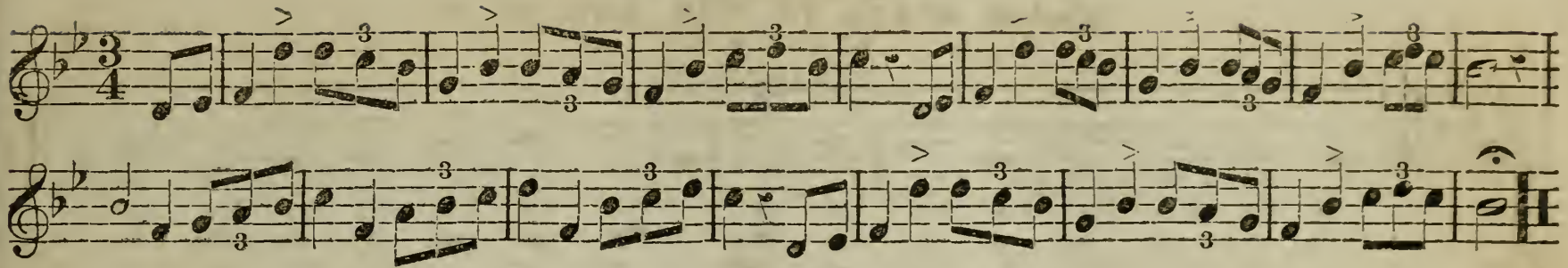
Bright and ear - ly, Haste to school now, Hark the bell is ring - ing, Haste, haste, haste.

MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF Bb.

EXAMPLE 24.



EXERCISE 48.



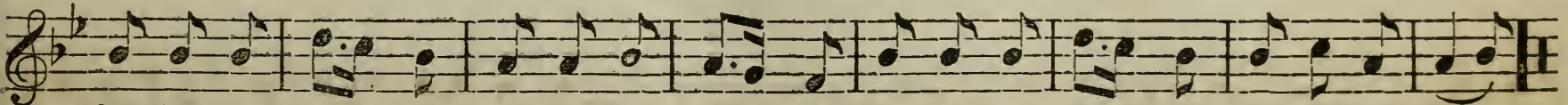
EXERCISE 49.



Come, let us sing - ing, Speak out those pleas - ures, Which crown our child - hood, Those days so dear :

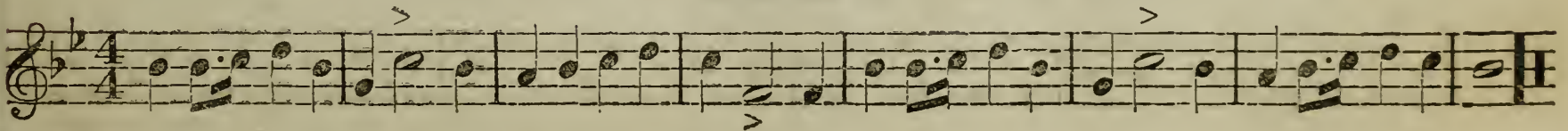


A - bove all treasures, How bright our sun-shine! Then let us sing - ing, Re - joice a - loud :



Our childhood's pleas - ures Are like the riv - ers, Whose on-ward flow - ing Is deep and free.

EXERCISE 50.



MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF E \flat .

EXAMPLE 25.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

EXERCISE 51.

EXERCISE 52.

'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try, try a-gain; If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again:
Then your courage should appear, For if you will per-se-vere, You will conquer, nev-er fear, Try, try, try again.

MAJOR SCALE IN THE KEY OF A \flat .

EXAMPLE 26.

1 Do, 2 Re, 3 Mi, 4 Fa, 5 Sol, 6 La, 7 Si, 8 Do. 8 Do, 7 Si, 6 La, 5 Sol, 4 Fa, 3 Mi, 2 Re, 1 Do.

NOTE. The REPEAT, $\left(\begin{smallmatrix} \vdots \\ \vdots \end{smallmatrix} \right)$ indicates that a passage is to be sung twice.

EXERCISE 53.

EXERCISE 54.

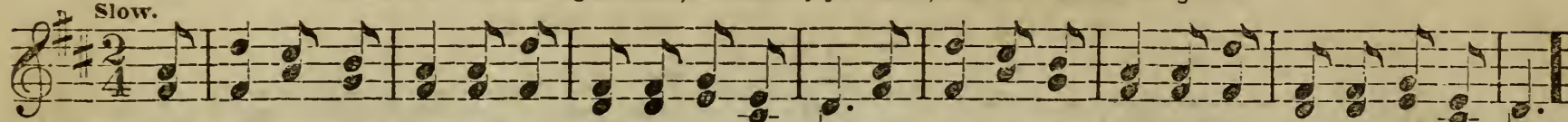
How pleasant is Sat-ur-day night, When I've tried all the week to be good, Not spoken a word that was bad, And o-bliged eve-ry one that I could; To-mor-row, the ho-ly day comes, Which our mer-ci-ful Father has given, That we may have rest from our work, And pre-pare for the joys of his heaven.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

SCOTTISH MELODY.

The words for the following Exercises, are taken by permission, from the "Exercise Song Book."

Slow.



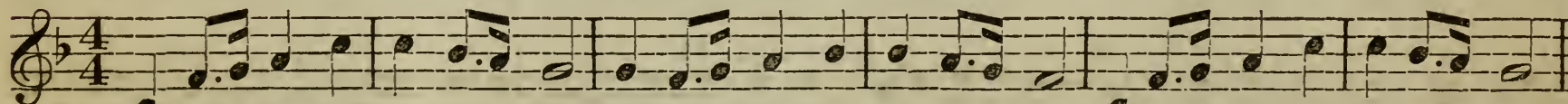
1. O, where, but to Thee, shall we lit - tle orphans go? Thy blessings a - lone can dry up our tears of woe.
 2. And fear-less we'll tell all our wants and woes to Thee, For eve - ry af - flic-tion and want thy eye can see;
 3. But still we will bless Thee, who wounded us in love, To teach our af - fec-tion to rise to things a - bove:



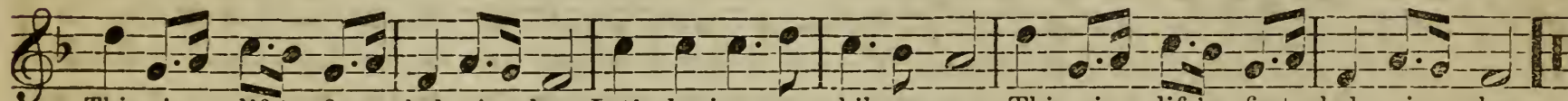
Kind Fa - ther! our lips still shall whisper that loved name, And, friendless and help-less, we thy pro-tec - tion claim.
 Thy wis - dom com-mand-ed to slum-ber in the earth, The stay of our childhood and those who gave us birth.
 And through all life's tri - als, for - ev - er by thy side. O keep us, dear Saviour, and be our friend and guide.

NOTE. Two little children may sing this song, in the attitude of prayer, on the stage.

MARCHING SONG.*



1. We will march and we will sing, This is childhood's hap - py spring: Let's be joy - ous while we may,
 2. Now's the time for hope and joy, Ere that aught can life al - loy; Dance and sing, and sport-ing play;
 3. Let's join hands and form a ring, And in cir - cling movements sing; Thus quite hap - py, tru - ly say,

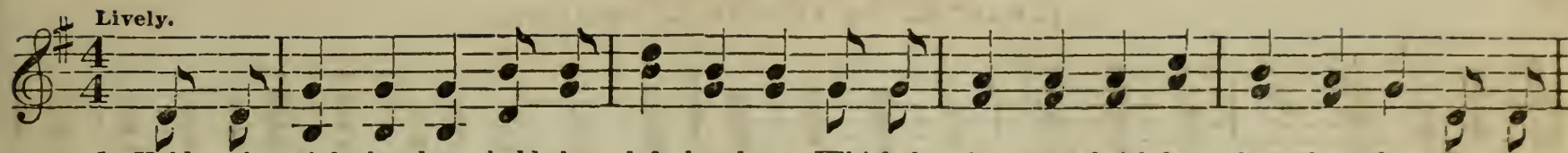


This is life's first hol - i - day; Let's be joy - ous while we may, This is life's first hol - i - day.
 This is child-hood's hol - i - day; Dance and sing, and sporting play, This is childhood's hol - i - day.
 This is child-hood's hol - i - day; Thus quite happy tru - ly say, This is childhood's hol - i - day.

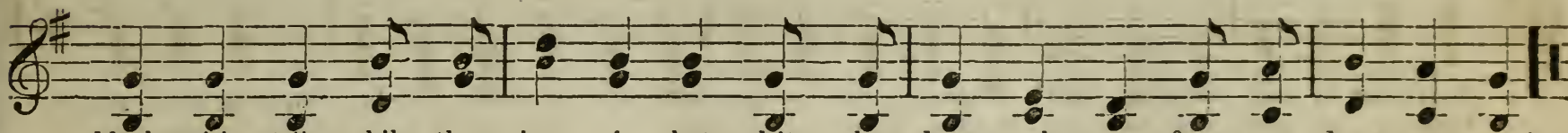
* The children will march, stepping in time, and clap hands at the commencement of each measure.

CLAP, CLAP, HURRAH.

39



1. Hold the right hand up, hold the left hand up; Whirl the fin - gers brisk-ly, clap, clap, clap; See the
2. To the eastward point, to the west-ward point; Fold your arms behind you, heads upright. Let the
3. Let us seat-ed be, and our arms fold up, Then a - gain clap merrily, mer - rily O! See the
4. Now we rise a - gain, and our hands stretch up, Back and for - ward quick-ly the elbows draw; ‡ See the

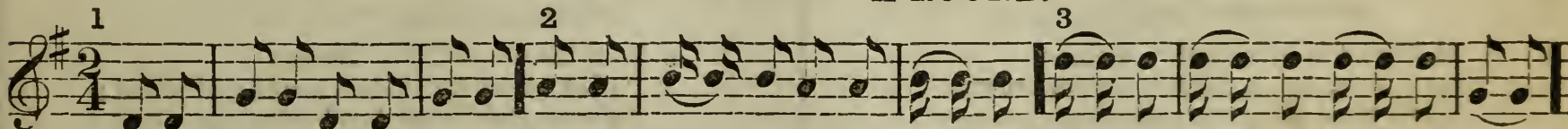


black-smith strike while the iron is hot; Lit - tle boy, wake up from your drow - sy nap!
 arms ex - tend,* clap once a - gain. † Let us step to - geth - er— left foot, right.
 school - girl wash - ing her hands and face, For to school all clean she loves to go.
 school - boy driv - ing his hoop a - long, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!— Hur - rah! Hur - rah! §

* Horizontally, to the *left* and *right*. † Keep the arms perfectly straight, and swing them *upwards* till they meet over the head.
 ‡ Stand perfectly erect, shut the hands, and throw the elbows back suddenly as far as you can, then forward, till the arms are straight.
 § Swing the right hand, in the usual way.

N. B. As soon as the *Hurrah* is over, give the *Triple Applause*; i. e., all *clap* briskly, then stop: *clap* again briskly, then stop; *clap* once more briskly, then stop. The teacher can hold up one hand as a signal for stopping.

THE EXERCISE. A ROUND.

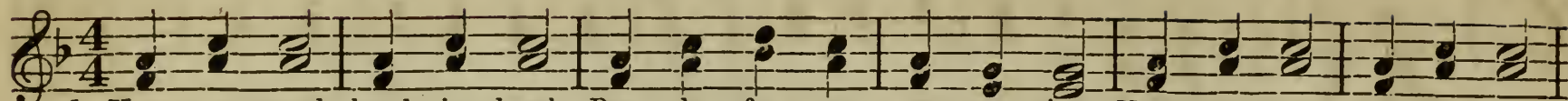


Hor - i - zon-tal, hor - i - zon-tal, Per - pen - dicu - lar, per-pen - dicu - lar, Par-al-lel, par-al - lel, par-al - lel lines.
 Growing wid-er, growing wid-er, Or ex - ten - sion, or ex - ten - sion; Grow-ing near - er, or con-traction.
 Rising, falling, sometimes crossing, There's an an - gle, there's an - oth - er, There's a cir - cle wheel-ing round.

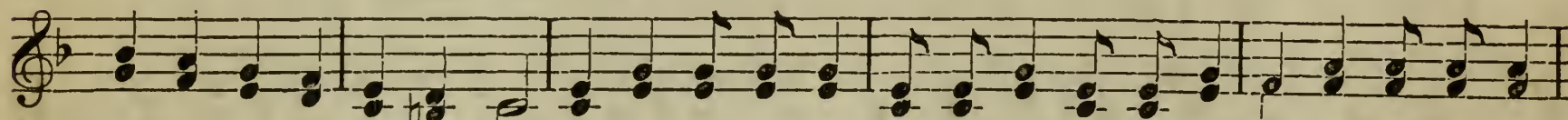
NOTE. Motions of the hands should be made in accordance with the words.

HERE WE STAND.

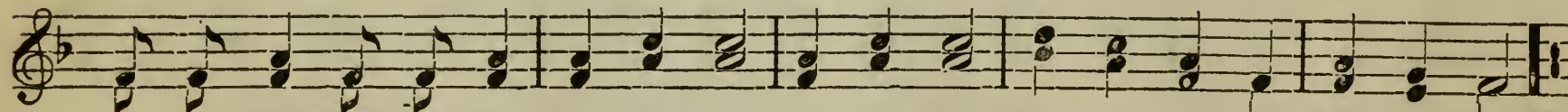
(ADAPTED TO PHYSICAL ACTION.)



1. Here we stand, hand in hand, Rea - dy for our ex - er - cise; Heads up-right, with de - light
 2. Right hand up, left hand up; Whirl-ing see our fin - gers go! Fold - ed now, let us bow



Sparkling in our laughing eyes! Singing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly; Clapping mer - ri - ly,
 Gent-ly to each oth - er, so! Singing, &c.



mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; One, two, three, don't you see Where we schol - ars love to be?

- 3 Eastward point, westward point;
 Left hand Nadir, Zenith right;
 Forward fold, backward fold;
 Arms a-kimbo, chests upright;
 Singing cheerily, &c.
- 4 Seated now, smooth your brow,
 Then drum lightly on your crown;
 O, what fun! every one
 Driving off each surly frown!
 Singing cheerily, &c.

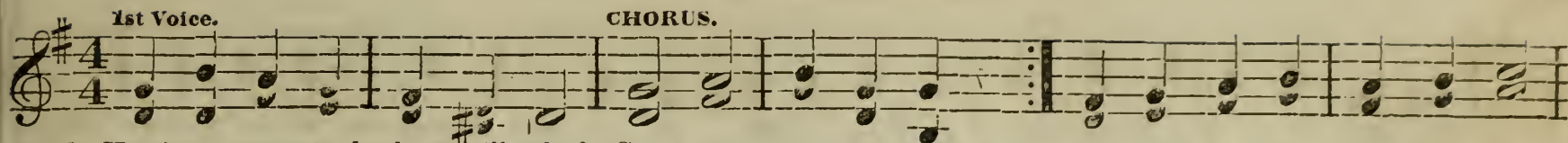
- 5 Quickly stand, lungs expand,—
 Backward let our shoulders go!
 Life, and health, comfort, wealth,
 We can thus improve, you know;
 Singing cheerily, &c.
- 6 Both hands meet, then retreat;
 Clasp, then whirl them round and round;
 Right hand fold, left hand fold;
 Let's shake hands, like brothers* bound!
 Singing cheerily, &c.

NOTE. Motions of the hands may be made as indicated by the words.

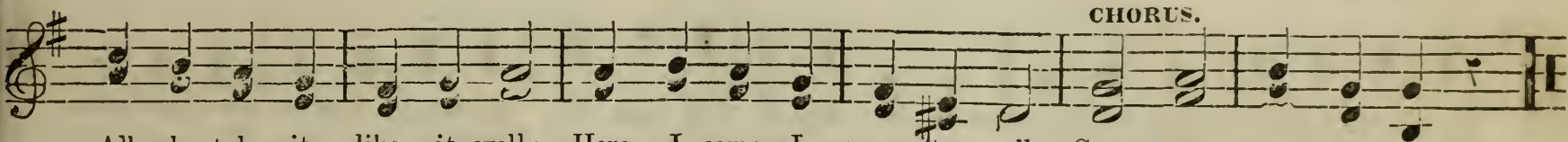
* Or sisters.

THE CRIER'S SONG.

41



1. Here's a pret - ty book, who'll take? Cry, cry, cry a - gain ; }
 'Twill good scholars al - ways make, Cry, cry, cry a - gain. } Temperance sto - ries it will tell ;



All who take it like it well ; Here I come, I come to sell, Cry, cry, cry a - gain.

2d Voice. 2 Don't despair, my little lad ;

Chorus. Try, try, try again ;
 Oft at first one's luck is bad ;

Chorus. Try, try, try again ;
 What if a repulse you get ?
 Persevere, you'll prosper yet ;
 Then your toil you'll not regret ;

Chorus. Try, try, try again.

3 Put on courage—never tire ;
 Try, try, try again ;
 Let the cause your heart inspire ;
 Try, try, try again ;
 Raise your banner, raise it high ;
 For recruits then loudly cry ;
 They will rally by and by :
 Try, try, try again.

4 Come, my lads, and lasses, too :

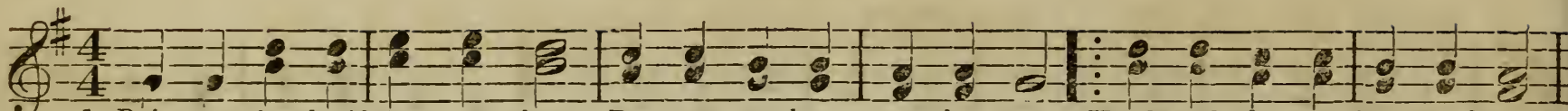
Try, try, try again ;
 Come, let's see what you can do ;
 Try, try, try again ;
 Total abstinence proclaim ;
 Sign the pledge ; then spread the same ;
 Let each try to get a name ;
 Try, try, try again.

5 'List as many as you can ;

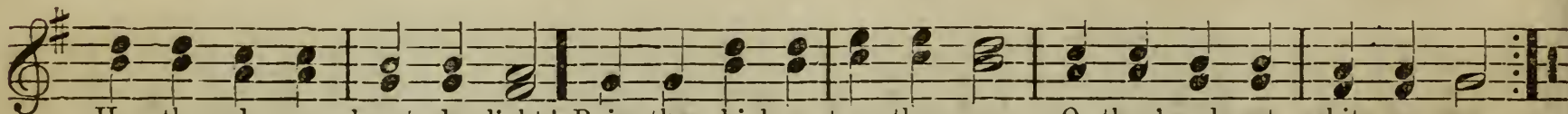
Try, try, try again ;
 On the safe "tectotal" plan ;
 Try, try, try again ;
 Soon our "army" will embrace
 All the lovers of our race,
 The sober take the drunkard's place ;
 Try, try, try again.

NOTE. A scholar goes on to the stage with a book in one hand, and a small banner in the other, and sings the first verse of this song. At the words "Cry, cry, cry again," and "Try, try, try again," the school may repeat in a soft response. At the second verse, a boy or girl steps on to the stage and replies to the first boy. At the fourth verse, the second singer faces the school, singing the fourth and fifth verses; the first boy then repeats the first verse, while holding out his book and flourishing his banner.

CLEANLINESS.



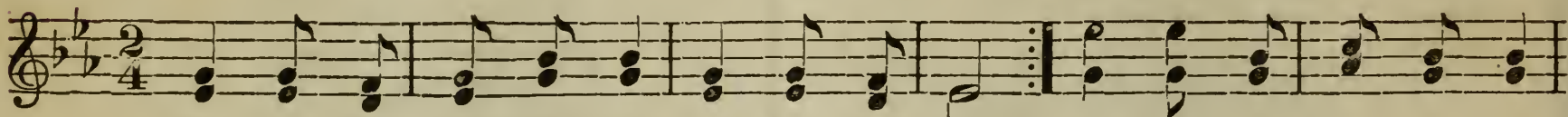
1. Raise your hands, if they are clean, By your teacher to be seen; Hands and fa - ces clean and bright,
 2. Hold them ve - ry still a - gain: Teachers, don't you see each vein All a - long our fin - gers glide,
 3. Hid by dirt, we would not know There were pret - ty veins be - low; All who go to Pub - lic School,



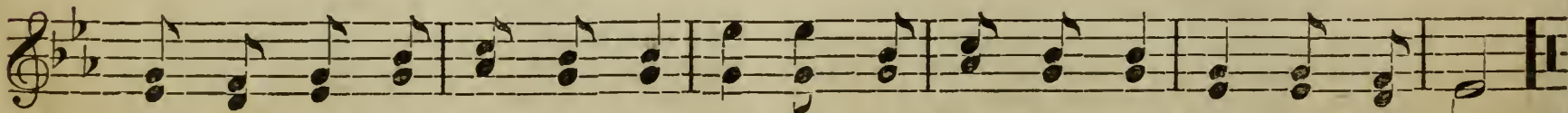
How they do our hearts de - light! Raise them high - er, turn them so; O, they're almost white as snow.
 Like a streamlet's flowing tide? O, how heal - thy we must be, When the blood can flow so free!
 Then, must learn the teacher's rule— Brush your clothes and comb your hair, Wash your hands and face with care.

NOTE. Appropriate motions to be made to all the words.

THE SCHOLAR'S PLEDGE.



Nev - er the drunk - ard's drink Our lips shall stain; }
 Nev - er the swear - er's words Our tongues pro - fane; } Ev - er our breath shall be



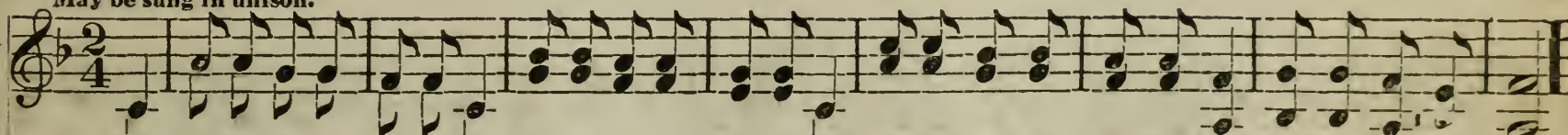
From to - bac - co's poi - son free; Quar - rels we'll shun, you see,—Peace here shall reign.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

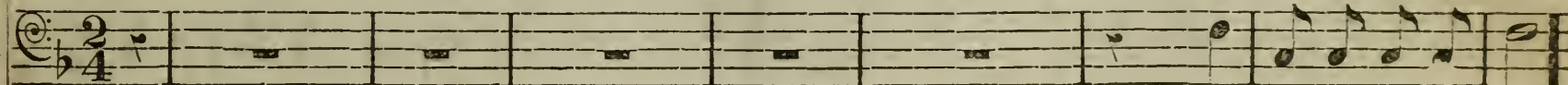
WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Music by T. WOOD.
Words by HIRAM OLMSTED.

May be sung in unison.



1. We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, We all love one an - oth - er, Here in our pleasant school.
2. We always love our parents, We love our faithful teacher, Our sis - ters and our brothers, And all our schoolmates too.
3. We love to read and study, That we may each be steady, When called, we'll all be ready, Here in our hap - py school.
4. We love the hour of singing, Our hap - py voi - ces ringing, For joy we know we're bringing To ma - ny hearts to - day.
5. And there's no harm in saying, (No secret we're betraying,) We love the time of playing, When lessons all are o'er.



Chorus.

Ritard.

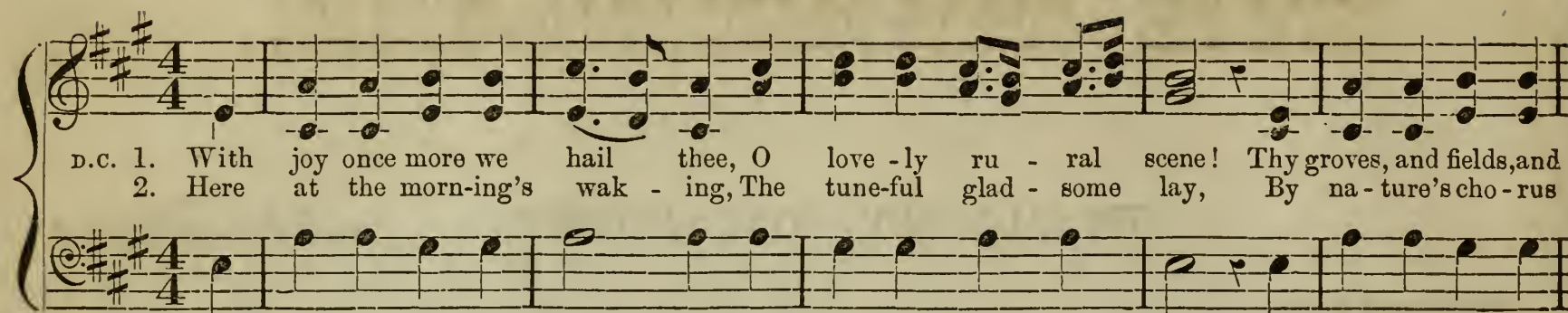


Sing on, love on, a hap - py band of boys and girls, Sing on, love on, a hap - py sing - ing band.

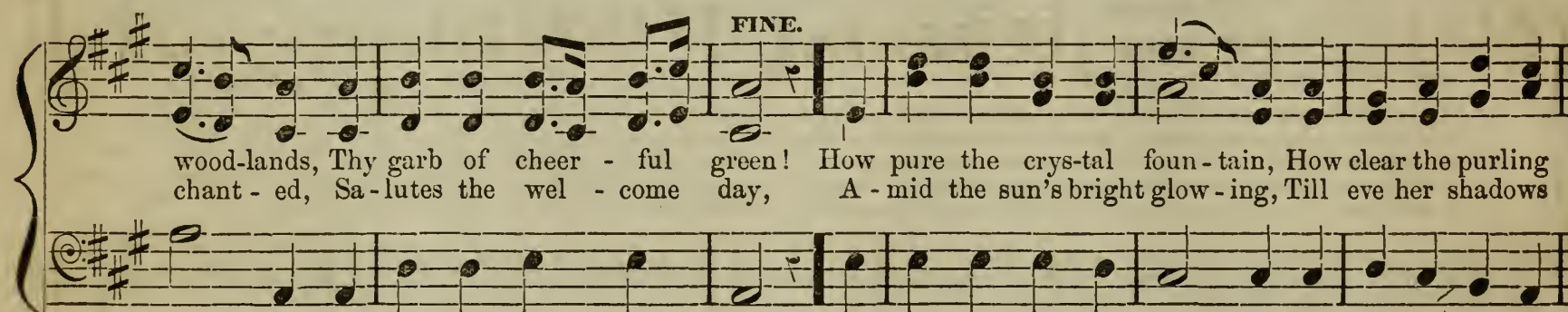


EXCURSION SONG.

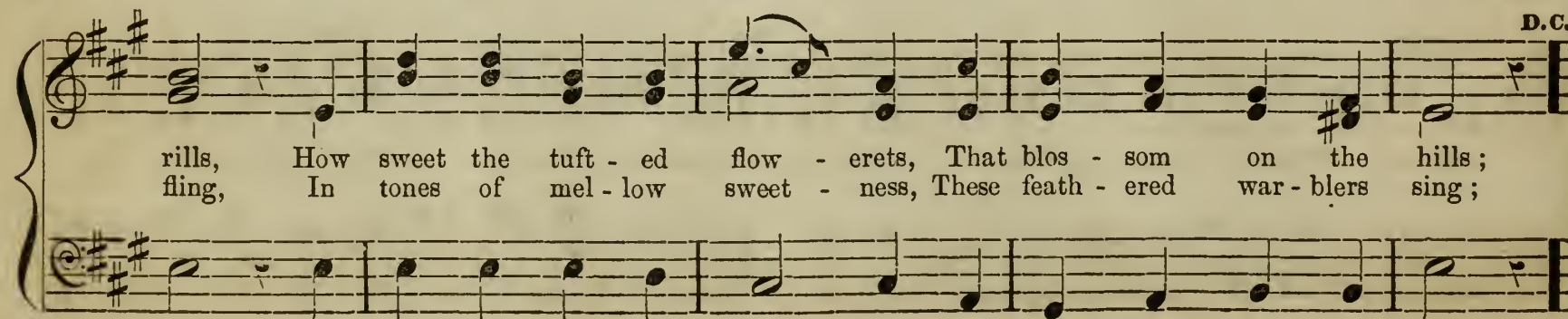
Arr. from MOZART.



D.C. 1. With joy once more we hail thee, O love-ly ru - ral scene! Thy groves, and fields, and
 2. Here at the morn-ing's wak - ing, The tune-ful glad - some lay, By na - ture's cho - rus



FINE.
 wood-lands, Thy garb of cheer - ful green! How pure the crys-tal foun-tain, How clear the purling
 chant - ed, Sa-lutes the wel - come day, A - mid the sun's bright glow-ing, Till eve her shadows



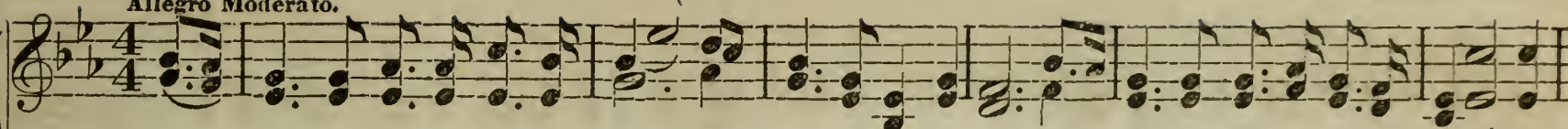
D.C.
 rills, How sweet the tuft - ed flow - erets, That blos - som on the hills;
 fling, In tones of mel - low sweet - ness, These feath - ered war - blers sing;

MY NATIVE HILLS.

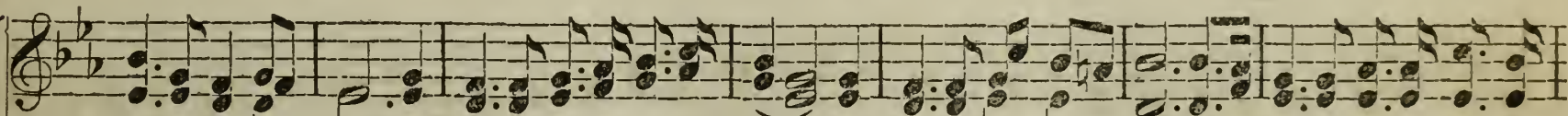
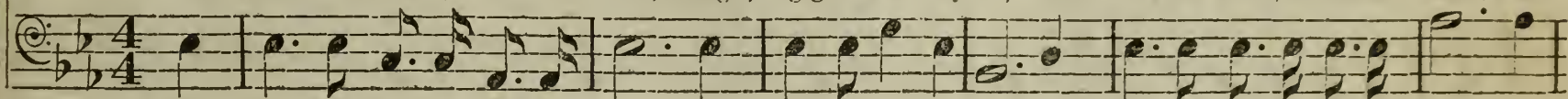
H. S. PERKINS.

45

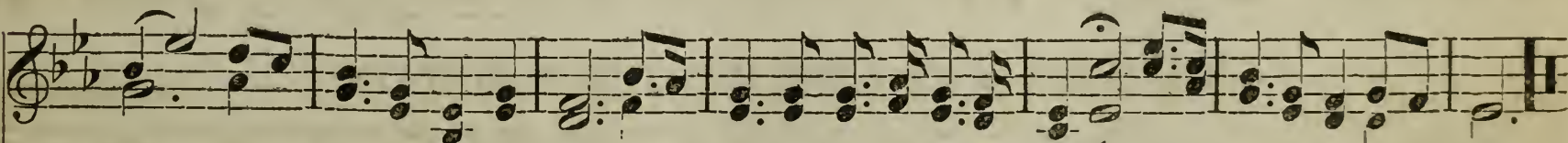
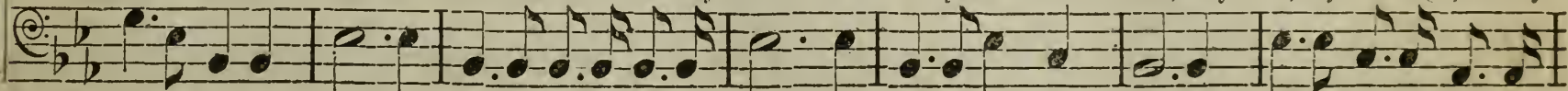
Allegro Moderato.



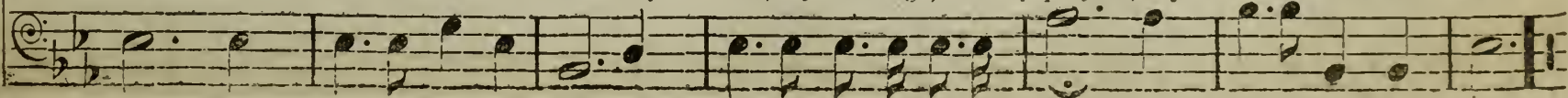
1. O, give me back my na-tive hills, Rough, rug-ged tho' they be, No oth-er clime, no oth-er land, Is
2. Tho' far from home, the heart may still Re-flect surrounding light, Where stranger smiles enkindle love And
3. My na-tive hills, still dear to me, Where-ev-er I may roam, With lof-ty pride, with cherished love, I'll
4. Then give me back my na-tive hills, Rough, rug-ged tho' they be, No oth-er clime, no oth-er land, Is



half so dear to me, The sun looks bright, the world looks fair, And friends surround me here, But mem'ry brooding o'er the stranger hearts delight; Yet, O! they call the mem'ry back, As meteor-like they glide, To tell how kind our earthly think on thee my home, For root-ed in thy rock-bound shore, The noblest vir-tues grow, And beauty's choicest flowers are half so dear to me, Af-fec-tion's ties around my home Like i-vy ten-drils twine, My love, my blessings, and my



past, Gives home its tribute tear, But mem'ry brooding o'er the past, Gives home its trib-ute tear. friends, How sweet our own fire-side, To tell how kind our earthly friends, How sweet our own fire-side. culled, From out thy high-land snow, And beauty's choicest flowers are culled From out thy high-land snow. prayers, My na-tive hills are thine. My love, my blessings, and my prayers, My na-tive hills are thine.



SLEEP ON, DEAREST MOTHER.

H.
Words by O. PERCIVAL.

1. Sleep on, dear - est moth - er, sleep, Thy chil - dren mourn thy loss: A -
 2. Thy voice, that once was soft and sweet As sum - mer's gen - tle breeze; That
 3. Yet why should we thus mourn and weep, Since God hath called thee home; Tho'
 4. We cherish all the ten - der love That once thy lips did speak; As

round thy si - - lent grave we weep, That's cov - ered o'er with moss.
 taught us Je - - sus' will to keep, To give to him our praise.
 we are filled with deep - est grief, As o'er the earth we roam.
 thou art sleep - ing in the grave, Thy spir - it with the meek.

COME, WITH THY LUTE TO THE FOUNTAIN.


GERMAN MELODY.

Moderato.

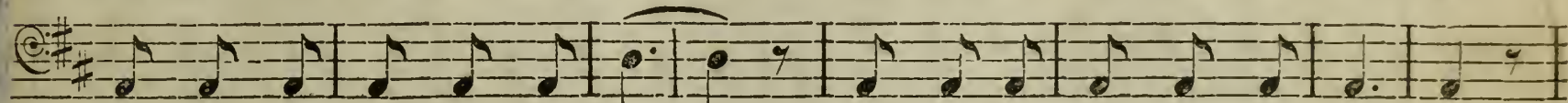
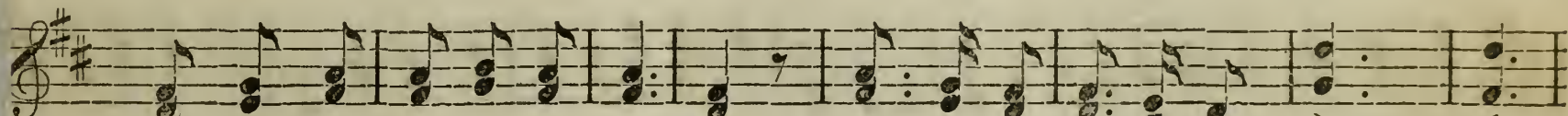
1. Come, with thy lute, to the foun - tain; Sing me a song of the moun - tain;
 2. Come, where the zeph - yrs are stray - ing, Where 'mid the flow - er buds play - ing,

COME, WITH THY LUTE, Concluded.

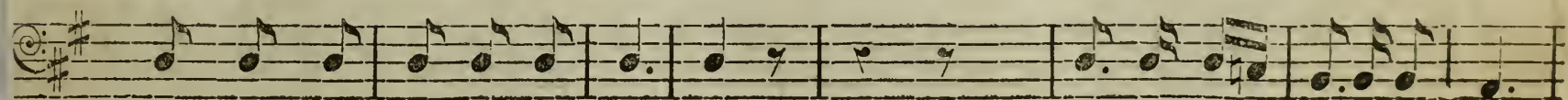
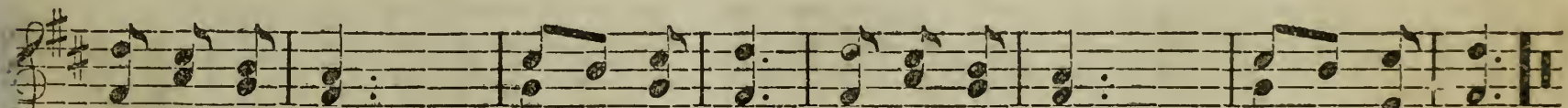
47



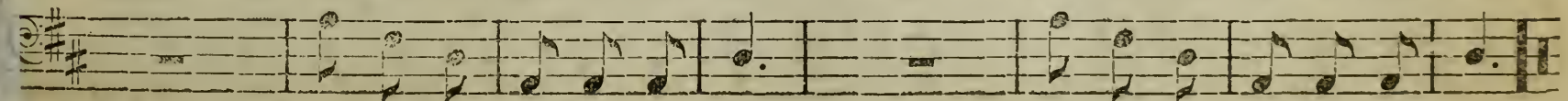
Sing of the hap - py and free, There, where the ray is de - clin - ing,
 Ram - bles the blithe sum - mer bee, Let the lone churl, in his sor - row,

While its last ro - ses are shin - ing, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,
 He who de - spairs of the mor - row, Far to his sol - i - tude flee,

Un - der the broad lin - den tree, Un - der the broad lin - den tree.
 Un - der the dark cy - press tree, Un - der the dark cy - press tree.



I WOULD I WERE A FAIRY QUEEN.

L. O. EMERSON.

Lively.

1. I would I were a fai - ry queen. How hap - py then I'd be; In sul - try days like
 2. When twilight casts its shad - ows o'er The wa - ter's peace - ful breast, I'd seek my home up -
 3. I'd rouse me with the morn - ing bright, And bathe in drops of dew; Then ride up - on the

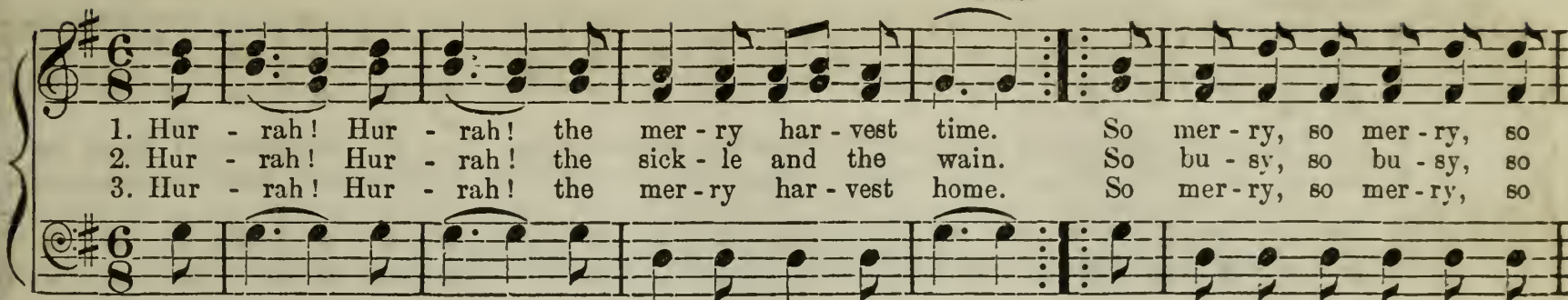
this, I ween, I'd live up - on the sea; Oh, light - ly, gai - ly I would float, Within a pearl - y
 on the shore, And gent - ly sink to rest. Oh, sweet should be my night's repose, With - in my cool, soft
 zeph - yr light, Far thro' the e - ther blue. Oh, I would roam far, far a - way, Mid i - vy man - tled

shell; Me - thinks such charm - ing, ti - ny boat, Would suit my fan - cy well.
 bed; I'd choose a half - blown vel - vet rose, To lay my wea - ry head.
 towers, O'er wild and clas - sic ground I'd stray, Thro' shadow - y groves and bowers.

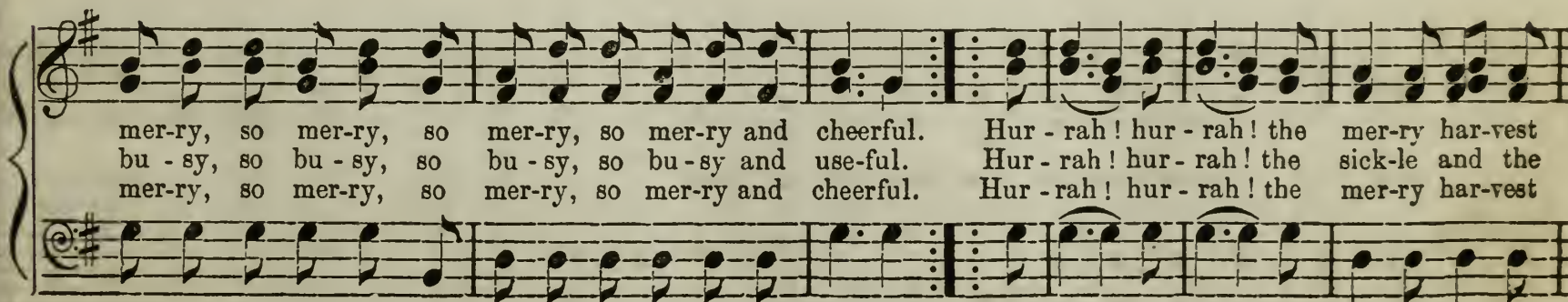
HURRAH! THE MERRY HARVEST.

49

Fine.

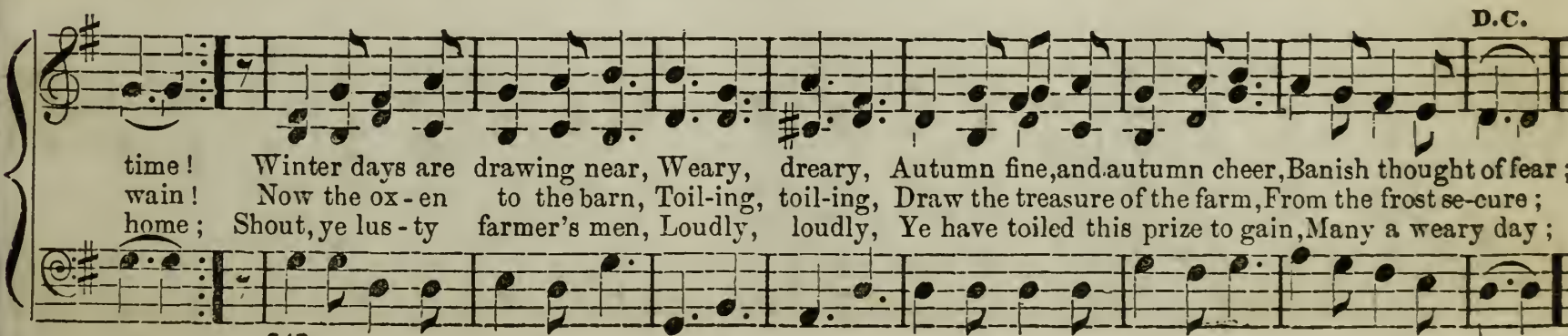


1. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the mer - ry har - vest time. So mer - ry, so mer - ry, so
 2. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the sick - le and the wain. So bu - sy, so bu - sy, so
 3. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the mer - ry har - vest home. So mer - ry, so mer - ry, so



mer-ry, so mer-ry, so mer-ry, so mer-ry and cheerful. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer-ry har-vest
 bu - sy, so bu - sy, so bu - sy, so bu - sy and use-ful. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the sick-le and the
 mer-ry, so mer-ry, so mer-ry, so mer-ry and cheerful. Hur - rah! hur - rah! the mer-ry har-vest

D.C.



time! Winter days are drawing near, Weary, dreary, Autumn fine, and autumn cheer, Banish thought of fear;
 wain! Now the ox - en to the barn, Toil-ing, toil-ing, Draw the treasure of the farm, From the frost se-cure;
 home; Shout, ye lus - ty farmer's men, Loudly, loudly, Ye have toiled this prize to gain, Many a weary day;

THE OCEAN IS MY HOME.

L. O. EMERSON.

With spirit.

1. I'm off, dear friends, I'm off once more, To cross the boisterous sea, Tho' lov - ing friends I leave on
 2. But if our bark is staunch and trim, Our hearts but true and brave, And hope and faith are strong with-

shore, The o - cean wave for me; How - ev - er hard it is to part, 'Tis joy to meet a -
 in, God's hand is there to save; Oh! come ye cool, re - fresh - ing wind, To waft us o'er the

gain, Al-though the bri - ny tear will start, Re - pays for all the pain; 'Tis joy to
 main, Al-though I leave my friends be - hind, We soon shall meet a - gain; To fond - ly

THE OCEAN IS MY HOME. Concluded.

51

me, 'tis sweet to me, To hoist the snow-y sail, And o'er the foam-ing bil-lows free, To
meet and kind - ly greet, Then off once more to roam, Un - til my heart shall cease to beat, The

breast the ris-ing gale, And o'er the foam-ing bil-lows free, To breast the ris-ing gale.
o - cean is my home, Un - til my heart shall cease to beat, The o - cean is my home.

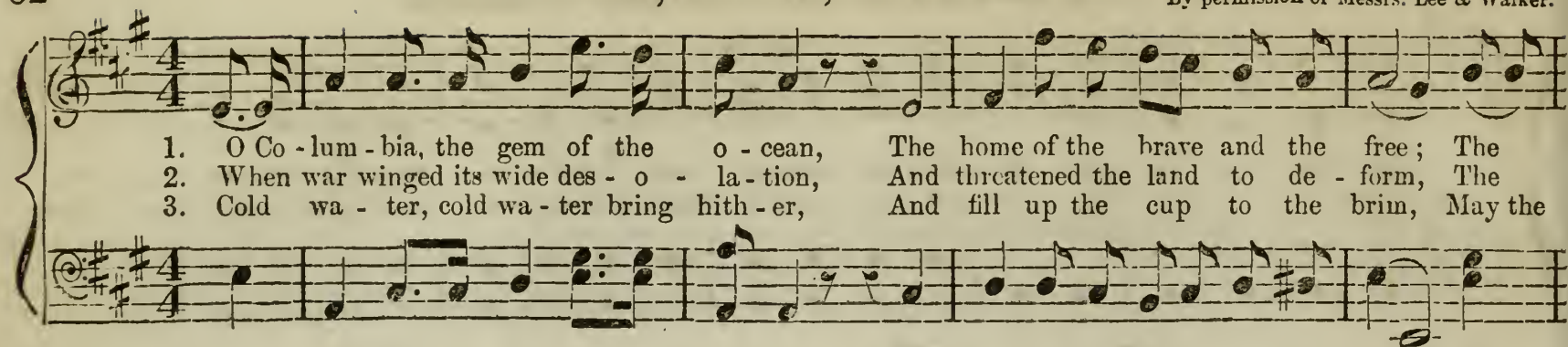
Ritard.

GOD IS GOOD.

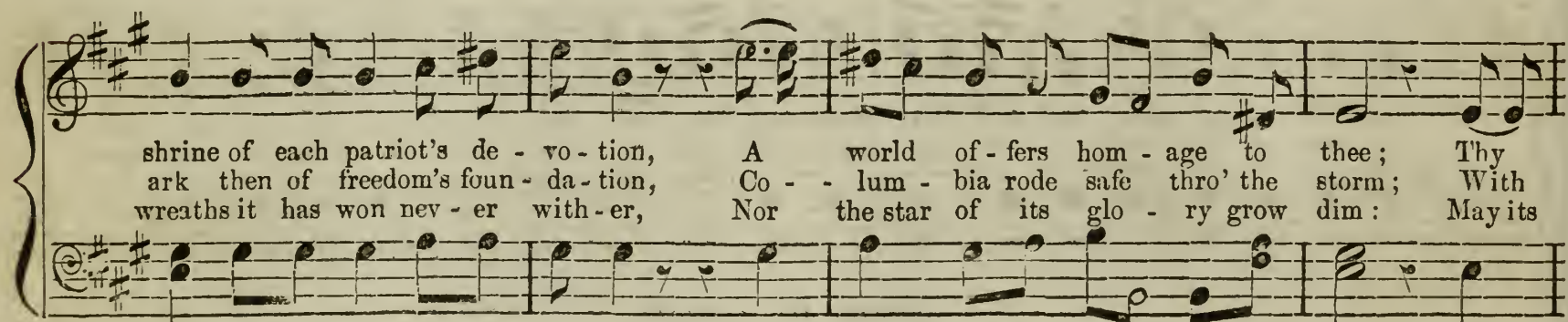
1. See the shining dewdrops, On the flowers strewed; Prov-ing, as they spar-kle, God is ev-er good.
2. See the morning sunbeams, Lighting up the wood, Si-lent-ly pro-claim-ing, "God is ev-er good."
3. Hear the mountain streamlet In its sol-i-tude, With its rip-ple say-ing, "God is very good."

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

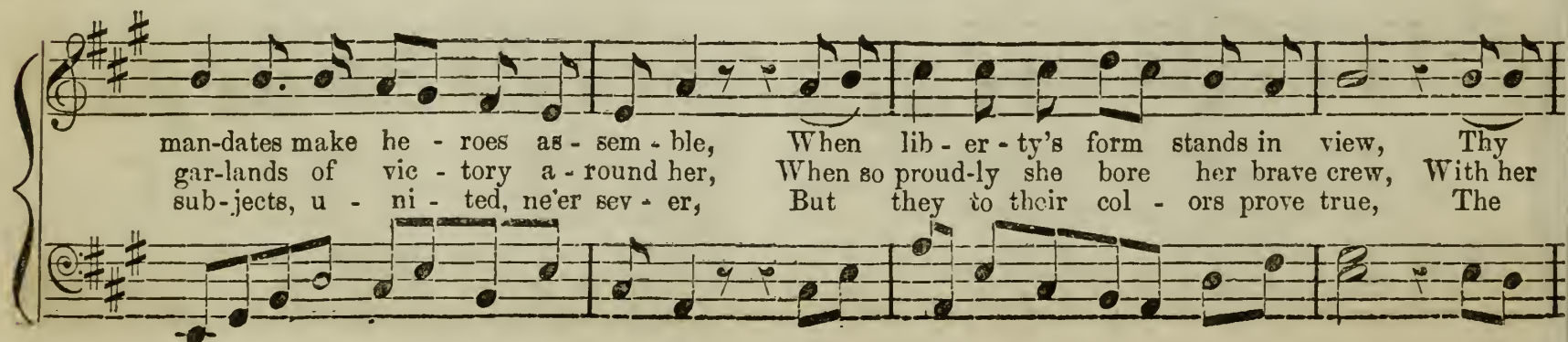
By permission of Messrs. Lee & Walker.



1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free; The
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
 3. Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter bring hith - er, And fill up the cup to the brim, May the



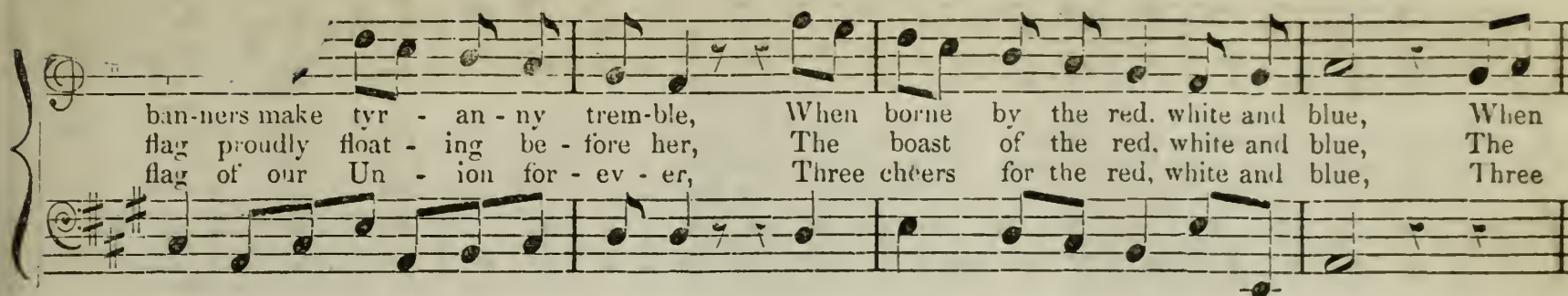
shrine of each patriot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With
 wreaths it has won nev - er with - er, Nor the star of its glo - ry grow dim: May its



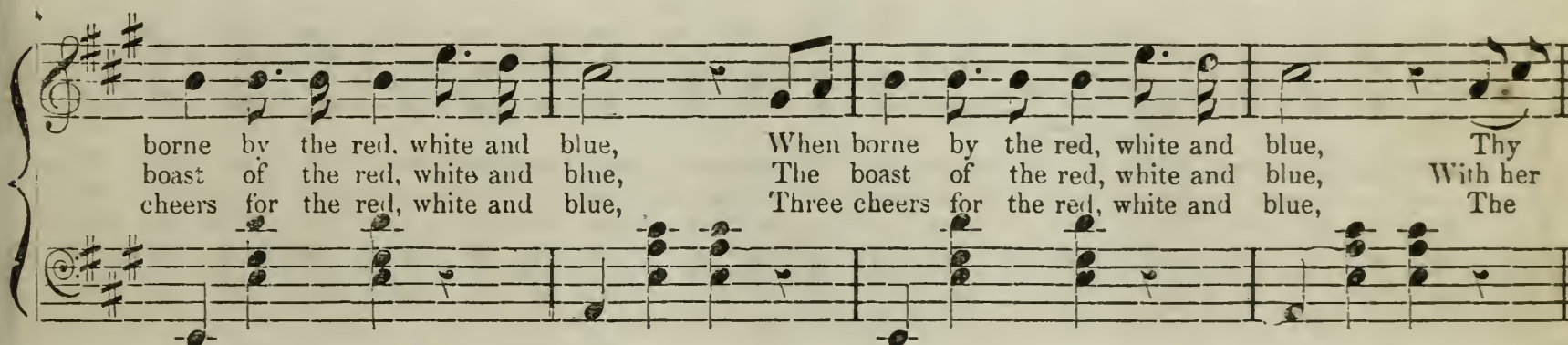
man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
 gar - lands of vic - tory a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sub - jects, u - ni - ted, ne'er sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true, The

RED, WHITE AND BLUE, Concluded.

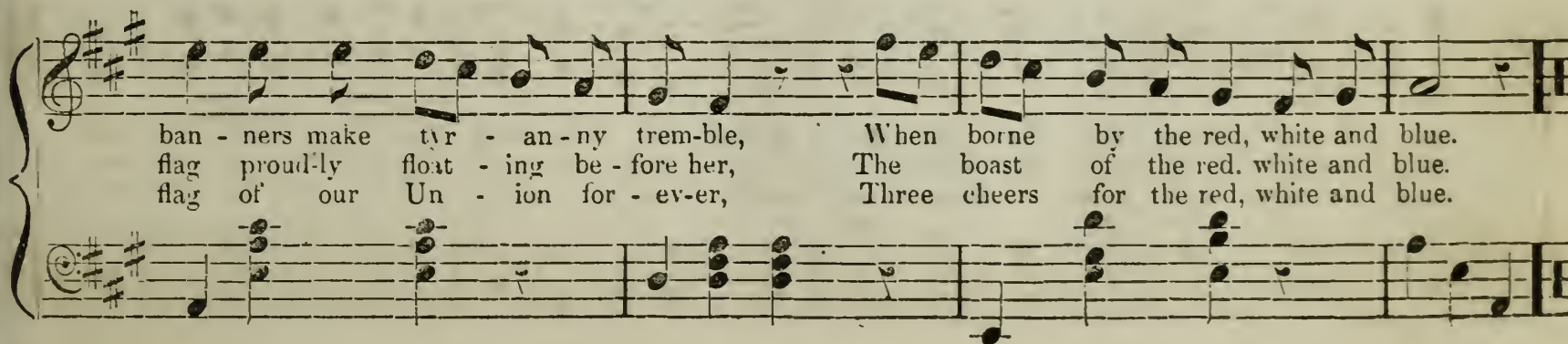
53



ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proudly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 flag of our Un - ion for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 flag of our Un - ion for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

ALL AROUND AND ALL ABOVE THEE.

T. WOOD.

Dolce.

1. All a - round and all a - bove thee, Is the hushed and charm-ed air; All things woo thee,
 2. In their cav - ernal, cool re - cess - es, Songs for thee the fountains frame; What - so - e'er thy
 3. Where-so-e'er thy pres - ence lin-gers, Where-so - e'er thy brightness beams, Fan - cy weaves with

Marcato.

all things love thee, Maid - en fair! Gen - tle zeph-yrs per - fume breathing, Waft to thee their
 foot-step presses Lips thy name, Green-er ver-dure, bright-er blos - som, Where - so - e'er thy
 cun-ning fin - gers Sweet - est dreams, And the heart for - gets thee nev - er, Thy young beau - ty's

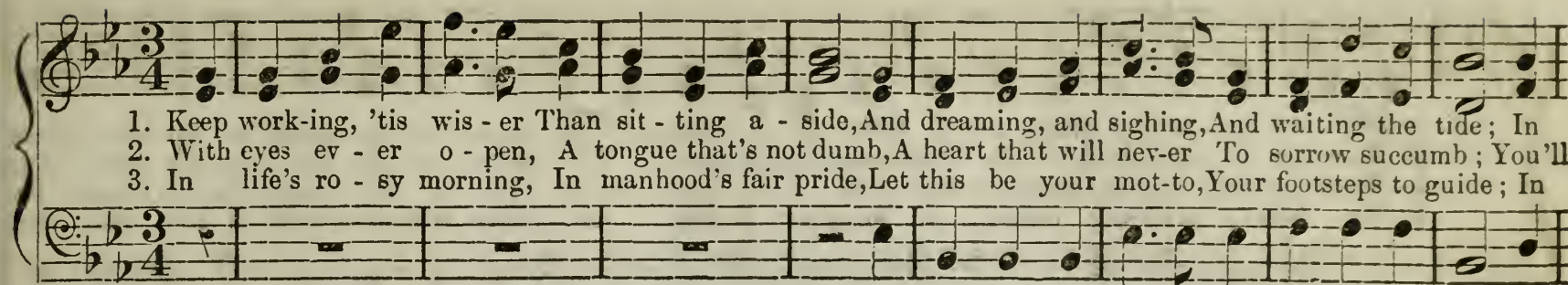
Rall.

trib - ute sweet, And for thee the spring is wreathing Gar - - lands meet.
 foot - steps stray, O'er the earth's en - am - ored bo-som Live a - way.
 won - de - light, There it dwells and dwells for - ev - er, Ev - - - er bright.

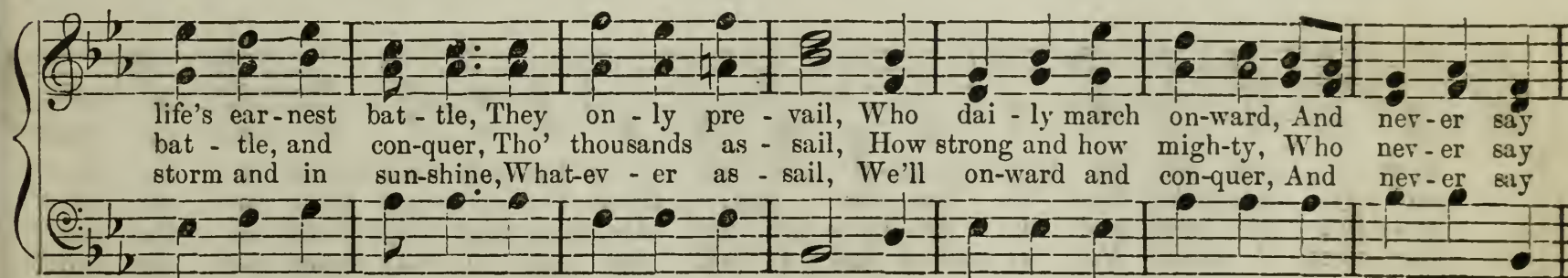
NEVER SAY FAIL.

H. L. FRISBIE.
Words from "Musical Pioneer."

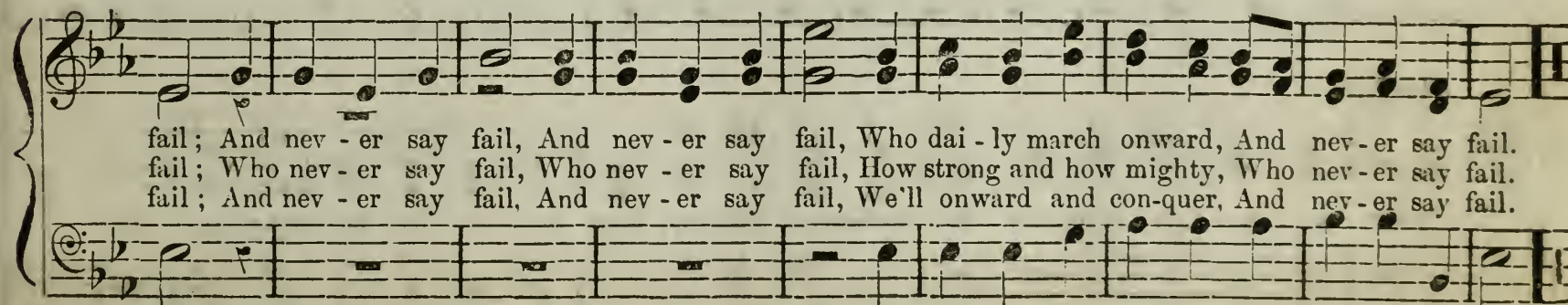
55



1. Keep work-ing, 'tis wis - er Than sit - ting a - side, And dream-ing, and sigh-ing, And wait-ing the tide; In
2. With eyes ev - er o - pen, A tongue that's not dumb, A heart that will nev - er To sorrow succumb; You'll
3. In life's ro - sy morning, In man-hood's fair pride, Let this be your mot-to, Your foot-steps to guide; In

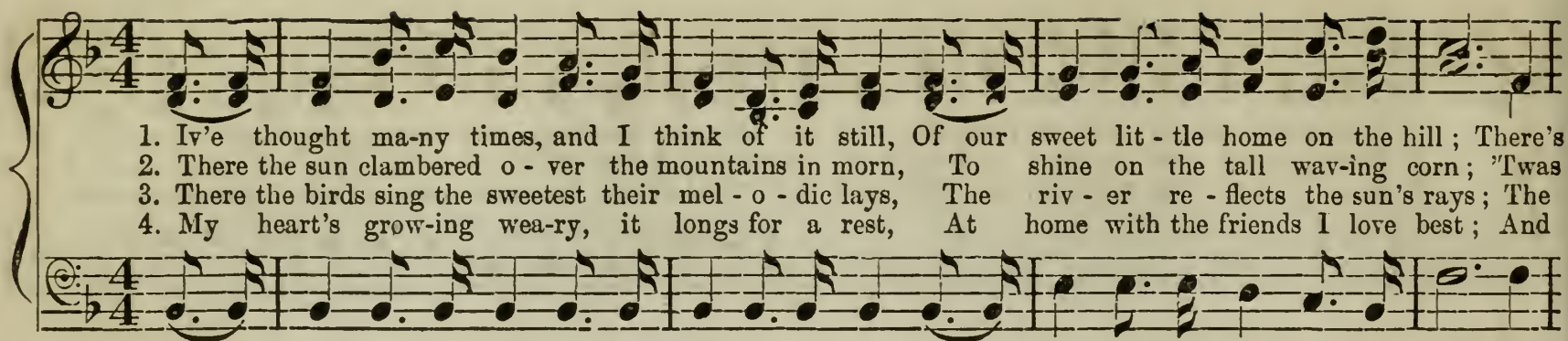


life's ear-nest bat-tle, They on - ly pre - vail, Who dai - ly march on-ward, And nev - er say
bat - tle, and con-quer, Tho' thousands as - sail, How strong and how migh-ty, Who nev - er say
storm and in sun-shine, What-ev - er as - sail, We'll on-ward and con-quer, And nev - er say

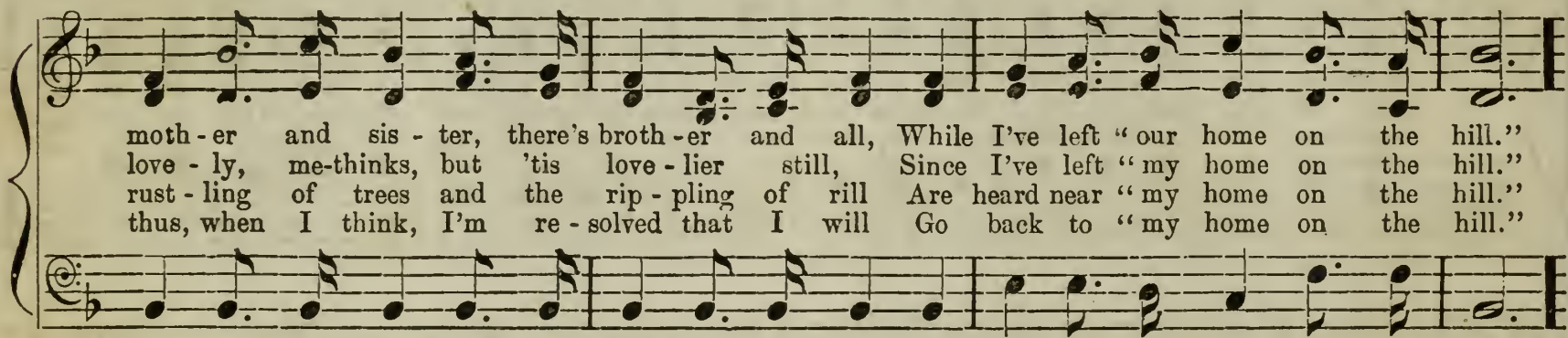


fail; And nev - er say fail, And nev - er say fail, Who dai - ly march onward, And nev - er say fail.
fail; Who nev - er say fail, Who nev - er say fail, How strong and how mighty, Who nev - er say fail.
fail; And nev - er say fail, And nev - er say fail, We'll onward and con-quer, And nev - er say fail.

MY HOME ON THE HILL.

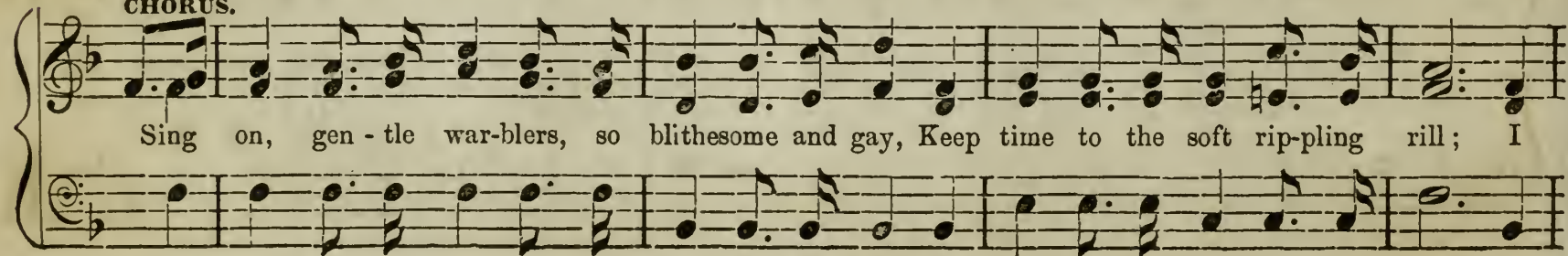



1. I've thought ma-ny times, and I think of it still, Of our sweet lit-tle home on the hill; There's
 2. There the sun clambered o-ver the mountains in morn, To shine on the tall wav-ing corn; 'Twas
 3. There the birds sing the sweetest their mel-o-dic lays, The riv-er re-flects the sun's rays; The
 4. My heart's grow-ing wea-ry, it longs for a rest, At home with the friends I love best; And



moth-er and sis-ter, there's broth-er and all, While I've left "our home on the hill."
 love-ly, me-thinks, but 'tis love-lier still, Since I've left "my home on the hill."
 rust-ling of trees and the rip-pling of rill Are heard near "my home on the hill."
 thus, when I think, I'm re-solved that I will Go back to "my home on the hill."

CHORUS.



Sing on, gen-tle war-blers, so blithesome and gay, Keep time to the soft rip-pling rill; I

MY HOME ON THE HILL. Concluded.

57

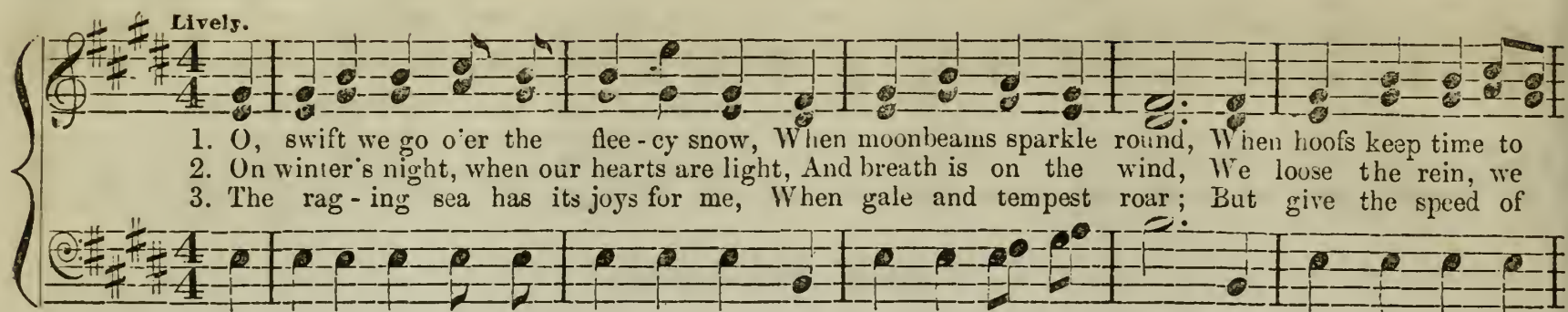
nev - er a - gain, no, nev - er will stray, From my old home, my home on the hill.

NEW ENGLAND.

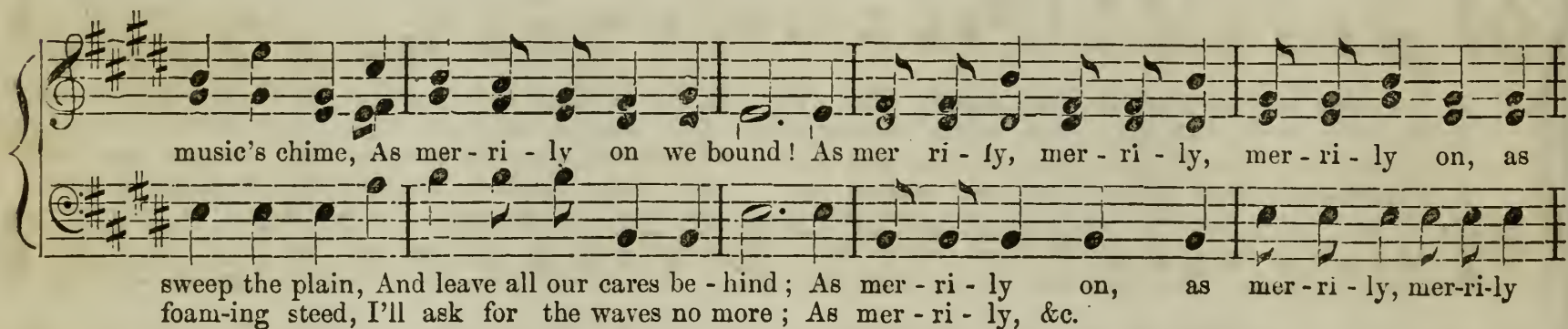
1. The hills of New England, How proudly they rise, In the wildness of grandeur, To blend with the skies!
2. The vales of New England, That cradle her streams; That smile in their greenness, Like land in our dreams;
3. The woods of New England, Still verdant and high, Though rock'd by the tempests Of a - ges gone by;
4. The streams of New England, That roar as they go; Or seem in their stillness But dreaming to flow,

With their far az - ure outlines, And tall ancient trees— New England, my country, I love thee for these.
 All sun - ny with pleasure, Em - bosom'd with ease— New England, my country, I love thee for these.
 Ro - mance dims their arches, And speaks in the breeze— New England, my country, I love thee for these.
 O bright glides the sunbeam Their march to the seas— New England, my country, I love thee for these.

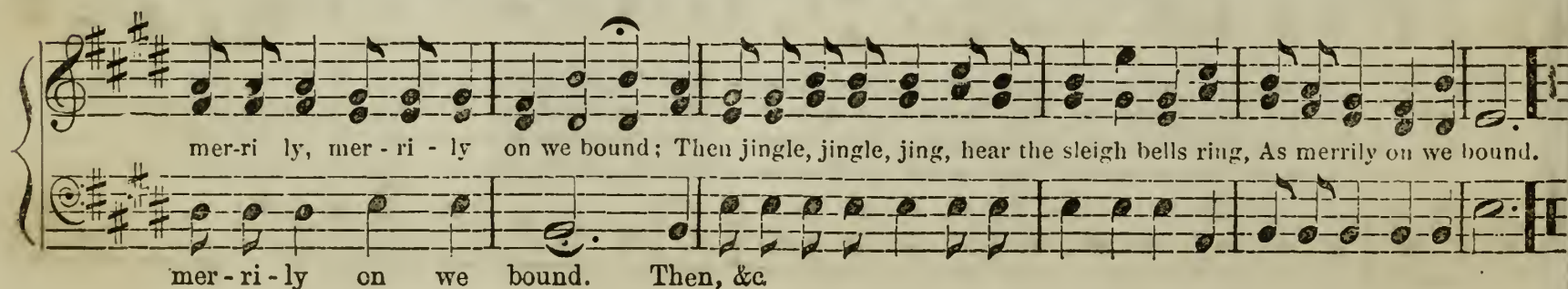
Lively.



1. O, swift we go o'er the flee-cy snow, When moonbeams sparkle round, When hoofs keep time to
 2. On winter's night, when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein, we
 3. The rag-ing sea has its joys for me, When gale and tempest roar; But give the speed of



music's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound! As mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly on, as
 sweep the plain, And leave all our cares be-hind; As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly
 foam-ing steed, I'll ask for the waves no more; As mer-ri-ly, &c.

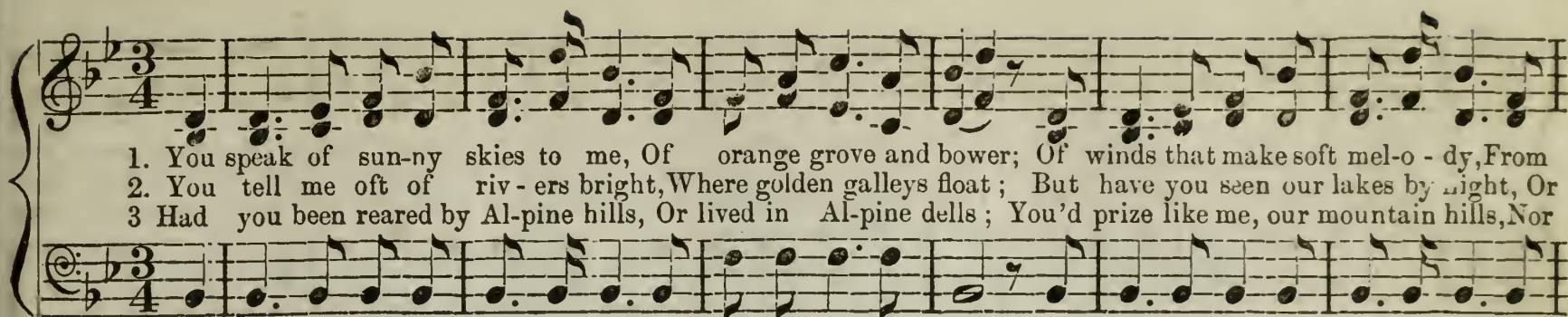


mer-ri ly, mer-ri-ly on we bound; Then jingle, jingle, jing, hear the sleigh bells ring, As merrily on we bound.
 mer-ri-ly on we bound. Then, &c.

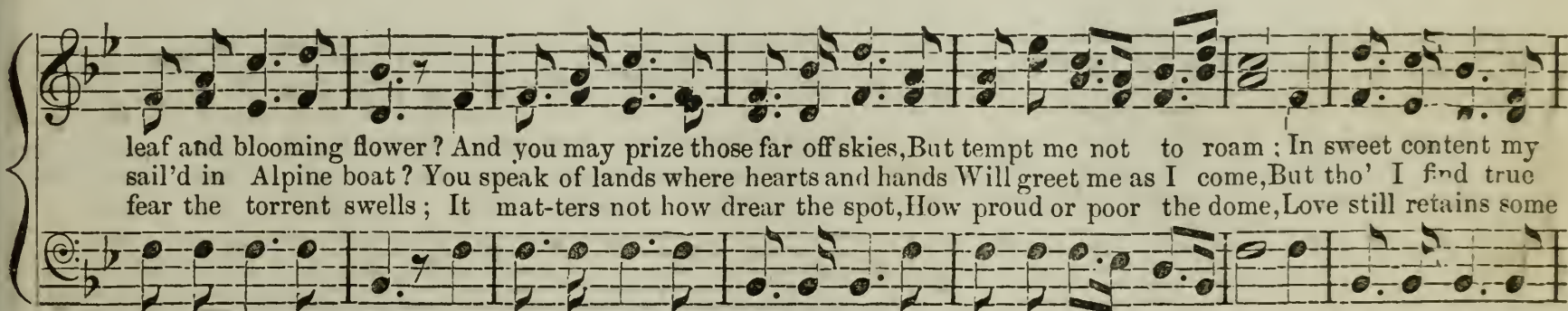
BLANCHE ALPEN.

S. GLOVER.

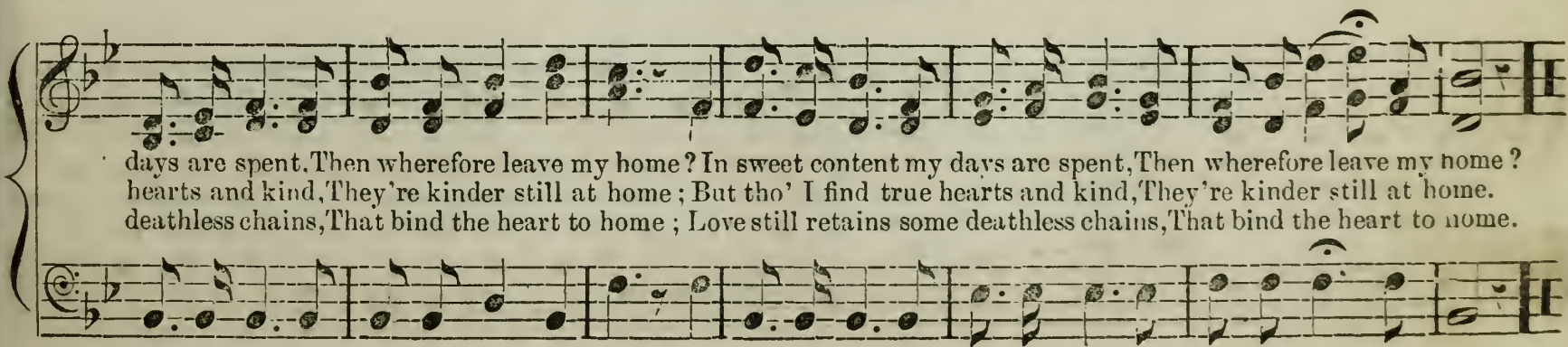
59



1. You speak of sun-ny skies to me, Of orange grove and bower; Of winds that make soft mel-o - dy, From
 2. You tell me oft of riv - ers bright, Where golden galleys float; But have you seen our lakes by night, Or
 3 Had you been reared by Al-pine hills, Or lived in Al-pine dells; You'd prize like me, our mountain hills, Nor



leaf and blooming flower? And you may prize those far off skies, But tempt me not to roam: In sweet content my
 sail'd in Alpine boat? You speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But tho' I find true
 fear the torrent swells; It mat-ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome, Love still retains some



days are spent. Then wherefore leave my home? In sweet content my days are spent, Then wherefore leave my home?
 hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home; But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kinder still at home.
 deathless chains, That bind the heart to home; Love still retains some deathless chains, That bind the heart to home.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, happy land! Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band; Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who
 2. Immortal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring thro' the world with loud applause, Ring

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war had gone, En-joyed the peace your
 no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the
 thro' the world with loud ap-plause! Let ev'-ry clime, to free-dom dear, Lis-ten with a

val-or won; Let in-de-pend-ence be your boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost, Ev-er grate-ful
 well earned prize; While offering peace sin-cere and just! In heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That truth and justice
 joy-ful ear; With e-qual skill, with stead-y power, He governs in the fear-ful hour Of horrid war or

HAIL COLUMBIA. Concluded.

61

for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies ; Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Ral - lying round our
may pre - vail, And every scheme of bond-age fail ; Firm, &c.
guides with ease, The happier time of honest peace ; Firm, &c.

lib - er - ty, As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

The musical score for 'Hail Columbia' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the voice staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

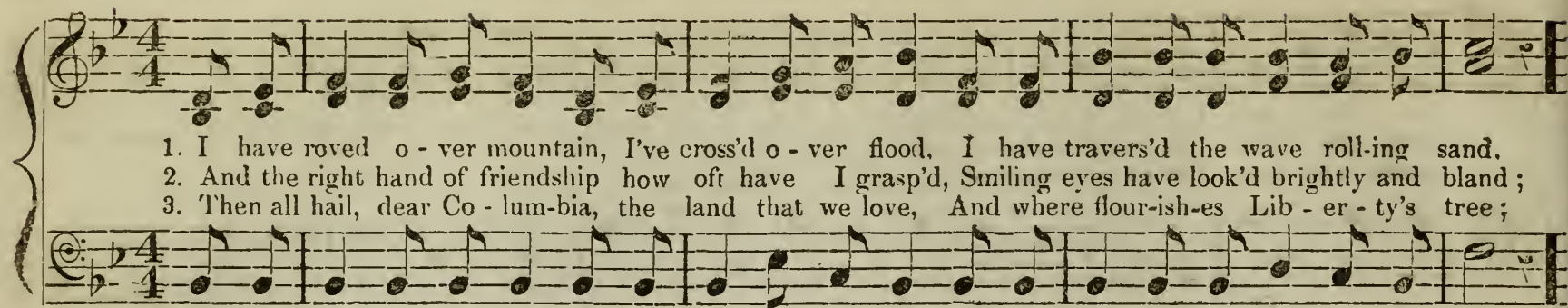
THE SETTING SUN.

1. How we love to see thee, Gold-on evening sun ! How we love to see thee, When the day is done.
2. Be it ours thus brightly Virtue's course to run ; Ours to sleep so sweet-ly, All our la-bors done.
3. Thus we wish in childhood, While we gaze on thee, Wish our heavenly path-way Like thine own may be.

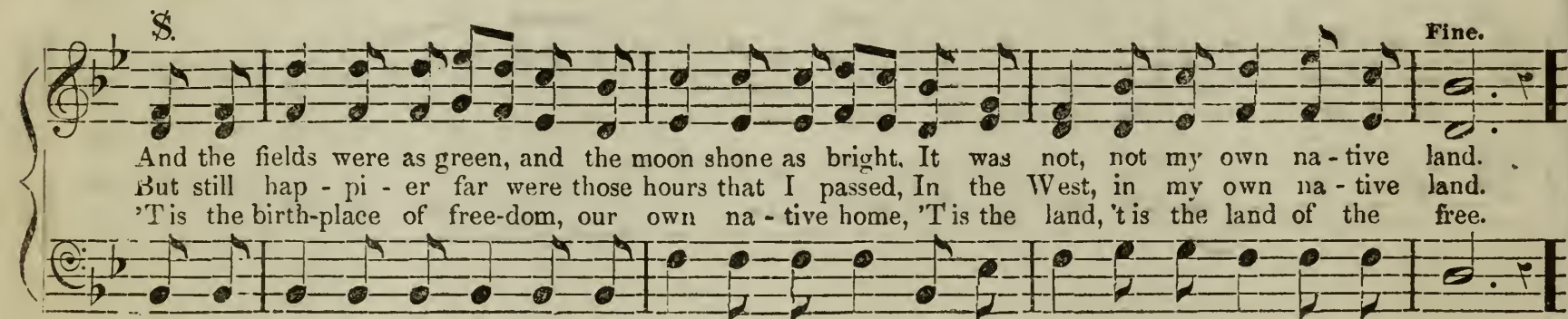
The musical score for 'The Setting Sun' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.*

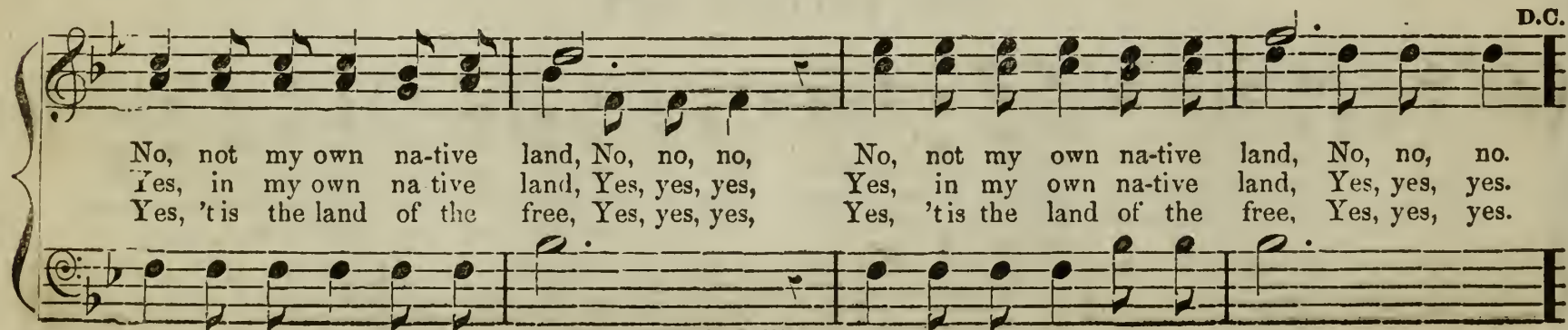
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. I have roved o - ver mountain, I've cross'd o - ver flood, I have travers'd the wave roll-ing sand.
 2. And the right hand of friendship how oft have I grasp'd, Smiling eyes have look'd brightly and bland;
 3. Then all hail, dear Co - lum-bia, the land that we love, And where flour-ish-es Lib - er - ty's tree;

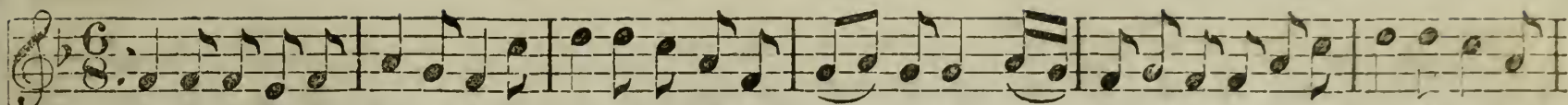


And the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, It was not, not my own na-tive land.
 But still hap - pi - er far were those hours that I passed, In the West, in my own na-tive land.
 'Tis the birth-place of free-dom, our own na-tive home, 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.

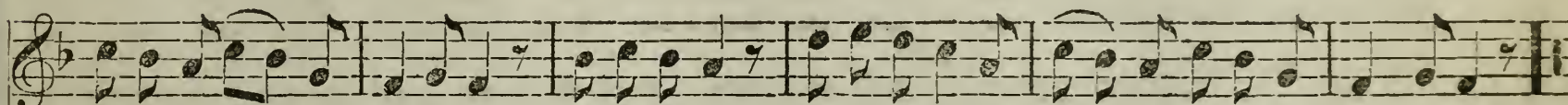
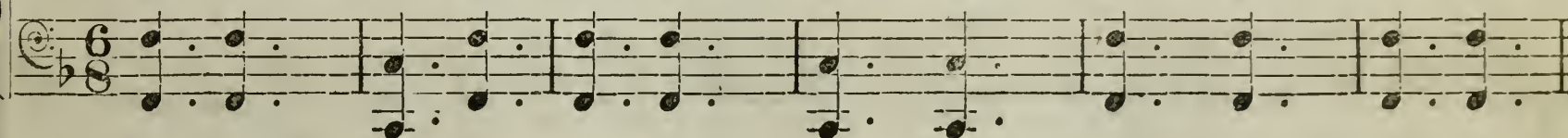
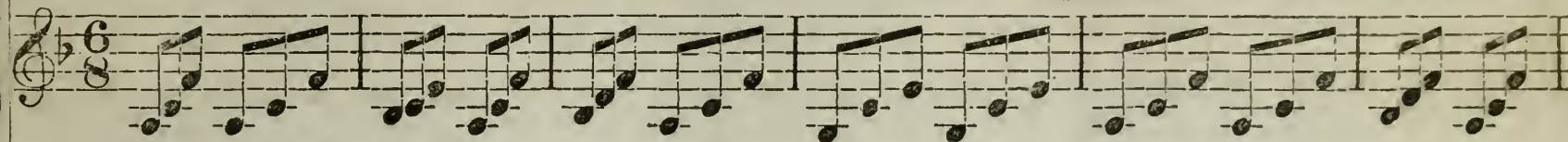


No, not my own na-tive land, No, no, no, No, not my own na-tive land, No, no, no.
 Yes, in my own na-tive land, Yes, yes, yes, Yes, in my own na-tive land, Yes, yes, yes.
 Yes, 'tis the land of the free, Yes, yes, yes, Yes, 'tis the land of the free, Yes, yes, yes.

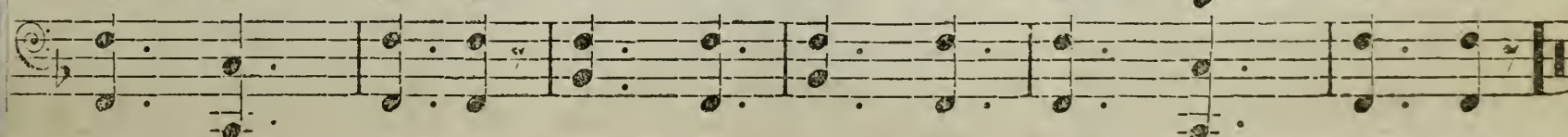
* From "MASON'S NOEMAL SINGER," by permission.



1. Soft and mild, was the beaming eye, As blue and clear as the summer sky, And light was the gossamer ringlets' play That
2. Glad were the notes of her mountain song, As swept the chords her hand along, And clearly responded the mandoline gay, To
3. She lived like the bird of the wild greenwood, A maiden so innocent, merry, and good. So happily glided her youth away, Till
4. The gloss is gone from her auburn hair, The snowy forehead is lined with care, She sings in the halls of the rich and the gay, Tho'

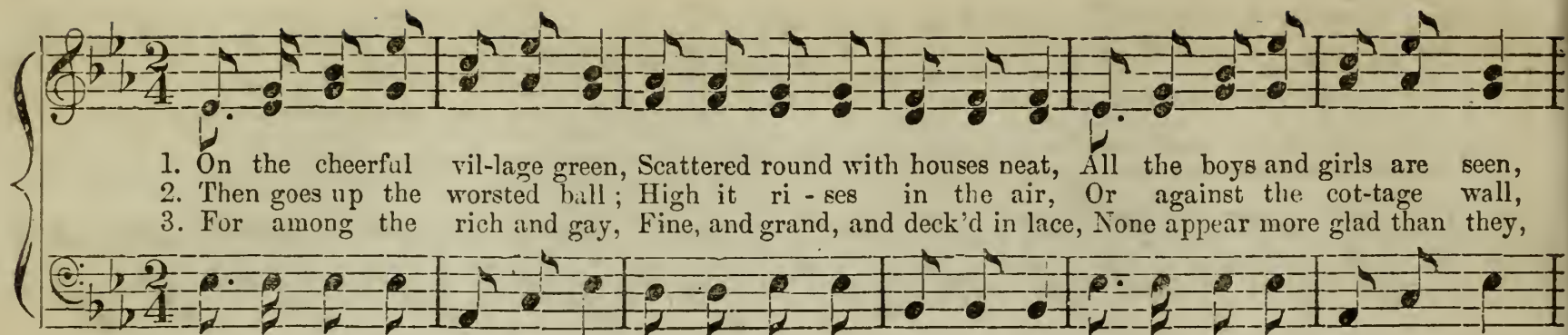


shaded the brow of	Ma-ri-on Day.	Ma-ri-on Day—	Ma-ri-on Day—	The flower of the village was	Ma-ri-on Day.
white little fingers of	Ma-ri-on Day.	Ma-ri-on Day—	Ma-ri-on Day—	The birds came to listen to	Ma-ri-on Day.
trouble came down upon	Ma-ri-on Day.	Ma-ri-on Day—	Ma-ri-on Day—	A sorrow-ing or-phan was	Ma-ri-on Day.
sad and wea-ry is	Ma-ri-on Day;	Ma-ri-on Day—	Ma-ri-on Day—	The stran-ger lis-tens to	Ma-ri-on Day.



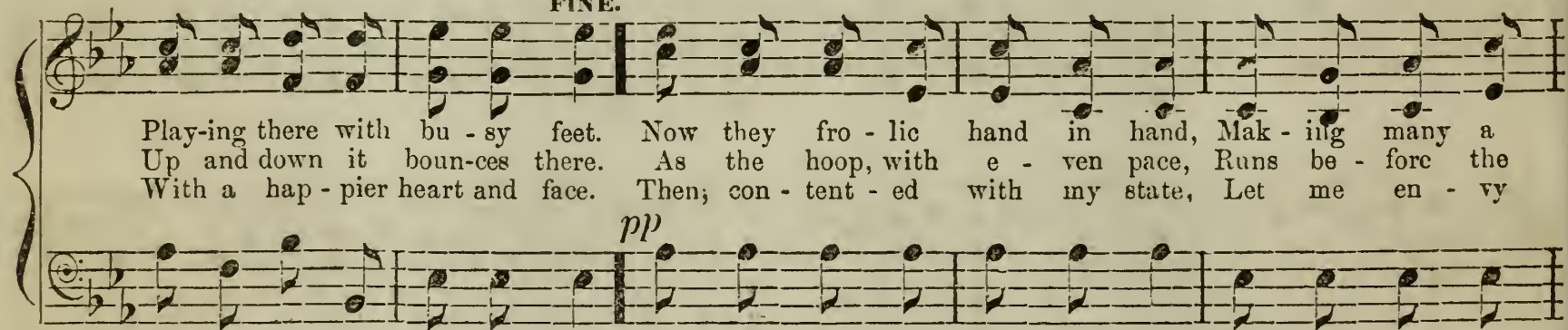
ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

J. WRIGHT.

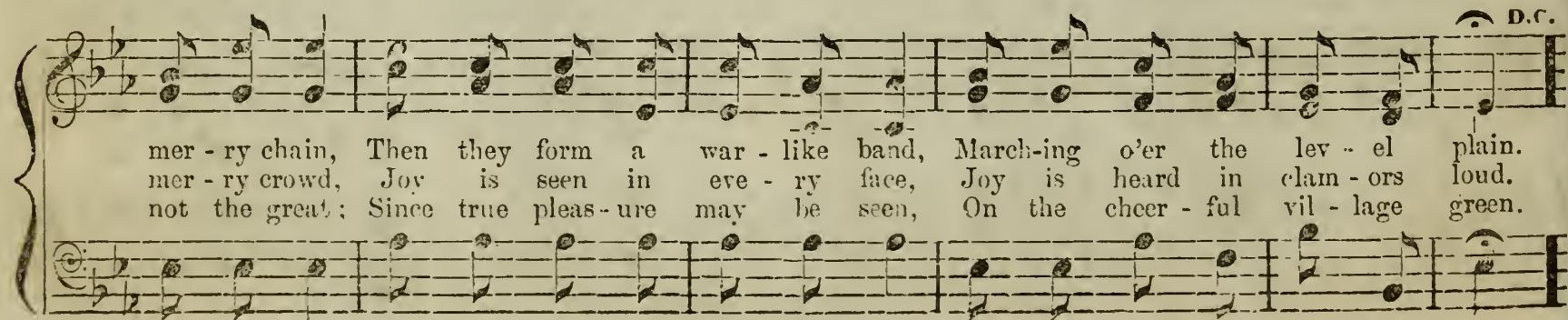


1. On the cheerful vil-lage green, Scattered round with houses neat, All the boys and girls are seen,
 2. Then goes up the worsted ball; High it ri-ses in the air, Or against the cot-tage wall,
 3. For among the rich and gay, Fine, and grand, and deck'd in lace, None appear more glad than they,

FINE.



Play-ing there with bu-sy feet. Now they fro-lic hand in hand, Mak-ing many a
 Up and down it boun-ces there. As the hoop, with e-ven pace, Runs be-fore the
 With a hap-pier heart and face. Then, con-tent-ed with my state, Let me en-vy

pp


mer-ry chain, Then they form a war-like band, March-ing o'er the lev-el plain.
 mer-ry crowd, Joy is seen in eve-ry face, Joy is heard in clam-ors loud.
 not the great; Since true pleas-ure may be seen, On the cheer-ful vil-lage green.

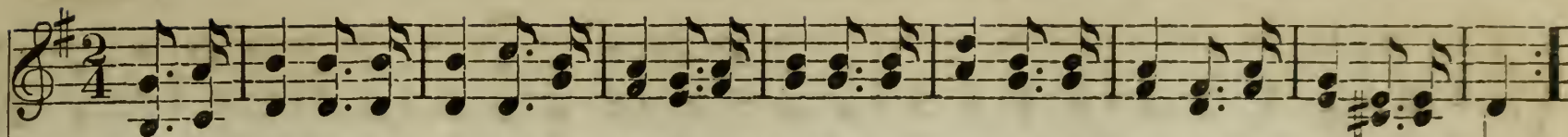
D.C.

O, THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

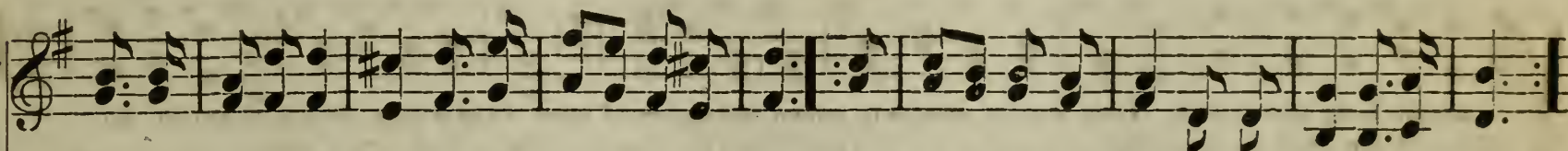
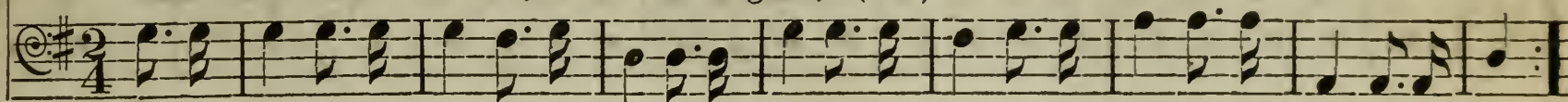
I. B. WOODBURY.

From the "Columbian Glee Book," by permission.

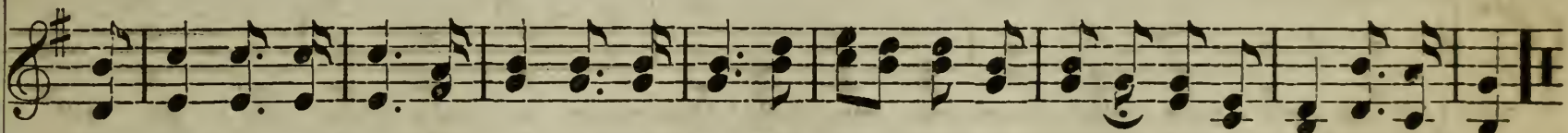
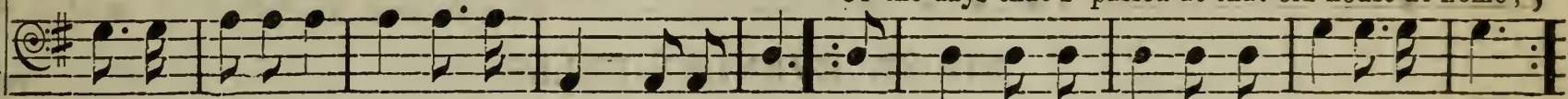
65



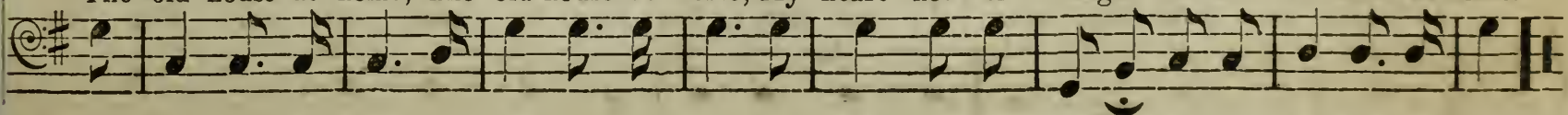
1. O, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt, Where a child at the feet of my moth-er I knelt
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page, (OMIT).....
2. But now the old house is no dwelling for me, The home of the stranger henceforth it must be;
And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a guest, (OMIT).....



Which if in-fan-cy lisps is the sol - ace of age; My heart 'mid all changes, where - ev - er I roam, }
O'er the ev - er-green fields, which my fa - thers possessed; Ne'er los - es its love for the old house at home; }
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come, }
Of the days that I passed at that old house at home; }

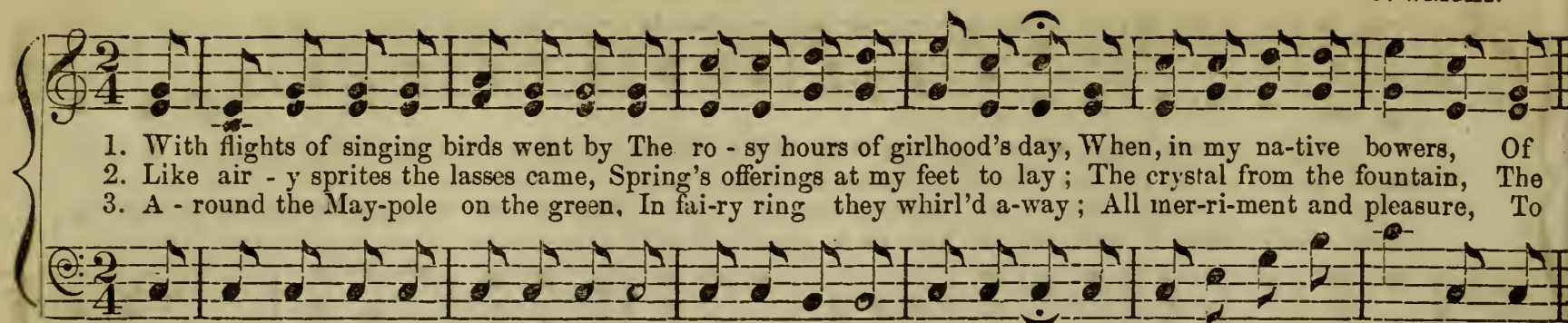


The old house at home, The old house at home, My heart nev - er changes for the old house at home.

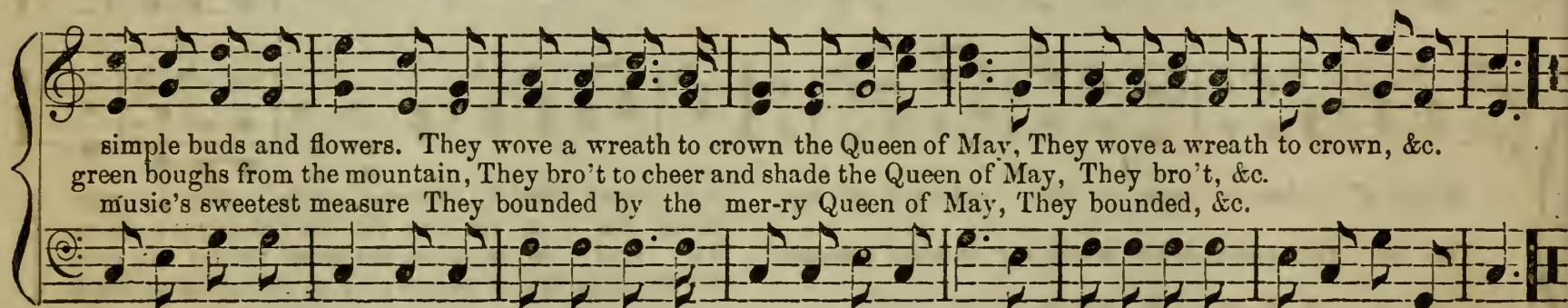


THE QUEEN OF MAY.

J. WRIGHT.



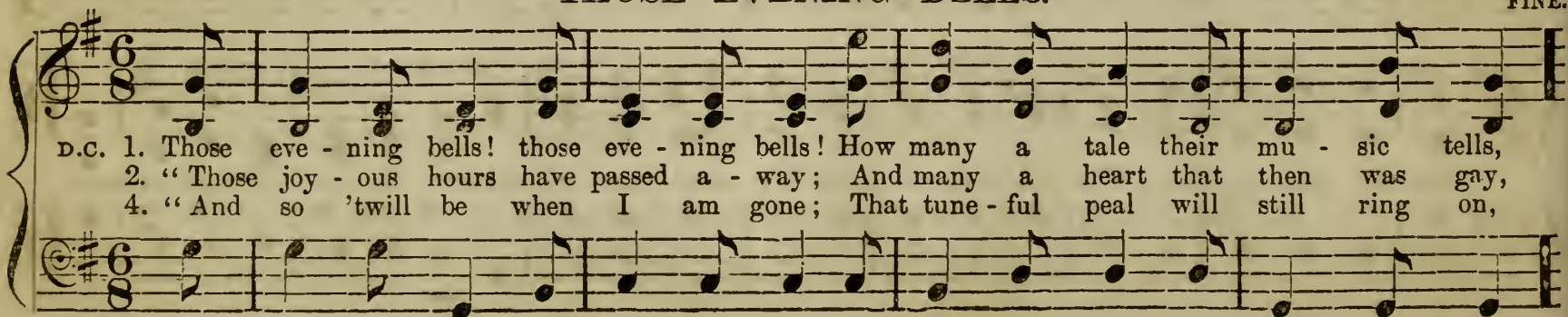
1. With flights of singing birds went by The ro - sy hours of girlhood's day, When, in my na-tive bowers, Of
 2. Like air - y sprites the lasses came, Spring's offerings at my feet to lay; The crystal from the fountain, The
 3. A - round the May-pole on the green, In fai-ry ring they whirl'd a-way; All mer-ri-ment and pleasure, To



simple buds and flowers. They wove a wreath to crown the Queen of May, They wove a wreath to crown, &c.
 green boughs from the mountain, They bro't to cheer and shade the Queen of May, They bro't, &c.
 music's sweetest measure They bounded by the mer-ry Queen of May, They bounded, &c.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

FINE.



D.C. 1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How many a tale their mu - sic tells,
 2. " Those joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And many a heart that then was gay,
 4. " And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tune - ful peal will still ring on,

THOSE EVENING BELLS. Concluded.

67

D.C.

Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their sooth - ing chime.
 With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those eve - ning bells.
 While oth - er bards shall walk those dells, And sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells!

SONG OF NIGHT.

German—From "Mason's Normal Singer."
 By Permission.

Fine.

p Slowly.

1. Now night's dark shades ap - pear— *(dark shades ap - pear,) I to my couch re - pair;
 And safe in qui - et rest— (in qui - et rest,) My dream-ings all are blest.
 2. Yes, while I sleep and dream— (I sleep and dream,) Bright forms a - round me gleam;
 To guard my slum - bers still— (my slum-bers still,) From all ap - proach of ill.

D.C.

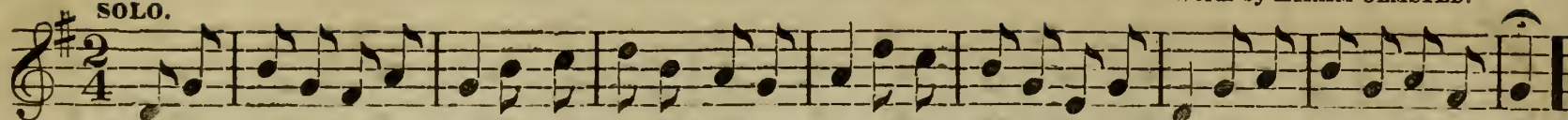
There an - gels are keep - ing Their watch while I'm sleep - ing,
 From heaven they're de - scend - ing, And o'er me are bend - ing,

* The small notes may be played or sung as an echo.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

W. WOOD.
Words by HIRAM OLMSTED.

SOLO.



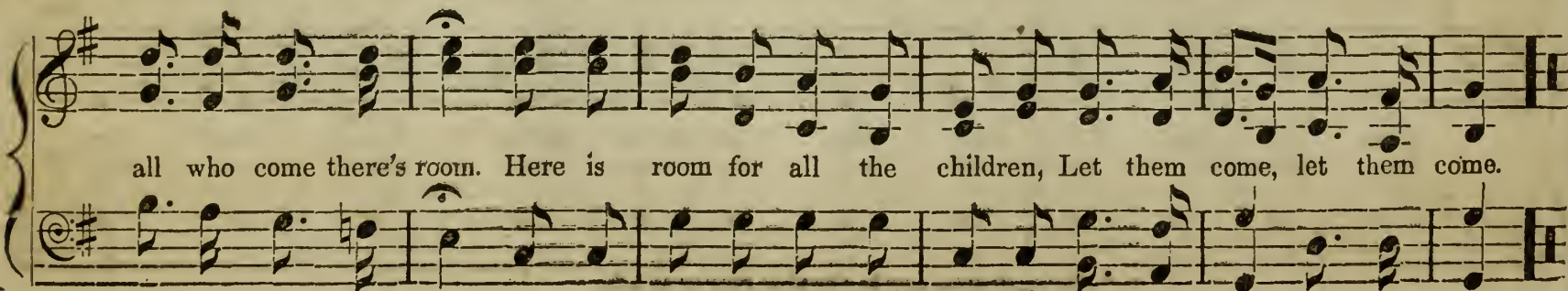
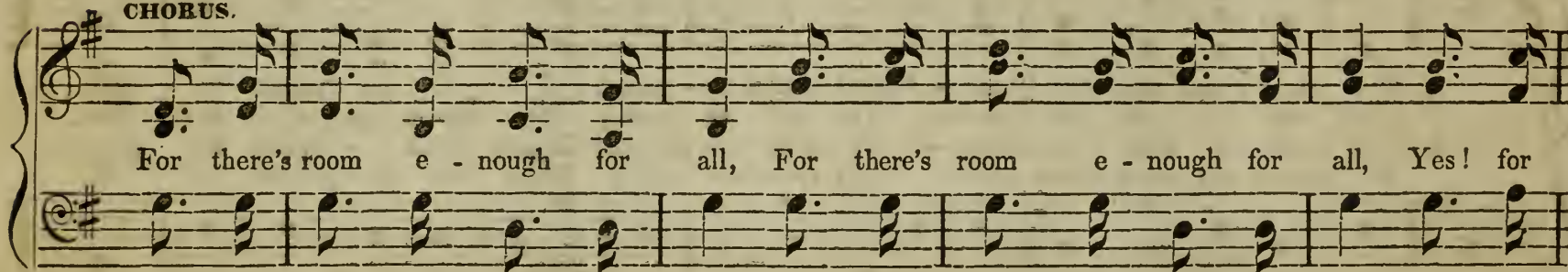
1. Will you come to Sabbath School? 'Tis a most de-light-ful place, Here we learn the golden rule, Here we seek the Saviour's face.
2. Let us, each one strive to bring, From the ways of sin and shame, Some poor child who here may sing Of the Saviour's blessed name.
3. Here we lift the voice of prayer, Here we thank the God above, For our Father's watchful care, For the Saviour's boundless love.

DUETT.



How much better here to meet On the ho-ly Sabbath day, Than to wander in the street, Or in paths of sin to stray.
We will bring the chil-dren here, For we love the golden rule: And we wish that all might share, In our pleasant Sabbath School.
Chil-dren praise his love di-vine, That, to bless you he has sought, Saying, 'Suffer them to come To me, and for-bid them not.'

CHORUS.



WHAT'S THE NEWS?

Music by T. WOOD.
Words by H. OLMSTED.

69

Animated, but not too fast.

Inst. Sva. - - - - -

1. When'er we meet, you al - ways say, What's the news? What's the news? Say! what's the order
2. This is an age of won-drous things, That's the news, That's the news; Each day some new dis-
3. 'Tis progress marks this age of gold, That's the news, That's the news; The young will now e-

of the day? What's the news? What's the news? Oh, we have got good news to tell, The
cov-ery brings, That's the news, That's the news; Be - hold! the tel - e - graph - ic chain— The
clipse the old, That's the news, That's the news; So clear the track, ye "fo - gies old," Let

public schools, we love so well, Are go - ing now the song to swell, That's the news, That's the news.
great At - lan - tic Ca - ble train, We've laid it once, and will a - gain! That's the news, That's the news.
"Young A - mer - i - ca" un - fold, His "sparkling genius" uncontrol'd. That's the news, That's the news.

THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

W. O. P.

Lively.

1. I love the mer - ry, mer - ry sunshine; It makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds
 2. I love the mer - ry, mer - ry sunshine; Through dewy morning shower, With ro - sy smiles ad -

singing, On their sum - mer ho - ly - day; With wildwood notes of du - ty, From hawthorn, bush and tree, The
 van - cing, Like a beau - ty from her bower; It charms the soul in sadness, It sets the spir - it free, The

sunshine is all beau - ty, The mer - ry, mer - ry sun for me. I love the mer - ry, mer - ry
 sunshine is all beau - ty, The mer - ry, mer - ry sun for me. I love the mer - ry, mer - ry

THE MERRY SUNSHINE. Concluded.

71

sunshine, It makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds singing, On their summer holy-day; The merry, merry sun, the

sunshine, It makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds singing, On their summer holy - day; The

The

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and concludes with a double bar line.

mer - - ry sun, the merry, merry sun for me, The merry, merry sun, the mer - ry sun, the merry, merry sun for me.

merry, merry sun, the merry, merry sun for me, The merry, merry sun, the merry, merry sun, the merry, merry sun for me.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music continues from the first system and concludes with a double bar line.

EVER OF THEE.*

F. HALL.

Moderato.

1st time.

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dreaming, Thy gen - tle voice my spir - it can cheer!
 Thou art the star that mild - ly beaming, Shone o'er my path when (OMIT.)
 2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far my soul joyed to dwell,
 Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly, All seem'd to fade be- (OMIT.)

2d time.

all was dark and drear. Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish, Every kind thought, like a
 fore af - fec - tion's spell. Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish, True as the stars hath my

bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev - er till life and mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for - get how
 heart been to thee. Ah! nev - er till life, &c.

* May be sung as a solo or duett.

dear thou art to me; Morn, noon, and night, where-e'er I may be,

Fond-ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee, Fond-ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.

ad. lib.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music concludes with a final cadence.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left blooming a - lone; } No flower of her kin-dred,
 All her love-ly com - pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; }
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kind - ly I scat - ter
 Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; }
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, } When true hearts are withered,
 And from love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way, }

The musical score for 'The Last Rose of Summer' is in 3/4 time and three flats. It features a single melodic line. The lyrics are presented in three numbered stanzas, with the third stanza continuing the thought of the second. The music ends with a final note.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. Concluded.

No rose - bud is nigh,
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 And fond ones are flown,
 To re - flect back her blush - es,
 Where thy mates of the gar - den,
 Oh! who would in - hab - it
 Or give sigh for sigh.
 Lie scent-less and dead.
 This bleak world a - lone.

BOAT SONG.

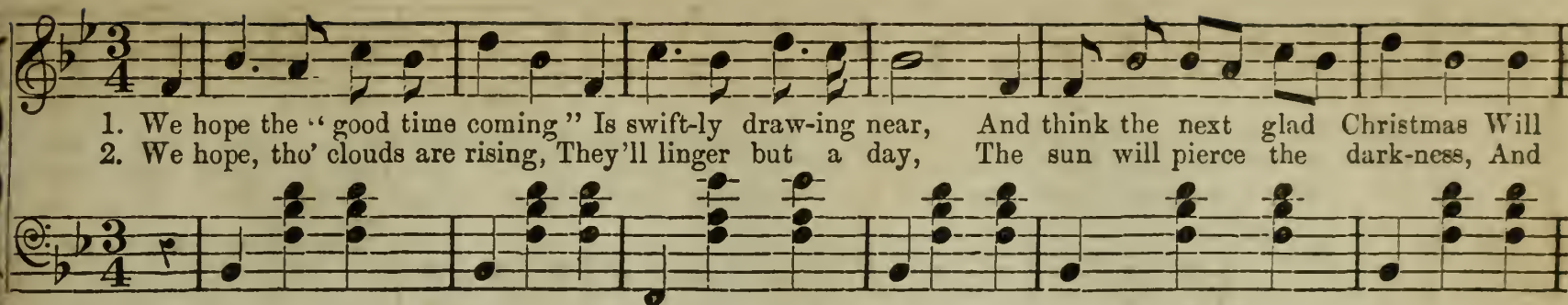
MENDEL.

1. Lightly row! lightly row! O'er the glassy waves we go; Smoothly glide! smoothly glide! On the silent tide.
 2. Far a-way! far a-way! Echo in the rocks at play, Call-eth not, call-eth not, To this lone-ly spot.

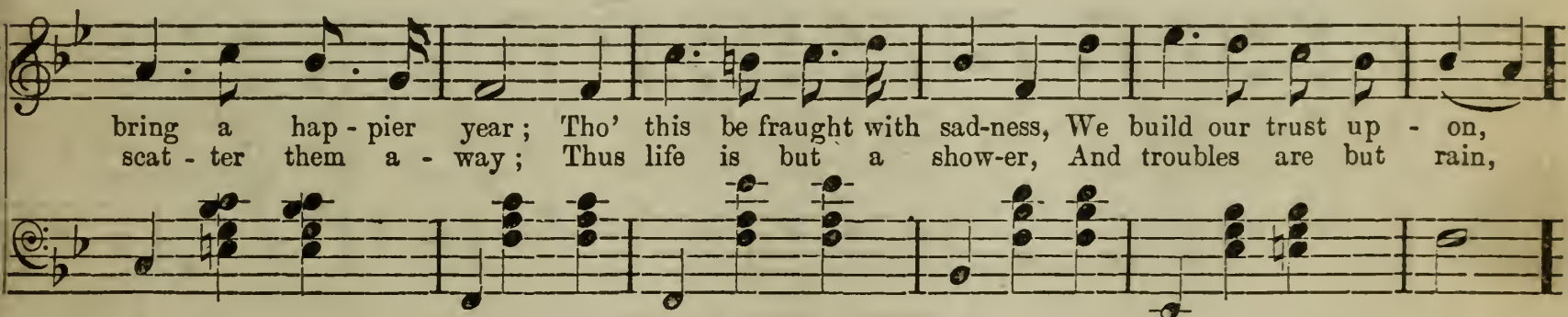
Let the winds and waters be Mingled with our mel-o-dy; Sing and float! sing and float! In our little boat.
 On-ly with the sea-bird's note, Shall our dy-ing mu-sic float; Lightly row! lightly row! Echo's voices low!

WE LIVE IN HOPE.

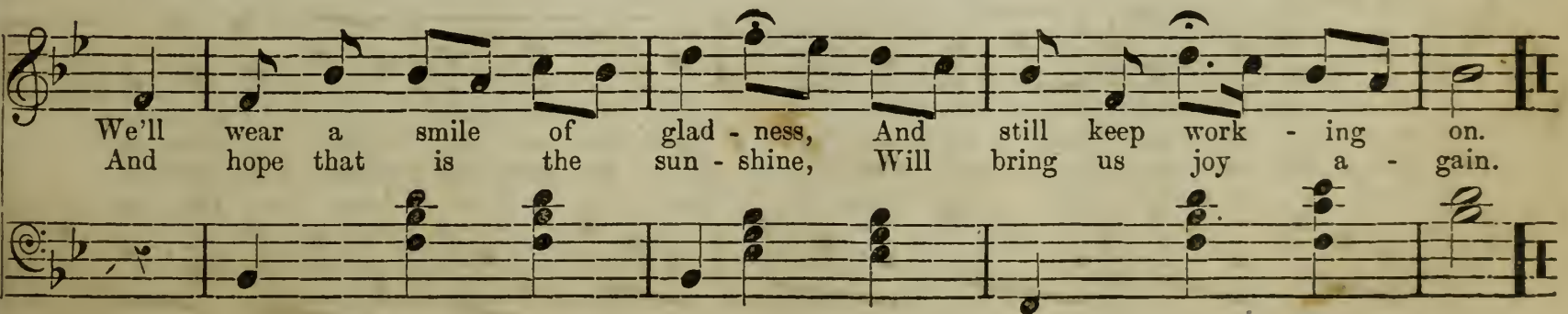
75



1. We hope the "good time coming" Is swift-ly draw-ing near, And think the next glad Christmas Will
 2. We hope, tho' clouds are rising, They'll linger but a day, The sun will pierce the dark-ness, And



bring a hap-pier year; Tho' this be fraught with sad-ness, We build our trust up-on,
 scat-ter them a-way; Thus life is but a show-er, And troubles are but rain,



We'll wear a smile of glad-ness, And still keep work-ing on.
 And hope that is the sun-shine, Will bring us joy a-gain.

THE LARK.

From Bradbury's "Singing Bird."
By permission.

1. Hear how the sky-lark sings, See how he up-ward springs, Buoyant and light, Far o'er the
 2. Seeks he the bounteous band, Whence o'er the bar-ren land, Year-ly are shed, Grass, seed, and
 3. Far o'er the stars so bright, Far o'er the noon-day light, Stands his high throne, Yet not an

clouds so high, Up through the az-ure sky, Fad-ing from sight, Fad-ing from sight.
 mil-let fair, That all the birds of air, Free-ly may feed, Free-ly may feed.
 in-sect crawls, Yet not a spar-row falls, To him un-known, To him un-known.

THE WELCOME.

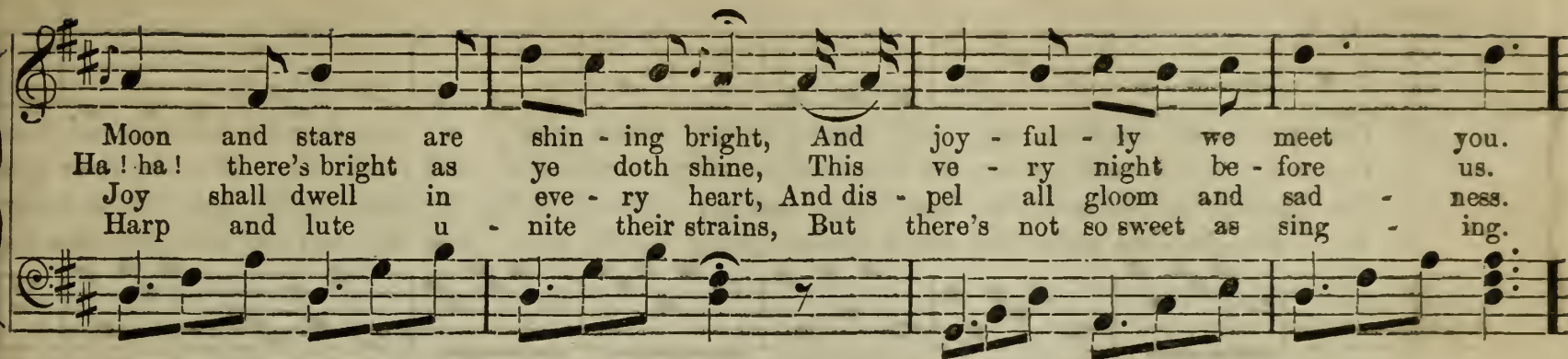
W. O. PERKINS.

Con anima.

1. Wel-come to our halls to-night, For we come with joy to greet you;
 2. Spar-kle on, ye star-ry mine, Spar-kle on in beau-ty o'er us;
 3. Ban-ish care, a-way with fear, While we sing our songs with gladness;
 4. Gent-ly sounds the mel-low horn, And the vi-ol loud is ring-ing;

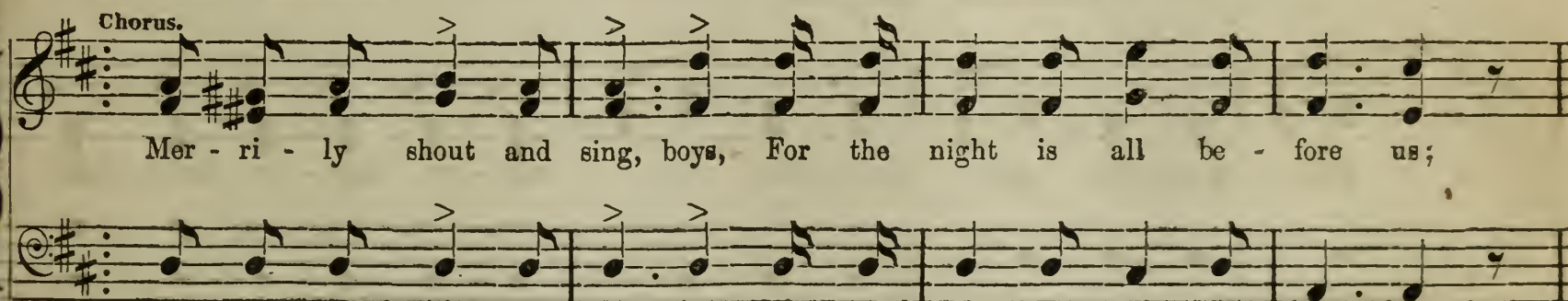
THE WELCOME. Concluded.

77

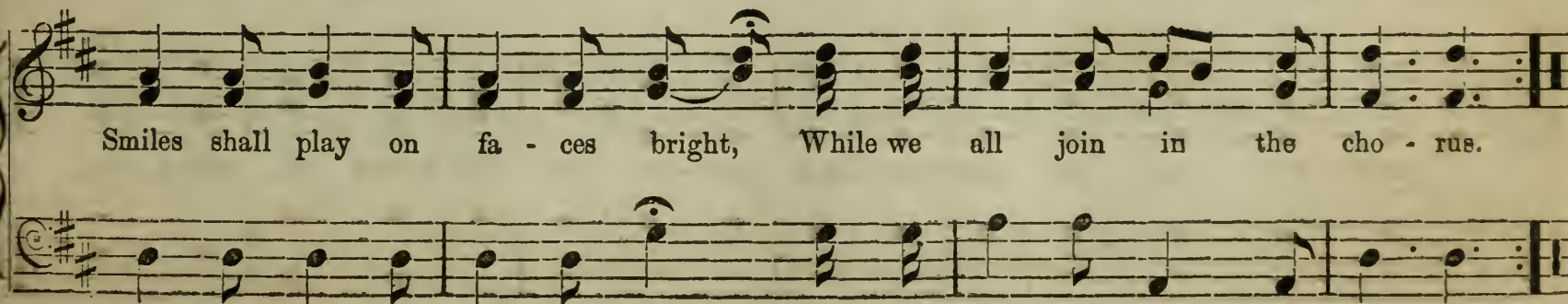


Moon and stars are shin - ing bright, And joy - ful - ly we meet you.
 Ha! ha! there's bright as ye doth shine, This ve - ry night be - fore us.
 Joy shall dwell in eve - ry heart, And dis - pel all gloom and sad - ness.
 Harp and lute u - nite their strains, But there's not so sweet as sing - ing.

Chorus.



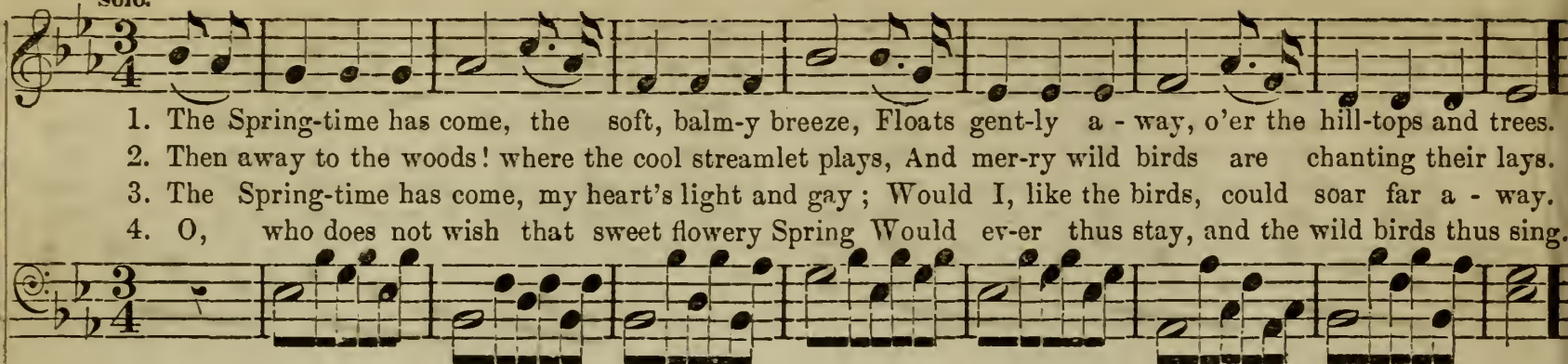
Mer - ri - ly shout and sing, boys, For the night is all be - fore us;



Smiles shall play on fa - ces bright, While we all join in the cho - rus.

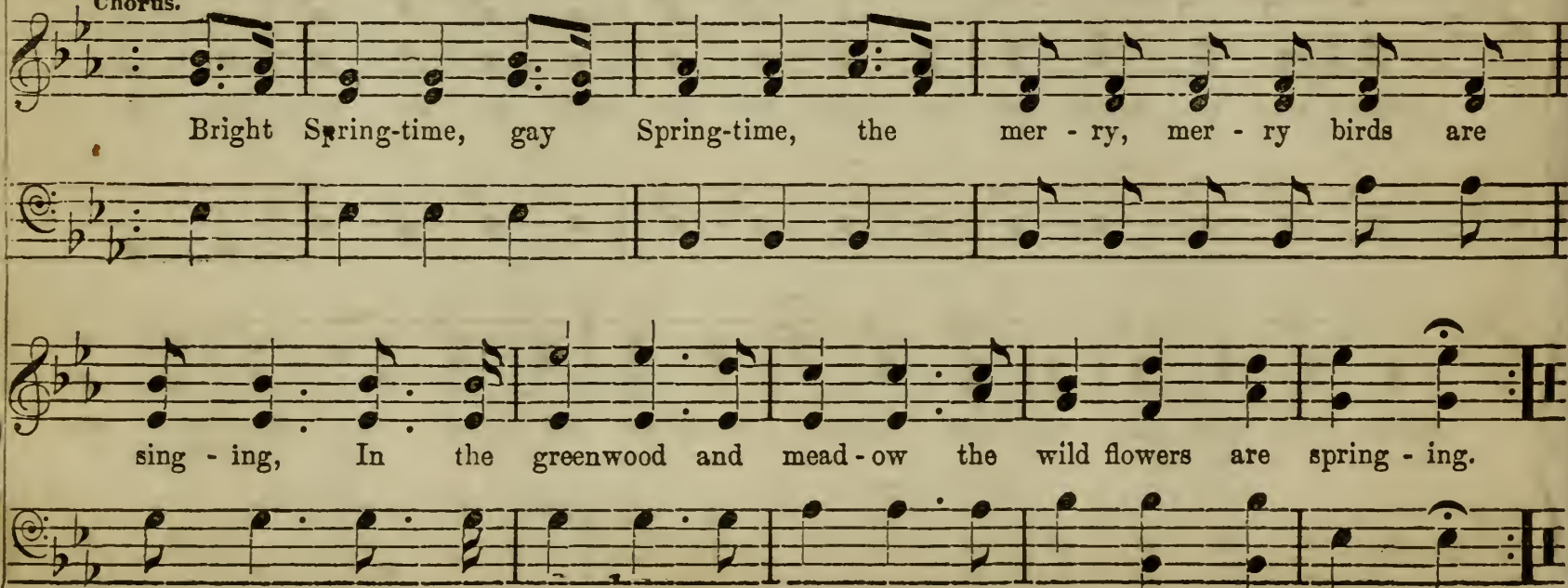
SPRING AND THE BIRDS.

Solo.



1. The Spring-time has come, the soft, balm-y breeze, Floats gent-ly a - way, o'er the hill-tops and trees.
 2. Then away to the woods! where the cool streamlet plays, And mer-ry wild birds are chanting their lays.
 3. The Spring-time has come, my heart's light and gay; Would I, like the birds, could soar far a - way.
 4. O, who does not wish that sweet flowery Spring Would ev-er thus stay, and the wild birds thus sing.

Chorus.

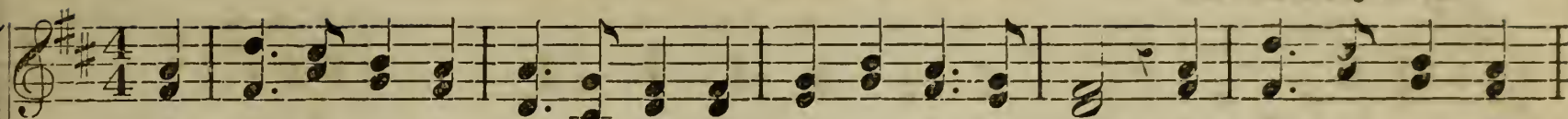


Bright Spring-time, gay Spring-time, the mer - ry, mer - ry birds are
 sing - ing, In the greenwood and mead - ow the wild flowers are spring - ing.

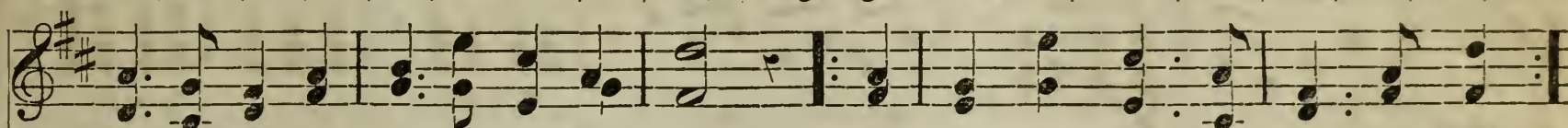
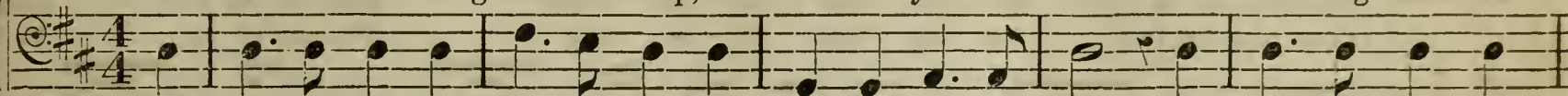
A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Theme from an English Ballad.

79

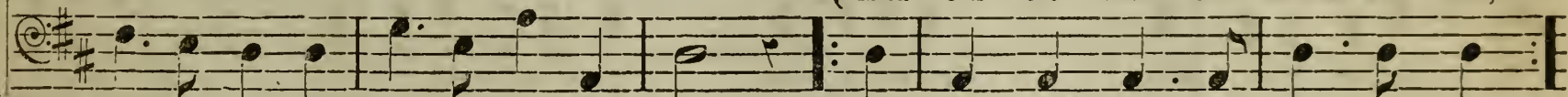


1. O, where will be the birds that sing, A hun-dred years to come? The flowers that now in
2. Who'll press for gold the crowd-ed street, A hun-dred years to come? Who'll tread yon church with
3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep, A hun-dred years to come! No liv - ing soul for

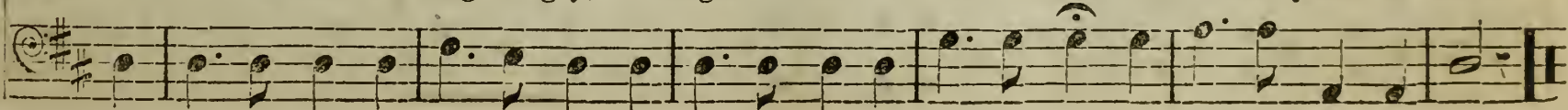


beau-ty spring, A hundred years to come
will-ing feet, A hundred years to come?
us will weep, A hundred years to come!

{ The ro - sy lip, the lof - ty brow,
{ The heart that beats so gai - ly now?
{ Pale, trem-bling age, and fie - ry youth,
{ And child-hood with its brow of truth,
{ But oth - er men our lands will till,
{ And oth - ers then our streets will fill;



O, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh, A hundred years to come?
The rich and poor, on land and sea, Where will the migh-ty millions be, A hundred years to come?
While oth - er birds will sing as gay, As bright the sun-shine as to - day, A hundred years to come!



OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

T. WOOD.

1. Raise high the flag! wher-e'er its col - ors glow, Science and trade, im-
 2. Raise high the flag! be-neath its sheltering fold, Live unimpaired, the
 3. Raise high the flag! the stand - ard of the right! Pride of our land, and
 4. Raise high the flag! the flag that ev - er bore Message of joy, to

Maestoso. Trumpet & Drums. T. & D. T. & D.

pel the busy prow. Ban-ner of fame! by gallant hand unfurled, Shouts of ac-
 lib-er - ties of old. Long may they last, and proudly may they stand, Strong to the
 symbol of our might! Long may it wave on every sub-ject sea, Friend of the
 earth's remotest shore. Long may it wave, the emblem of the free, O'er every

T. & D. T. & D. T. & D.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG. Concluded.

81

claim, rise at its name, The watchword of the world, The watchword of the world, The
 blast still un-sur-pass'd, The glo-ry of the land, The glo-ry of the land, The
 brave, light to the slave, And guardian of the free, And guardian of the free, And
 land, on eve-ry sea, Her-ald of Lib-er-ty, Her-ald of Lib-er-ty, Her-

T. & D. Full Band Accelerando. Cress -

watchword of the world—Shouts of acclaim, rise at its name, The watchword of the world, The watchword of the world.
 glo-ry of the land! Strong to the blast still un-sur-pass'd, The glory of the land, The glo-ry of the land!
 guardian of the free—Friend of the brave, light to the slave, And guardian of the free, And guardian of the free.
 ald of Lib-er-ty— O'er eve-ry land, on eve-ry sea, Herald of Lib-er-ty, Herald of Lib-er-ty.

[6]

THE RAIN.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. The rain, rain, rain, The gen-tle, lov-ing rain, How it drips, drips,
 2. The rain, rain, rain, Re-fresh-ing, friend-ly rain, How it pours, pours,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rain'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse is '1. The rain, rain, rain, The gen-tle, lov-ing rain, How it drips, drips,' and the second verse is '2. The rain, rain, rain, Re-fresh-ing, friend-ly rain, How it pours, pours,'. The music features a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady accompaniment.

drips, A- gainst the win-dow pane, Sigh-ing and sing-ing, mu-sic, mu-sic
 pours, From the sum-mer clouds a-main, Leap-ing and flash-ing, mad-ly, mad-ly

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'drips, A- gainst the win-dow pane, Sigh-ing and sing-ing, mu-sic, mu-sic' for the first line and 'pours, From the sum-mer clouds a-main, Leap-ing and flash-ing, mad-ly, mad-ly' for the second line. The music maintains the same 6/8 time signature and key signature.

fling-ing, As it cheers the earth a-gain, As it cheers the earth a-gain; To the
 dash-ing, To the riv-ers down a-gain, To the riv-ers down a-gain; How earth's

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'fling-ing, As it cheers the earth a-gain, As it cheers the earth a-gain; To the' for the first line and 'dash-ing, To the riv-ers down a-gain, To the riv-ers down a-gain; How earth's' for the second line. The music ends with a final cadence in the 6/8 time signature.

THE RAIN. Concluded.

33

fields and to the flow - ers, To the gar - dens and the bow - ers, Welcome, welcome are the showers, Thrice
mighty thirst it quench - es, How it greens the leaf - y branch - es, Splits the hills in av - a - lanches, Dashing

welcome the lov - ing rain, As it drips, drips, drips, Till it cheers the earth a -
downwards to the main, As it pours, pours, pours, Till it cheers the earth a -

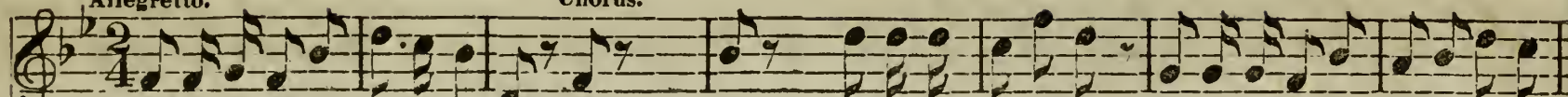
gain, As it drips, drips, drips, Till it cheers the earth a - gain
gain, As it pours, pours, pours, Till it cheers the earth a - gain.

PLEASURES OF SONG.

Music by D. B. WORLEY.
Words by DR. BETHUNE.

Allegretto.

Chorus.



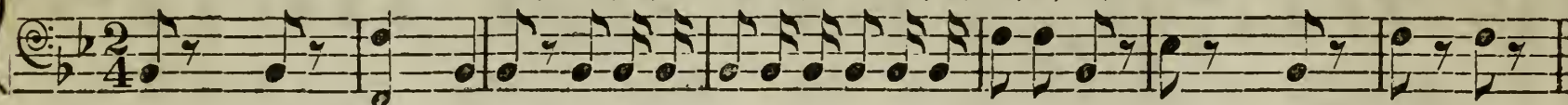
1. I love to sing when I am glad, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Song is the echo of my gladness,
2. When-e'er I greet the morning light, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, My song goes forth in thankful numbers
3. Then let me sing while yet I may, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Like him God loved that sweet tongued [psalmist,]

Voice.

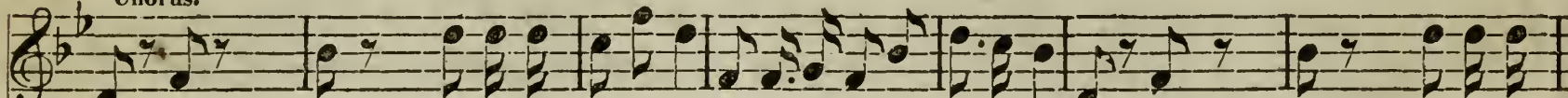
Inst.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Inst.



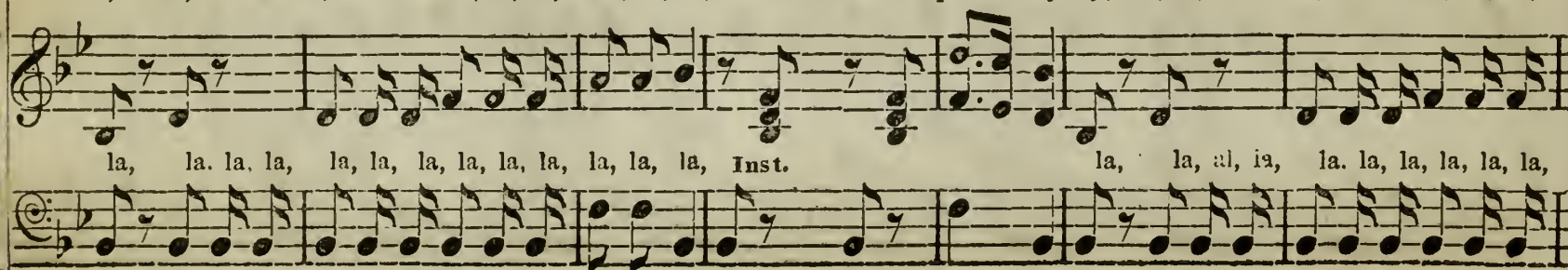
Chorus.



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Inst.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Chorus.

la, la, la, Song makes sweet my very sadness, la, la, la, la, la, la, 'Tis pleasant time when
 la, la, la, I sing me to my welcome slumbers, la, la, la, la, la, la, My heart is stirr'd by
 la, la, la, The charm that makes the spirit calmest, la, la, la, la, la, la, For sad-ly here we

la, la, la, Inst.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

voices chime, to some sweet rhyme in concert only, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 each glad bird, whose note is heard in summer bowers, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 need the cheer, while sinful fear with pleasure blendeth, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

COME TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.*

Music by T. WOOD.
Words by HIRAM OLMSTED

Allegro.

1. Come with us to-day, oh come, Don't de-lay, don't de-lay, To the public school, our home, Come, ye children, haste away,
2. Here we meet from day to day, Teachers dear, teachers dear, Patiently they point the way, Up the *Hill of Science* here;

Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva.

Come while yet your hearts are light, Join our throng, join our throng, And unite with true delight While we sing our cheerful song.
And we hope with steady aim, As we try, as we try, Climbing up the Heights of Fame, That we'll reach it by and by.

Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva.

1st Voice. 2d Voice.

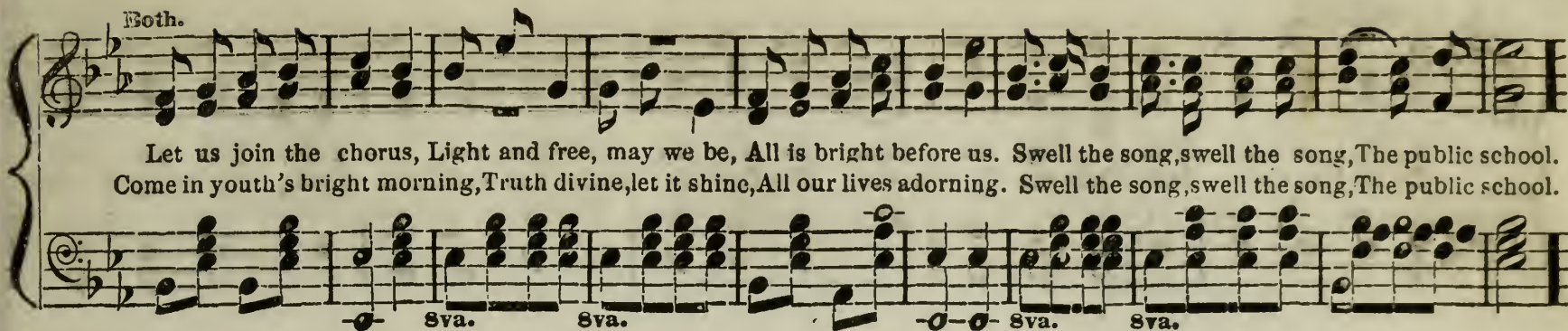
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Hearts so light, fa-ces bright,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Come a-way, don't de-lay,

* Written and composed for, and sung at the Dedication of Public School No. 12, Albany, N. Y.

COME TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. Concluded.

87

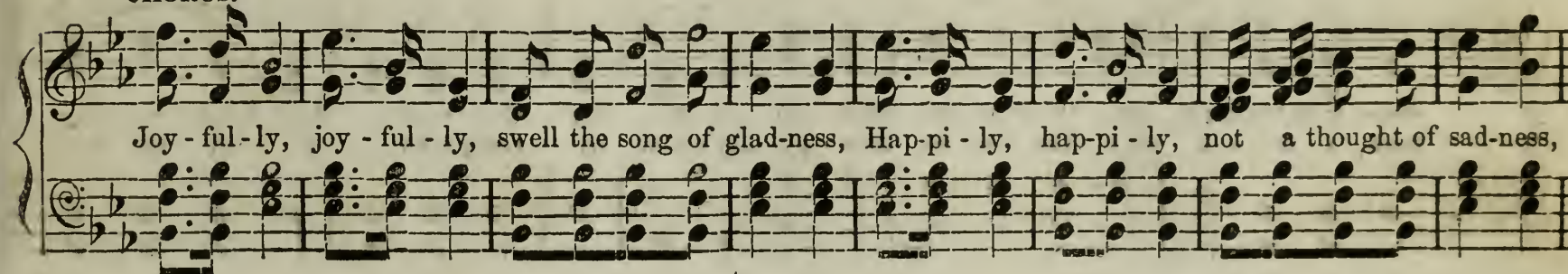
Both.



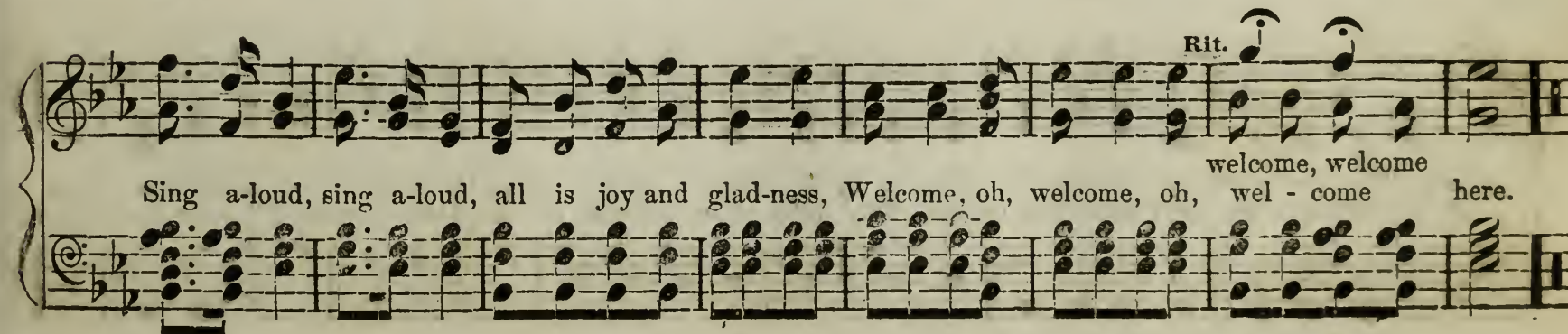
Let us join the chorus, Light and free, may we be, All is bright before us. Swell the song,swell the song,The public school.
Come in youth's bright morning, Truth divine,let it shine,All our lives adorning. Swell the song,swell the song,The public school.

Sva. Sva. Sva. Sva.

CHORUS.



Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, swell the song of glad-ness, Hap-pi - ly, hap-pi - ly, not a thought of sad-ness,



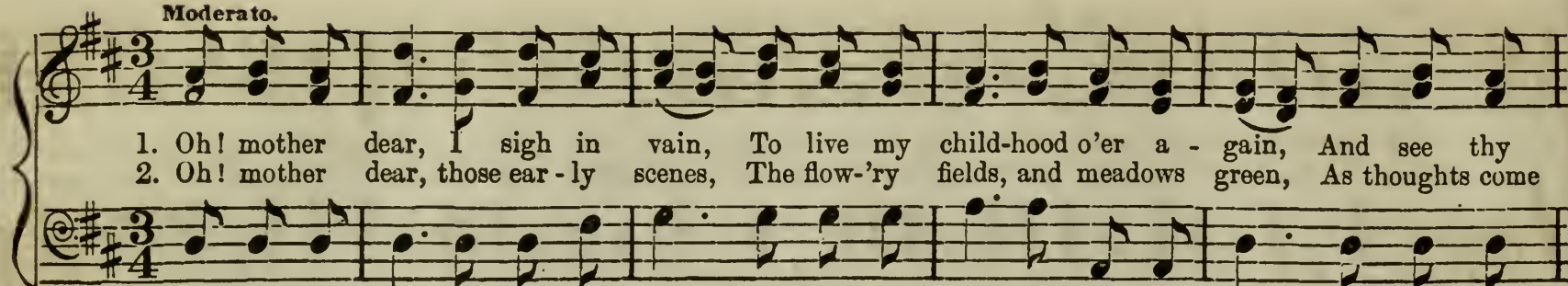
Rit.

Sing a-loud, sing a-loud, all is joy and glad-ness, Welcome, oh, welcome, oh, wel - come here.

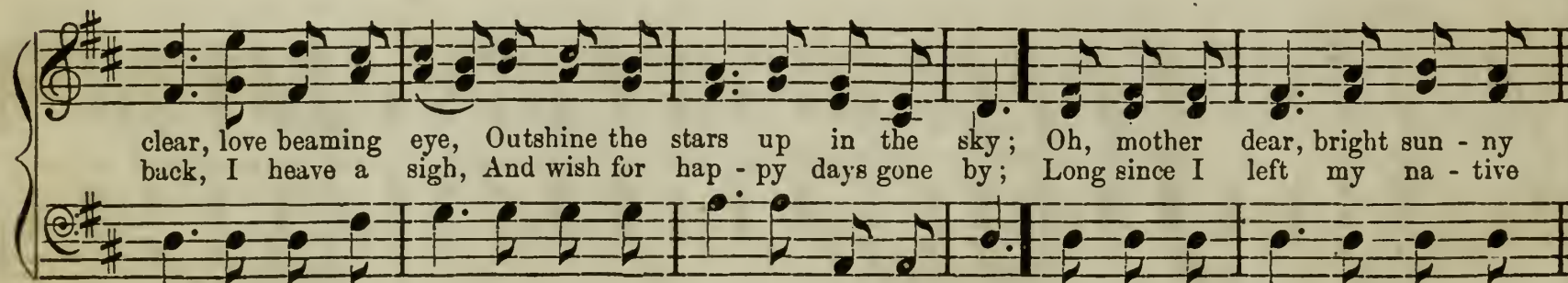
DEAR MOTHER, I'LL COME HOME AGAIN.

F. WILSON.

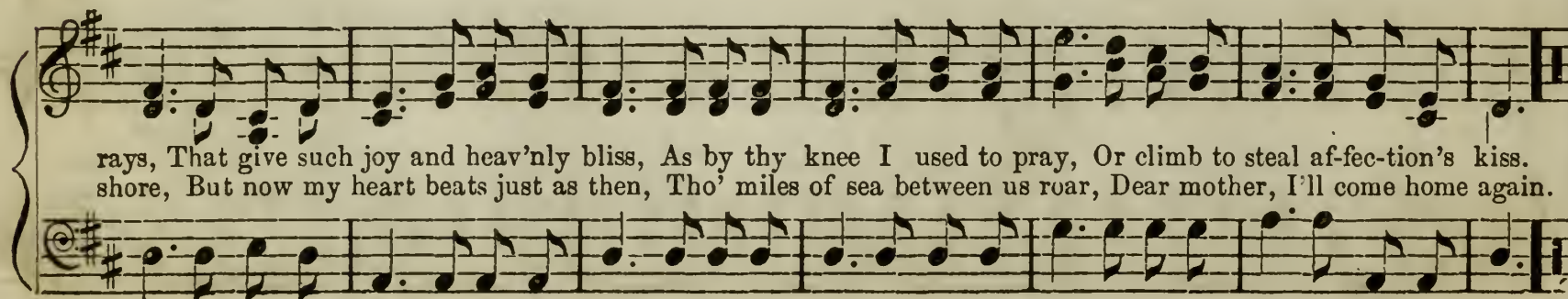
Moderato.



1. Oh! mother dear, I sigh in vain, To live my child-hood o'er a - gain, And see thy
 2. Oh! mother dear, those ear - ly scenes, The flow-'ry fields, and meadows green, As thoughts come



clear, love beaming eye, Outshine the stars up in the sky; Oh, mother dear, bright sun - ny
 back, I heave a sigh, And wish for hap - py days gone by; Long since I left my na - tive



rays, That give such joy and heav'nly bliss, As by thy knee I used to pray, Or climb to steal af-fec-tion's kiss.
 shore, But now my heart beats just as then, Tho' miles of sea between us roar, Dear mother, I'll come home again.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.*

Arr. from SULLIVAN.

89

1. The sun was clear on the o-pen lea, The Summer breeze had ceased to play, The strawberry girl came
2. The strawberry girl a - way is gone, Her berries in the streets to cry, And children gath - er
3. Oh! wealth can-not the light impart, That sparkles in that beaming eye, The feelings of that

near the tree, To rest her on her lone - ly way; The gip - sy hat its shad-ow flung O'er
at the sound Of "Buy my strawberries, la-dies, buy, Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries,
hop-ing heart, As thro' the town is heard her cry, Buy my, &c.

eyes that beamed with hope and joy, The while a sim-ple lay she sung, Of home and friends now far away.
Buy my strawberries, fresh to-day, Buy my strawberries, buy my strawberries, Buy my strawberries, fresh to-day."

* After this is sung by the class, "Buy my Strawberries" page 90 may be sung by one or two little girls with baskets, making appropriate gestures.

BUY MY STRAWBERRIES.

Written for little Cordella Howard,
by her father.

1. With this hum - ble stock in store, Which is not mine own, I your pa - tron-
 2. Cheered by that good wo - man's face, Load - ed from that hand, Which I found in
 3. Let an on - ly grandchild's prayer, Brave in du - ty's part, Raise the sym - pa-

age im-plore, For the sad and lone; List to lit - tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my
 mar-ket place, Here I'll take my stand, And be-seech those pass-ing nigh, Flow'rs and
 thet-ic tear, Move the friend - ly heart; A - ged grand-pa-rents a-lone, Hun-gry,

strawberries, come and buy; List to lit - tle Ju-lia's cry, Buy my strawberries, come and buy.
 strawberries, come and buy; And be - seech, &c.
 wait for me at home; Aged grand-pa-rents, &c.

THE RAINBOW.

From "Baker's School Music Book."
By permission.

91

Andantino.

1. Oh beau - ti - ful rainbow, All woven with light, There's not in thy tissue One shad - ow of
2. I think, as I'm gaz-ing Thy colors to mark, How o'er the lone mountain Where rest - ed the
3. And thousands of ages Have flourished and fled, Since, on the first rainbow, The prom - ise was

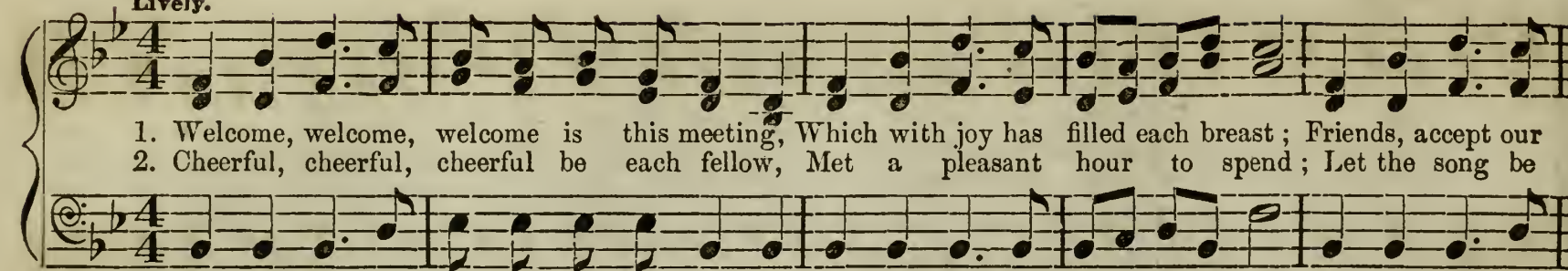
night; It seems as if heaven opened, When thou dost ap - pear; As if a light vision Of angels drew
ark, Those saved from the del-uge, With won-der-ing eye, Be - held the first rainbow Appear in the
read; Man dies, and earth changes; But still doth en - dure, God's sig-net of mer-cy, Fresh, lovely and

near, And sung THE RAINBOW, The smile of God is here, THE RAINBOW, THE RAINBOW, The smile of God is here.
sky; And sung THE RAINBOW, &c.
pure— Then sing THE RAINBOW, &c.

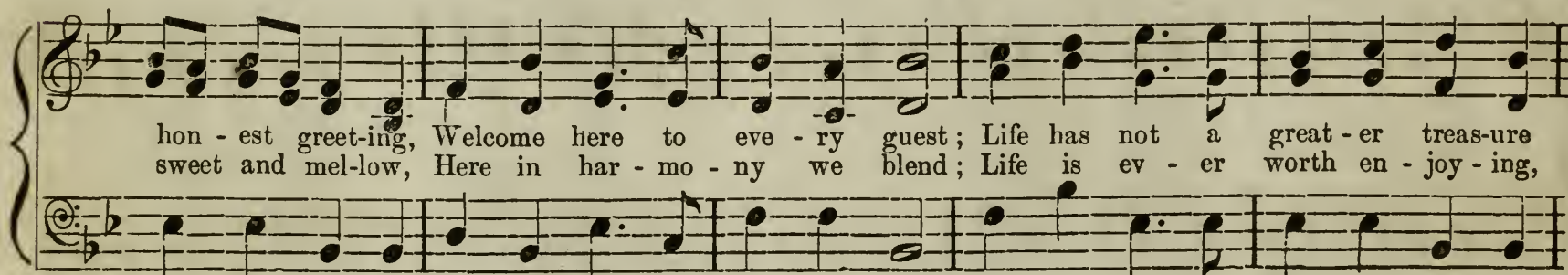
THE MEETING.

W. B. BRADBURY.
Written for this Work.

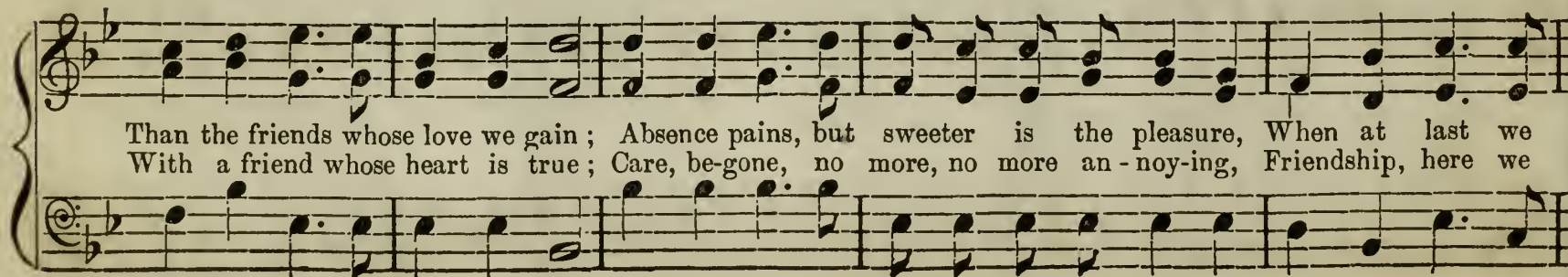
Lively.



1. Welcome, welcome, welcome is this meeting, Which with joy has filled each breast ; Friends, accept our
2. Cheerful, cheerful, cheerful be each fellow, Met a pleasant hour to spend ; Let the song be



hon - est greet-ing, Welcome here to eve - ry guest ; Life has not a great - er treas-ure
sweet and mel-low, Here in har - mo - ny we blend ; Life is ev - er worth en - joy - ing,



Than the friends whose love we gain ; Absence pains, but sweeter is the pleasure, When at last we
With a friend whose heart is true ; Care, be-gone, no more, no more an - noy-ing, Friendship, here we

THE MEETING. Concluded.

93

Cres. e Rit.

meet a - gain. Welcome, welcome, now we all re-joice, With cheer - ful heart and voice;
treas-ure you. Welcome, welcome, &c.

A Tempo.

May we ev - er thus u - nite to - geth - er, And on - ly part to meet a - gain.

MERRILY GREET THE MORN. Round in Four Parts.

1 2

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn, Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn,

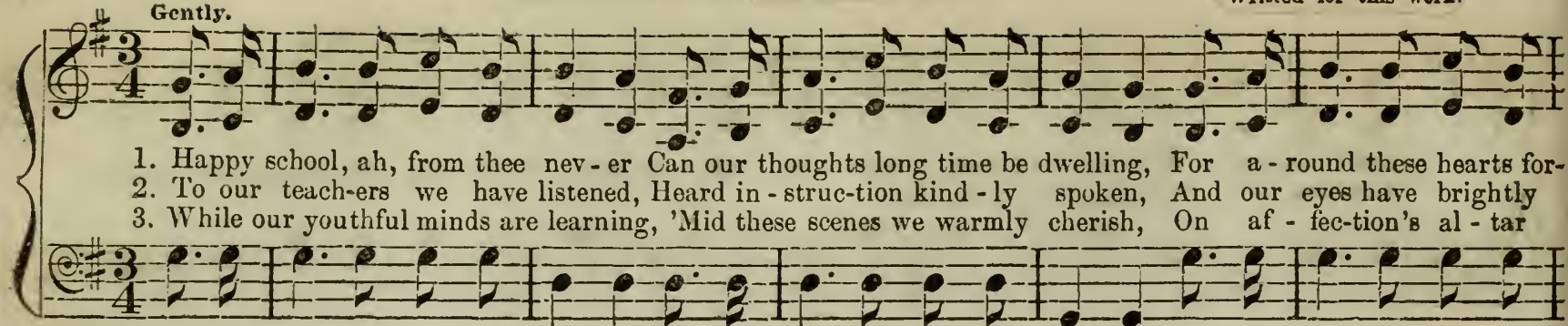
3 4

Hark to the ech - oes, how they play, O - ver the hills and far a - way.

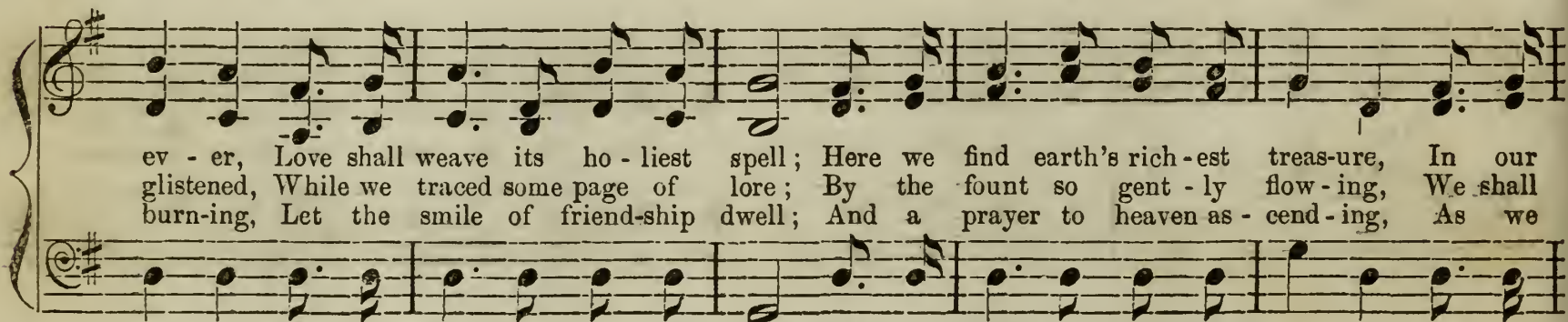
THE PARTING.

W. B. BRADBURY.
Written for this work.

Gently.

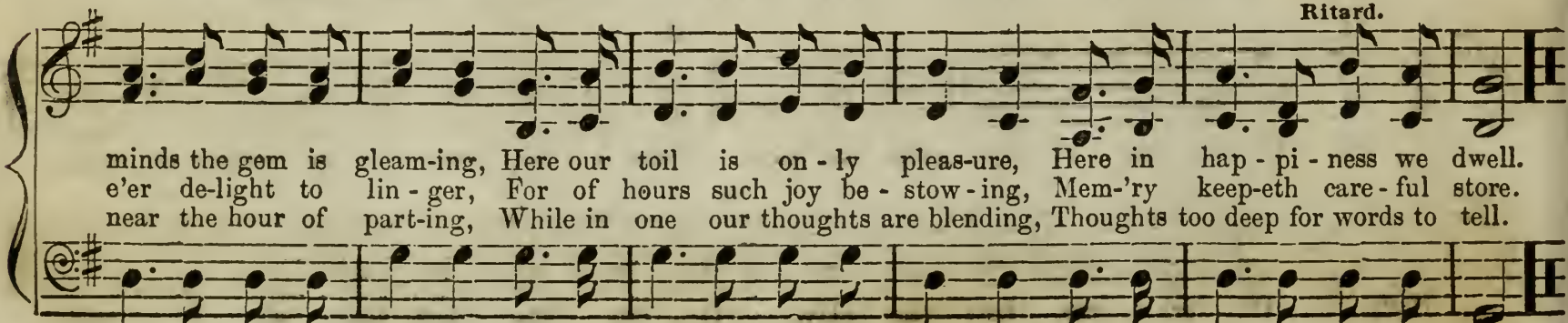


1. Happy school, ah, from thee nev-er Can our thoughts long time be dwelling, For a-round these hearts for-
 2. To our teach-ers we have listened, Heard in-struc-tion kind-ly spoken, And our eyes have brightly
 3. While our youthful minds are learning, 'Mid these scenes we warmly cherish, On af-fec-tion's al-tar



ev-er, Love shall weave its ho-liest spell; Here we find earth's rich-est treas-ure, In our
 glistened, While we traced some page of lore; By the fount so gent-ly flow-ing, We shall
 burn-ing, Let the smile of friend-ship dwell; And a prayer to heaven as-cend-ing, As we

Ritard.



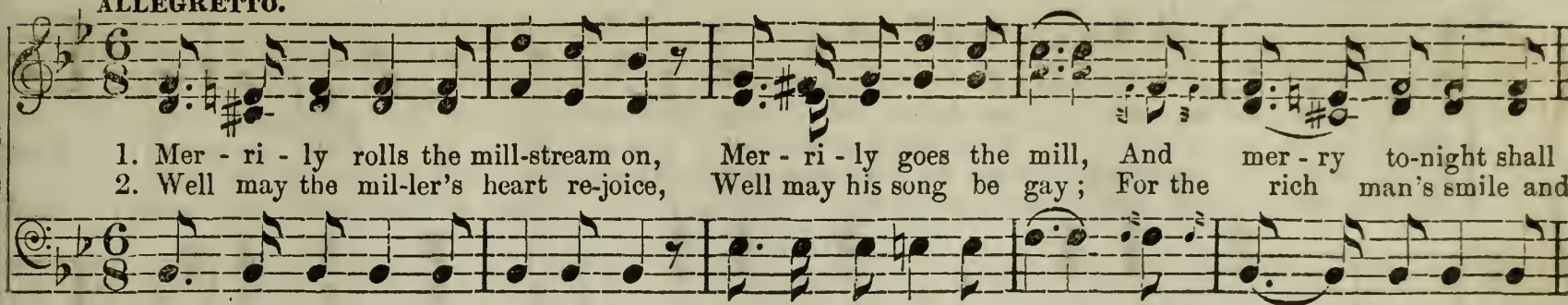
minds the gem is gleam-ing, Here our toil is on-ly pleas-ure, Here in hap-pi-ness we dwell.
 e'er de-light to lin-ger, For of hours such joy be-stow-ing, Mem-'ry keep-eth care-ful store.
 near the hour of part-ing, While in one our thoughts are blending, Thoughts too deep for words to tell.

MERRILY ROLLS THE MILL-STREAM ON.

From "Baker's School Music Book."
By permission.

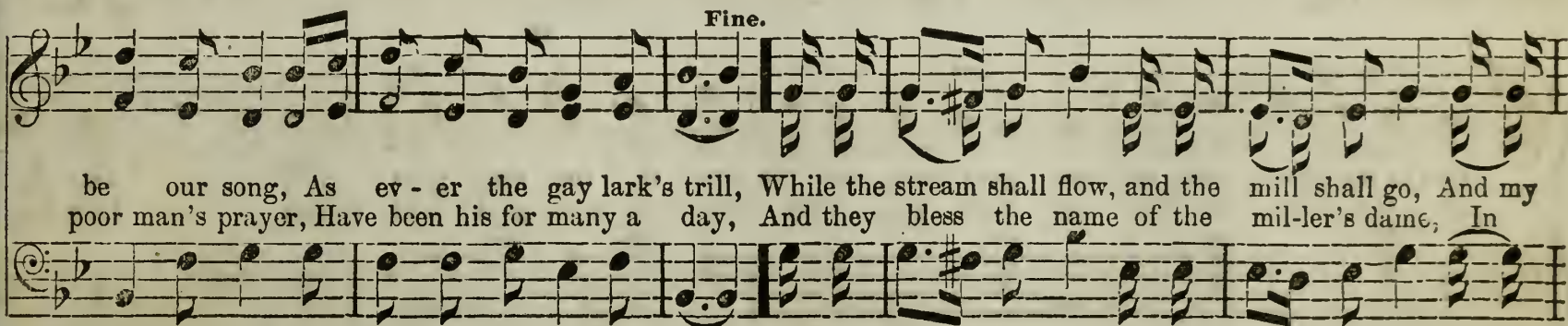
95

ALLEGRETTO.



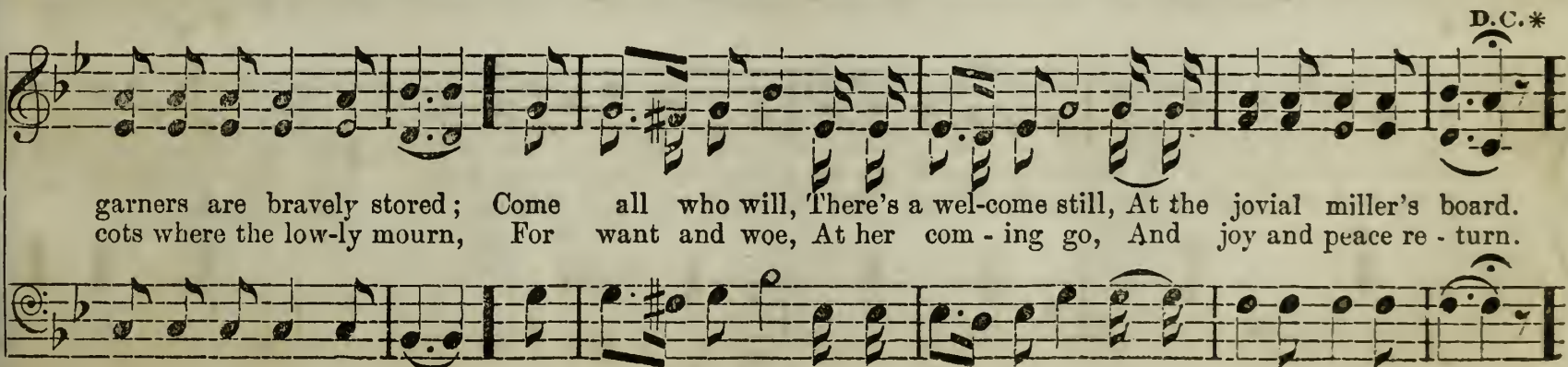
1. Mer - ri - ly rolls the mill-stream on, Mer - ri - ly goes the mill, And mer - ry to-night shall
2. Well may the mil-ler's heart re-joice, Well may his song be gay; For the rich man's smile and

Fine.



be our song, As ev - er the gay lark's trill, While the stream shall flow, and the mill shall go, And my
poor man's prayer, Have been his for many a day, And they bless the name of the mil-ler's dame, In

D.C.*



garners are bravely stored; Come all who will, There's a wel-come still, At the jovial miller's board.
cots where the low-ly mourn, For want and woe, At her com - ing go, And joy and peace re - turn.

* Sing the first verse at each D. C.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Altered from DONIZETTI.

Cheerfully.

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
 Here's health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong; There's
 2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to hear,
 And the squire's wide hall, and the cot-tage small, Were full of A - mer-i - can cheer; And

fear in his frown, when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west goes out, And he
 all the day, to the roe - buck gay, They car - ol'd with glad - some swains; They are

showeth his might on a wild midnight, When the storms thro' his branches shout. Then sing to the oak, the
 gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid, But the brave tree still remains. Then sing, &c.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK. Concluded.

97

brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long; And still flourish he, A hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

The musical score for 'The Brave Old Oak' is presented in two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

NEVER LATE AT SCHOOL.

A.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on a winter's day, For I will not doze precious time a - way;
 2. Birds a - wake be-times, eve - ry morn they sing, None are tar - dy there, when the woods do ring;
 3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers a - gain, They the call o - bey, none are tar - dy then;

With my les-sons learned, this shall be my rule, Nev - er to be late when I go to school.
 So when day-light peeps, then I'll think of my rule, Nev - er to be late when I go to school.
 Nor will I for - get, that it is my rule, Nev - er to be late when I go to school.

The musical score for 'Never Late at School' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system also consists of two staves with the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

WELCOME MAY.

From the "Choral Harmony."
By permission.

Allegro.

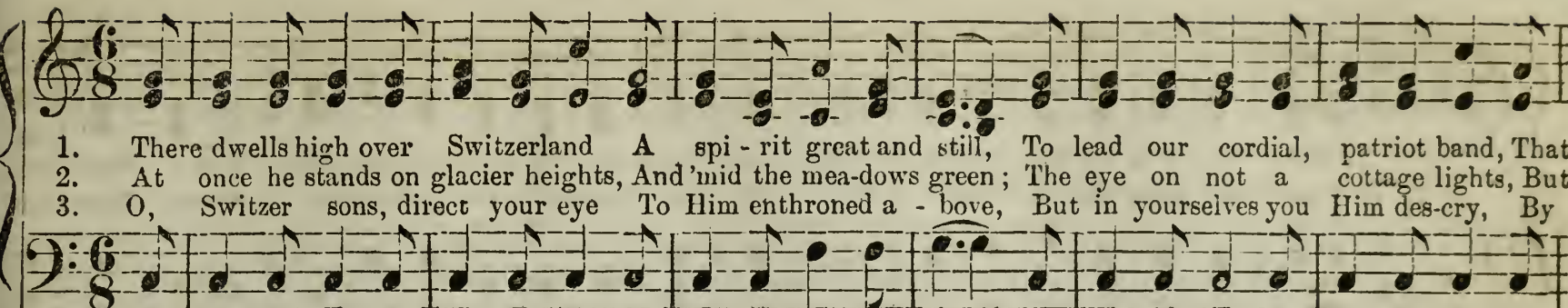
CHORUS.

1. Welcome May, the rob - ins sing, On the bough, or on the wing, Welcome, welcome May;
2. Now the fragrant earth re - vives, With a birth of bloom it strives, All to welcome May;
3. Heart! fail not to join the choir, Breathings of the spring in - spire, To sa - lute thee, May;

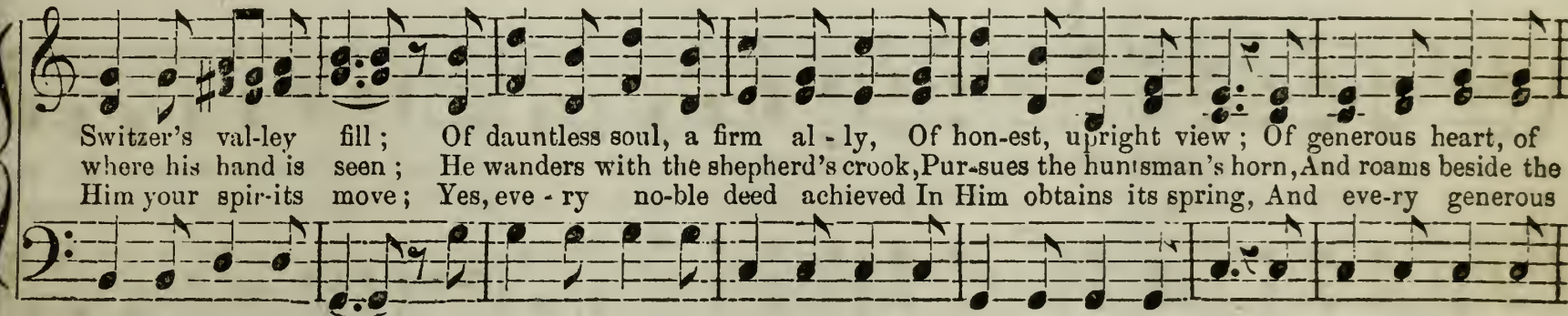
CHORUS.

And the vio - let, from its cup, Sends its grate - ful in - cense up, To the gold - en day;
All a - round the leaves are green, Eve - ry day the skies se - rene, And the breezes say,
With thy vo - cal grat - i - tude, Swell that bur - then from the wood, That ex - ult - ing lay,

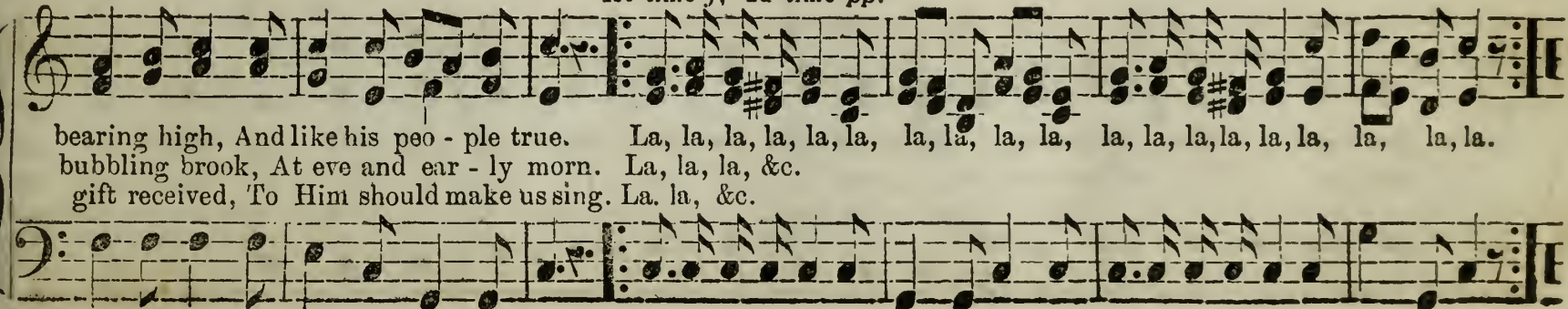
To the wel - come May,	To the gold - en day.....	To the wel - come May.
Welcome, wel - come May,	And the breezes say.....	Welcome, wel - come May.
Welcome, wel - come May,	That ex - ult - ing lay.....	Welcome, wel - come May.



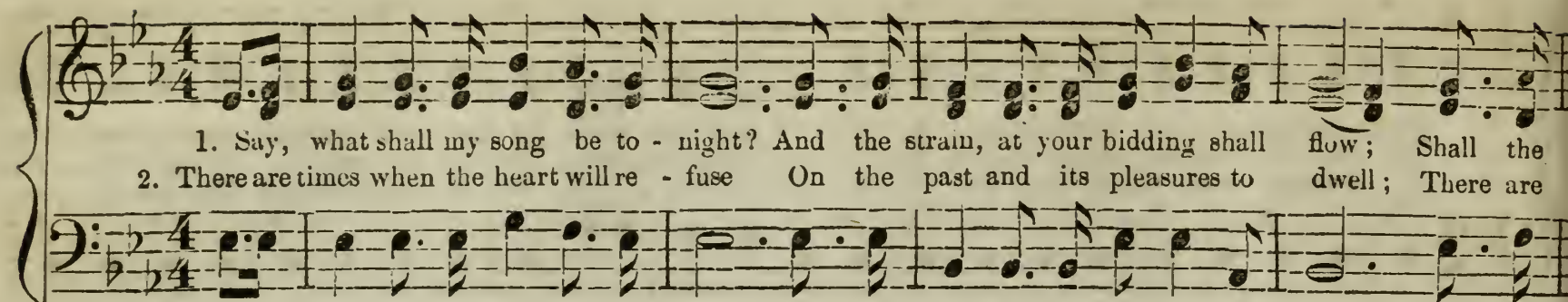
1. There dwells high over Switzerland A spi - rit great and still, To lead our cordial, patriot band, That
 2. At once he stands on glacier heights, And 'mid the mea-dows green; The eye on not a cottage lights, But
 3. O, Switzer sons, direct your eye To Him enthroned a - bove, But in yourselves you Him des-cry, By



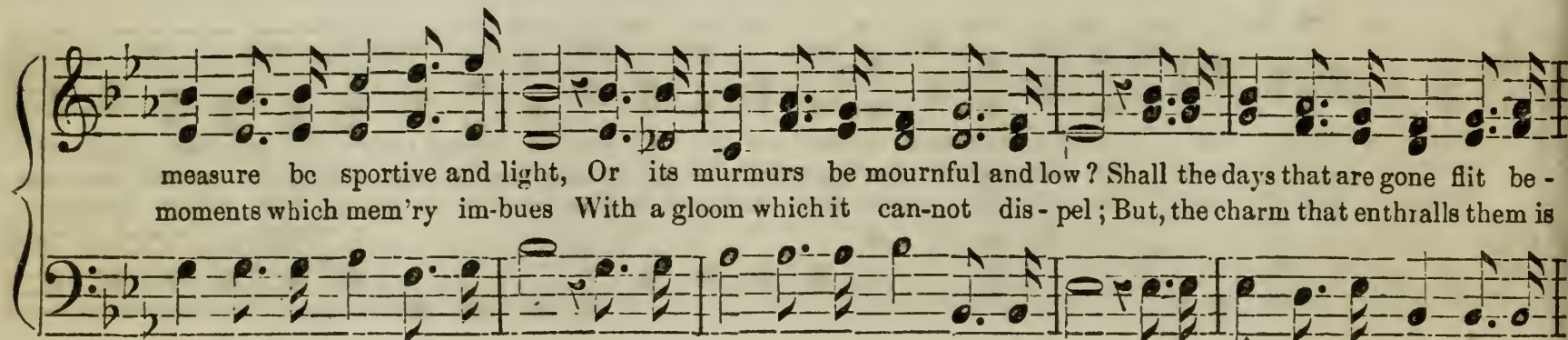
Switzer's val-ley fill; Of dauntless soul, a firm al - ly, Of hon-est, upright view; Of generous heart, of
 where his hand is seen; He wanders with the shepherd's crook, Pur-sues the huntsman's horn, And roams beside the
 Him your spir-its move; Yes, eve - ry no-ble deed achieved In Him obtains its spring, And eve-ry generous

1st time *f*, 2d time *pp*.


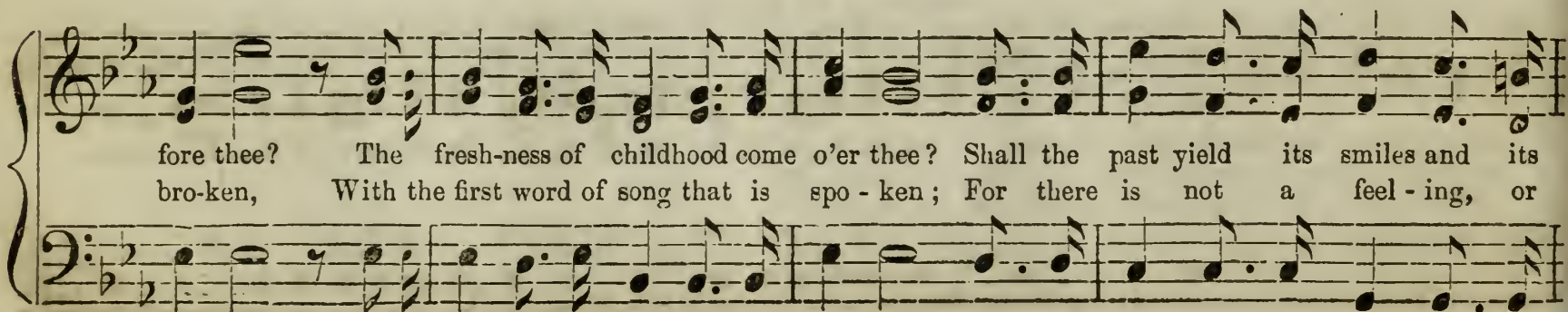
bearing high, And like his peo - ple true. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 bubbling brook, At eve and ear - ly morn. La, la, la, &c.
 gift received, To Him should make us sing. La. la, &c.



1. Say, what shall my song be to - night? And the strain, at your bidding shall flow; Shall the
2. There are times when the heart will re - fuse On the past and its pleasures to dwell; There are



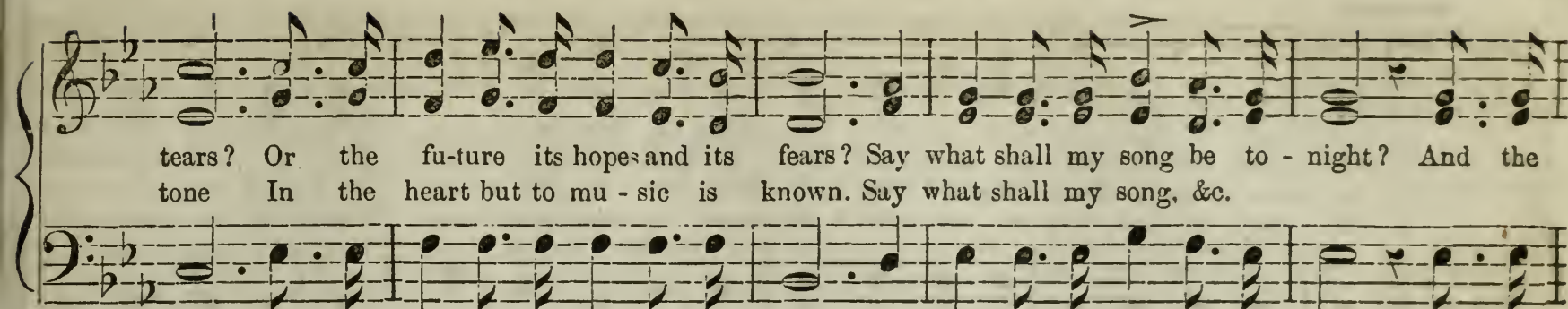
measure be sportive and light, Or its murmurs be mournful and low? Shall the days that are gone flit be -
moments which mem'ry im-bues With a gloom which it can-not dis - pel; But, the charm that enthralls them is



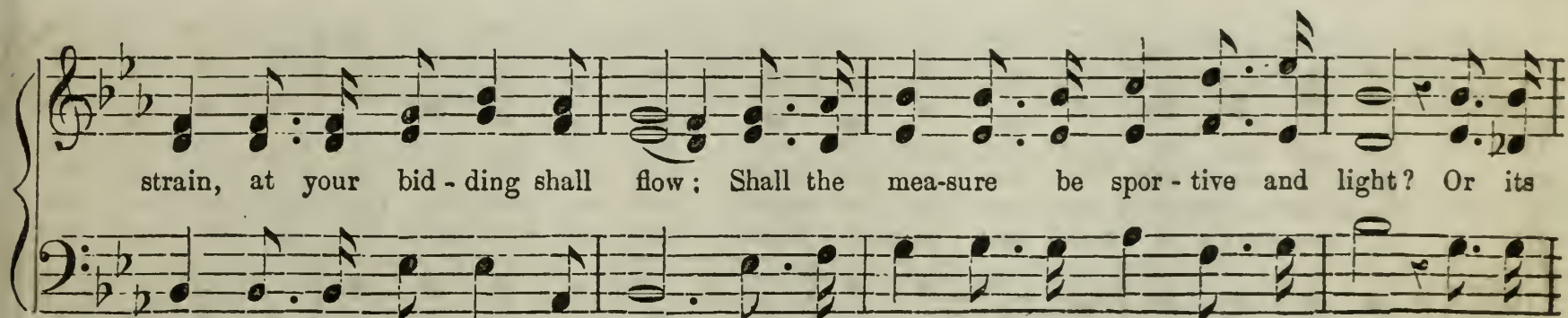
fore thee? The fresh-ness of childhood come o'er thee? Shall the past yield its smiles and its
bro-ken, With the first word of song that is spo - ken; For there is not a feel - ing, or

SAY, WHAT SHALL MY SONG BE, Concluded.

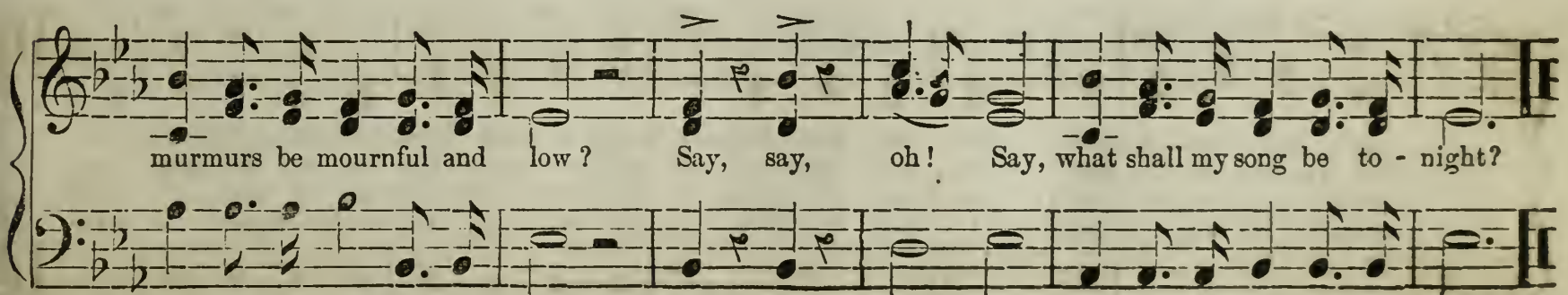
101



tears? Or the fu-ture its hopes and its fears? Say what shall my song be to - night? And the
tone In the heart but to mu - sic is known. Say what shall my song, &c.



strain, at your bid - ding shall flow: Shall the mea-sure be spor - tive and light? Or its

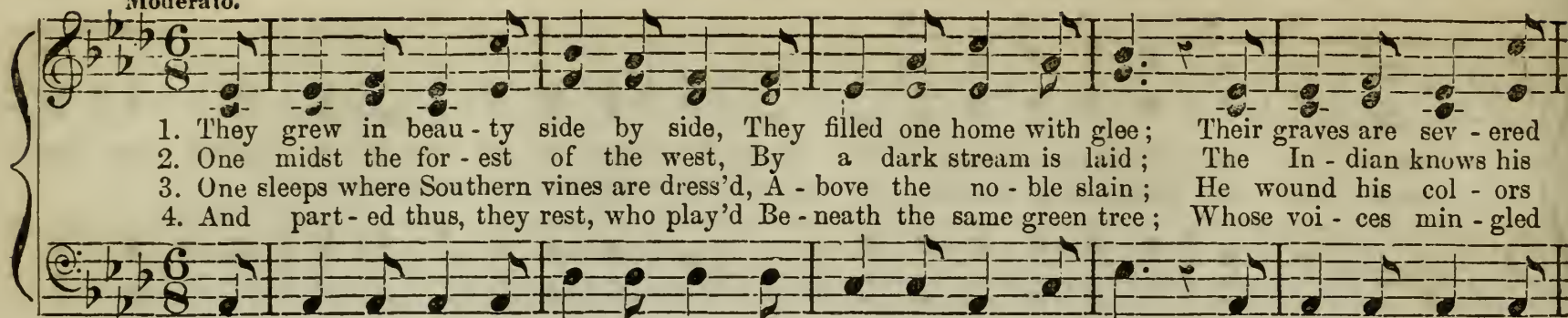


murmurs be mournful and low? Say, say, oh! Say, what shall my song be to - night?

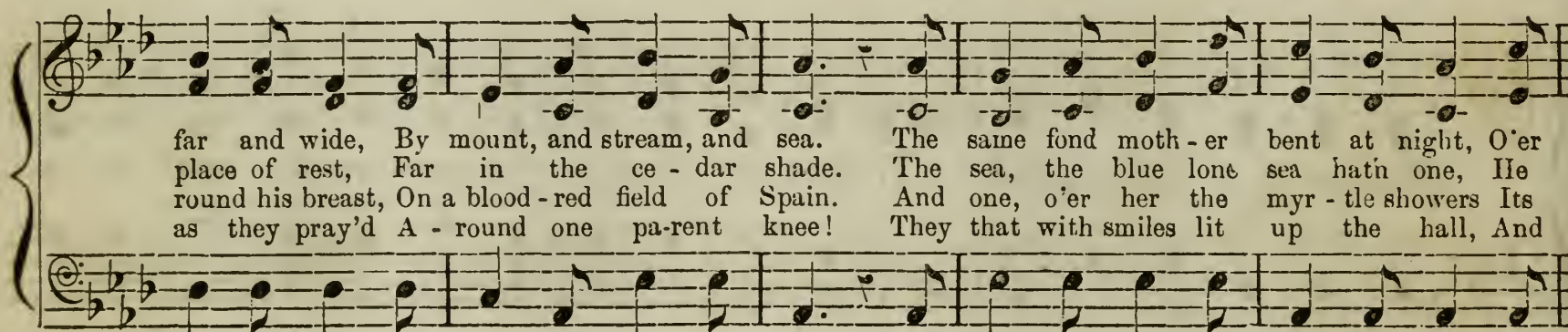
WHERE ARE THOSE DREAMERS NOW?

W. O. P.
Words by MRS. HEMANS.

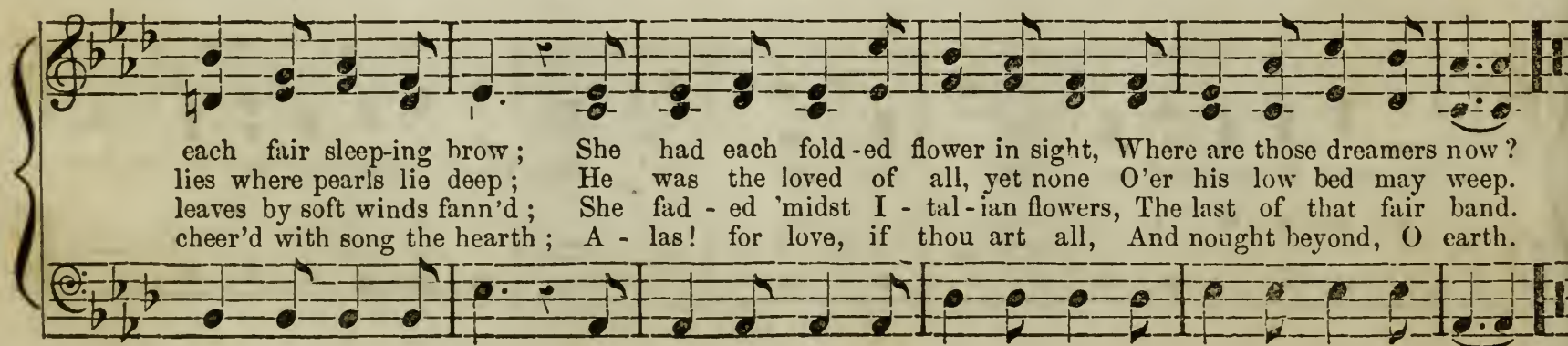
Moderato.



1. They grew in beau - ty side by side, They filled one home with glee; Their graves are sev - ered
 2. One midst the for - est of the west, By a dark stream is laid; The In - dian knows his
 3. One sleeps where Southern vines are dress'd, A - bove the no - ble slain; He wound his col - ors
 4. And part - ed thus, they rest, who play'd Be - neath the same green tree; Whose voi - ces min - gled



far and wide, By mount, and stream, and sea. The same fond moth - er bent at night, O'er
 place of rest, Far in the ce - dar shade. The sea, the blue lone sea hath one, He
 round his breast, On a blood - red field of Spain. And one, o'er her the myr - tle showers its
 as they pray'd A - round one pa - rent knee! They that with smiles lit up the hall, And

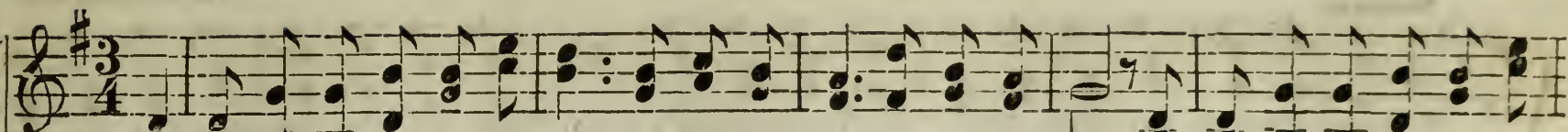


each fair sleep - ing brow; She had each fold - ed flower in sight, Where are those dreamers now?
 lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.
 leaves by soft winds fann'd; She fad - ed 'midst I - tal - ian flowers, The last of that fair band.
 cheer'd with song the hearth; A - las! for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, O earth.

AS GAILY O'ER THE SEA.

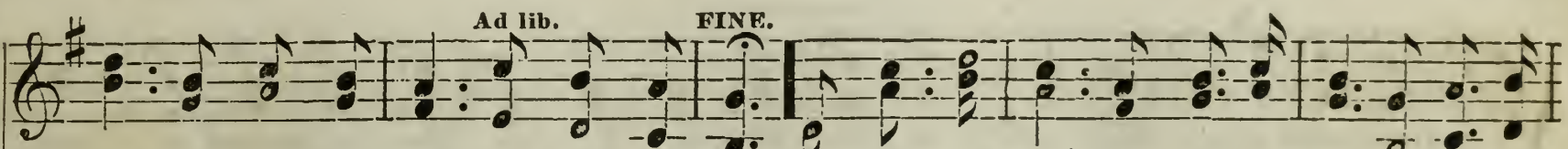
Arr. from BLOCKLEY.

103



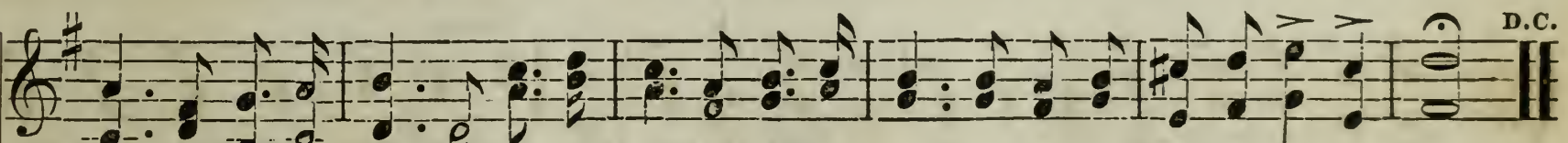
1. As gai - ly o'er the sea we glide, When all is still at e - ven - tide, We'll sing once more our evening
 2. I've seen the plains of Switzer-land, Its low - ly cot and smooth glaciers, But nought can e - qual Fa-ther -
 D. C. "As gaily," &c., for both verses.

Ad lib. **FINE.**



song, As mer - ri - ly we glide a - long; We'll strike the light and gay guit - ar, Its joy - ous
 land, Bright Ven - ice and her gon - do - liers; Then sing once more the plaintive strain, Fond mem'ry

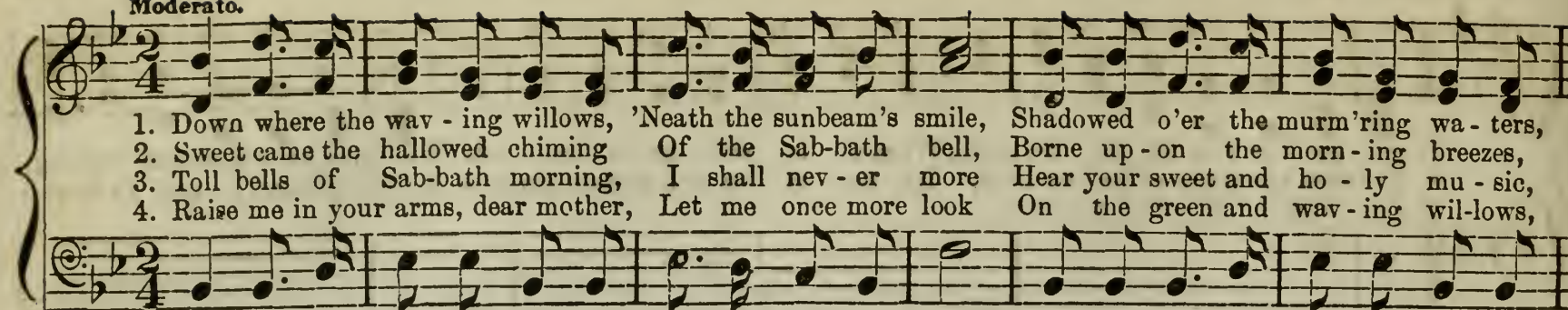
D.C.



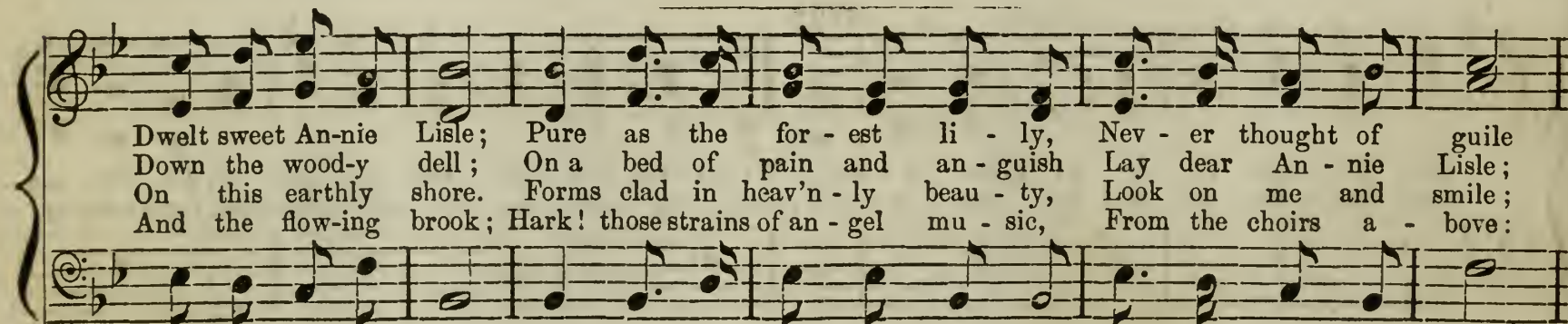
tones we'll sound a - far, And wafted o'er the moonlit - sea, Our mer-ry evening song shall be.
 nev - er hears in vain, As swiftly through the sparkling foam, We steer our gay gon-do - la home.

ANNIE LISLE.

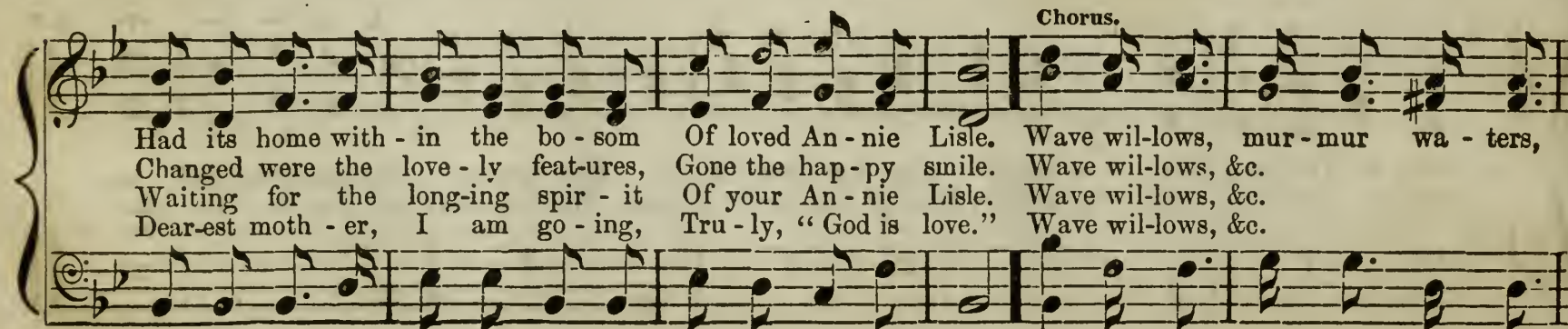
H. S. THOMPSON.

Moderato.


1. Down where the wav - ing willows, 'Neath the sunbeam's smile, Shadowed o'er the murm'ring wa - ters,
 2. Sweet came the hallowed chiming Of the Sab-bath bell, Borne up-on the morn-ing breezes,
 3. Toll bells of Sab-bath morning, I shall nev - er more Hear your sweet and ho - ly mu - sic,
 4. Raise me in your arms, dear mother, Let me once more look On the green and wav - ing wil-lows,



Dwelt sweet An-nie Lisle; Pure as the for - est li - ly, Nev - er thought of guile
 Down the wood-y dell; On a bed of pain and an - guish Lay dear An - nie Lisle;
 On this earthly shore. Forms clad in heav'n - ly beau - ty, Look on me and smile;
 And the flow-ing brook; Hark! those strains of an - gel mu - sic, From the choirs a - bove:

Chorus.


Had its home with - in the bo - som Of loved An - nie Lisle. Wave wil-lows, mur - mur wa - ters,
 Changed were the love - ly feat-ures, Gone the hap - py smile. Wave wil-lows, &c.
 Waiting for the long-ing spir - it Of your An - nie Lisle. Wave wil-lows, &c.
 Dear-est moth - er, I am go - ing, Tru - ly, "God is love." Wave wil-lows, &c.

Gold - en sunbeams smile; Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

This musical score is for the song 'Annie Lisle'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

A GOOD NAME.

1. Chil - dren choose it, Don't re - fuse it, 'Tis a pre - cious di - a - dem
2. Love and cher - ish, Keep and nour - ish, 'Tis more pre - cious far than gold;

High - ly prize it, Don't de - spise it, You will need it when you're men.
Watch and guard it, Don't dis - card it, You will need it when you're old.

This musical score is for the song 'A Good Name'. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes two verses of lyrics. The second and third systems continue the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

SPEED AWAY.

V. F. WOODBURY.

Allegretto. Spirito.

1. Speed a-way! speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart await-ing thy coming to-
 2. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her mother hath ev - er a sad song to-
 3. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less now; Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's

night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the loved, Who pine up-on earth since the "Day Star" has
 sing; That she stand-eth a - lone, in the still qui-et night, And her fond heart goes forth for the being of
 brow; But hie thee a - way, o'er rock, riv-er and glen, And find our young "Day Star," ere night close a-

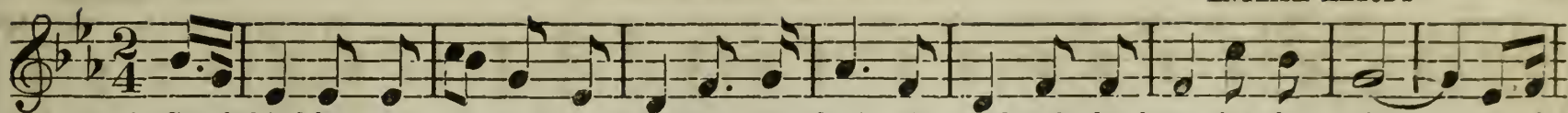
roved, She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! speed a-way! speed a - way!
 light, Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! &c.
 gain; Up, on-ward! let nothing thy mis-sion de - lay. Speed a-way! &c.

Rit. e Dim.

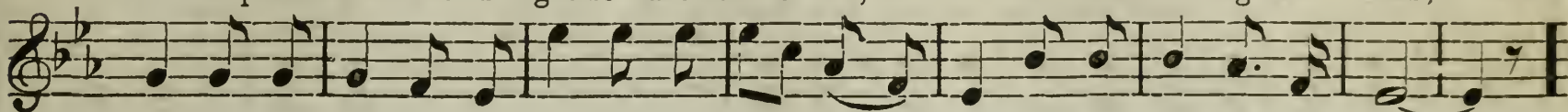
SPEAK KINDLY.

ENGLISH MELODY.

107

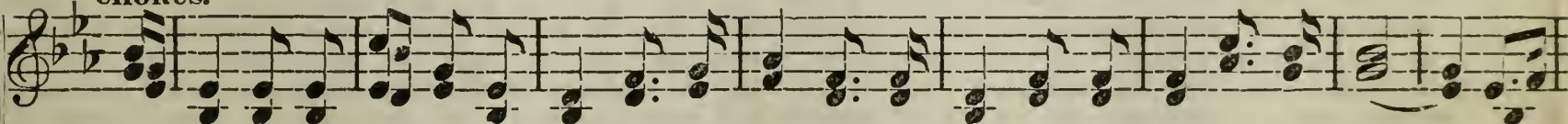


1. Speak kind-ly and gen-tly, 'tis bet-ter in - deed, That each rule by love, than by fear, Speak
2. Be pleasant and kind to the a-ged and poor, Let rude words to them ne'er be heard, For
3. Speak kind-ly to all who have erred, for we know That they may have toiled long in vain, Per-
4. How pleasant this world might be made here be - low, If all would be lov - ing and kind; For

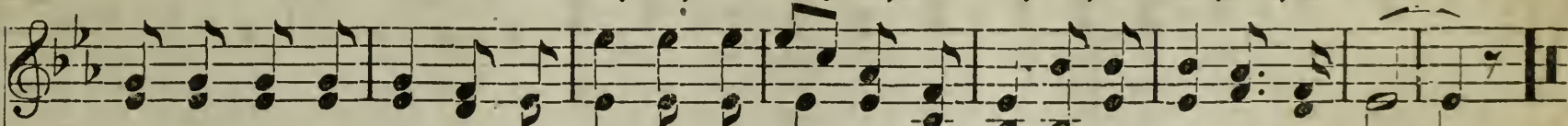
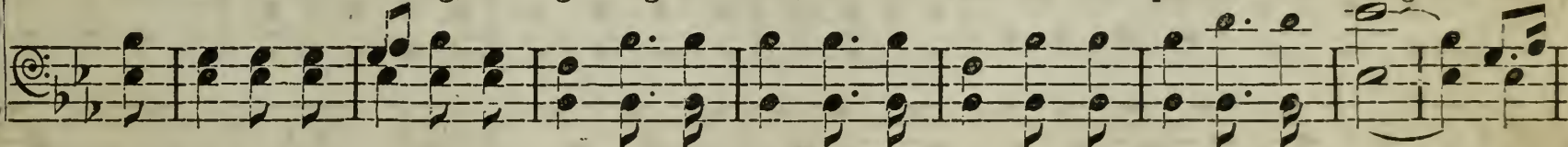


kind - ly, let not an un-pleas - ant, harsh word, Mar the good that we might do while here.
 they have e - nough they are called to en - dure, With - out an un - kind or harsh word.
 haps some un - kind word or deed made them so, Then love and for - give them a - gain.
 gent - ly the voice of af - fec - tion will flow, From hearts that true friendship doth bind.

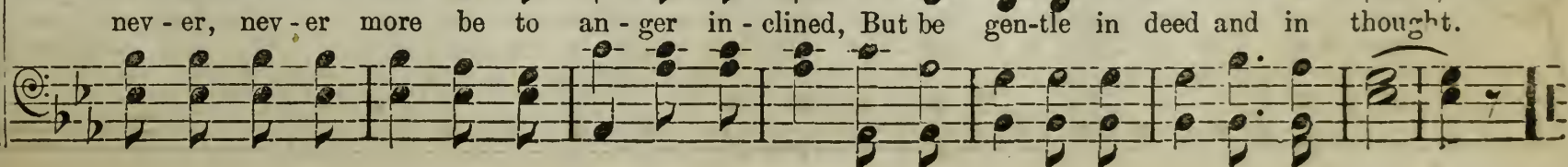
CHORUS.



Then let us be lov-ing, for - giv - ing and kind, As our teach-ers and parents have taught; And



nev - er, nev - er more be to an - ger in - clined, But be gen-tle in deed and in thought.



SPIDER AND FLY.

O. H. NORMING.

1. "Will you walk in - to my par - lor," said a Spi - der to a Fly, "'Tis the prettiest lit - tle
 2. "My house is al - ways o - pen," said the Spi - der to the Fly, "I'm glad to have the
 3. "How bright and flashing are your eyes," says the Spi - der to the Fly, "O, if I had such gau -
 4. "For the last time, now I ask you, will you walk in, Mis - ter. Fly," "No, if I do may I
 5. Now dear young friends take warning from this fool - ish lit - tle Fly, For plea - sure is the

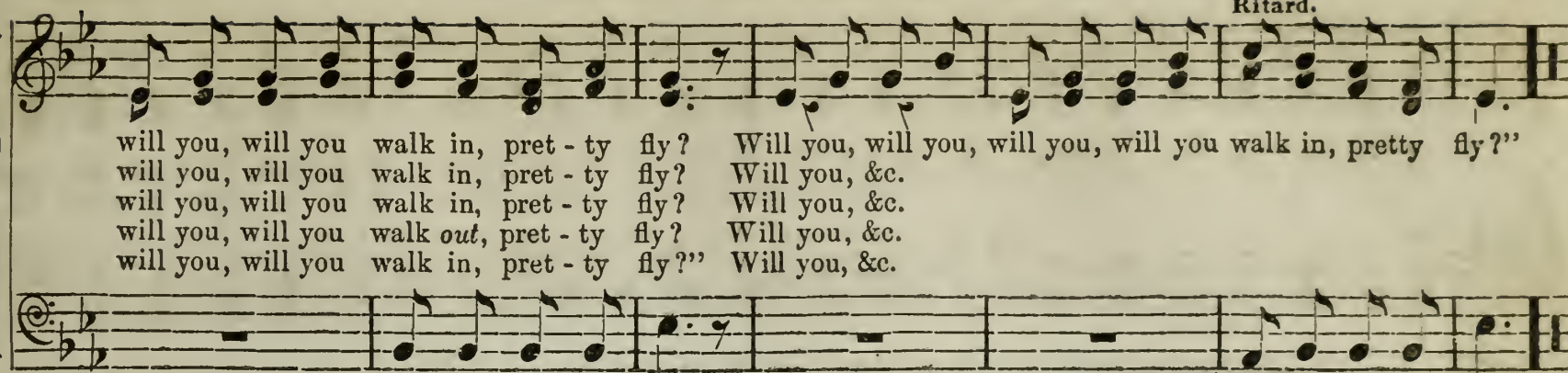
par - lor that ev - er you did spy; You've on - ly got to pop your head with - in - side of the
 company of all who pass this way." "They who go in will ne'er come out - I've heard of you be -
 dy wings, how quick - ly I would fly; But use - less, all my wish - es are, and on - ly i - dle
 be shot, I'm off, so now good by." Then up he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught
 spider's web, to catch you it will try; And though you're tempted to par - take of hap - pi - ness in

door, You'll see so ma - ny cu - rious things you nev - er saw be - fore. Will you, will you,
 fore." "Oh yes they do, I al - ways let them out at my back door." Will you, will you,
 talk, For you can fly a - bout with ease, while I'm o - bliged to walk." Will you, will you,
 fast; The spi - der laughed, ha, ha, my boy, I've caught you safe at last. Will you, will you,
 store, Pray take ad - vise, and par - ley not out - side of Pleasure's door. Will you, will you,

SPIDER AND FLY. Concluded.

109

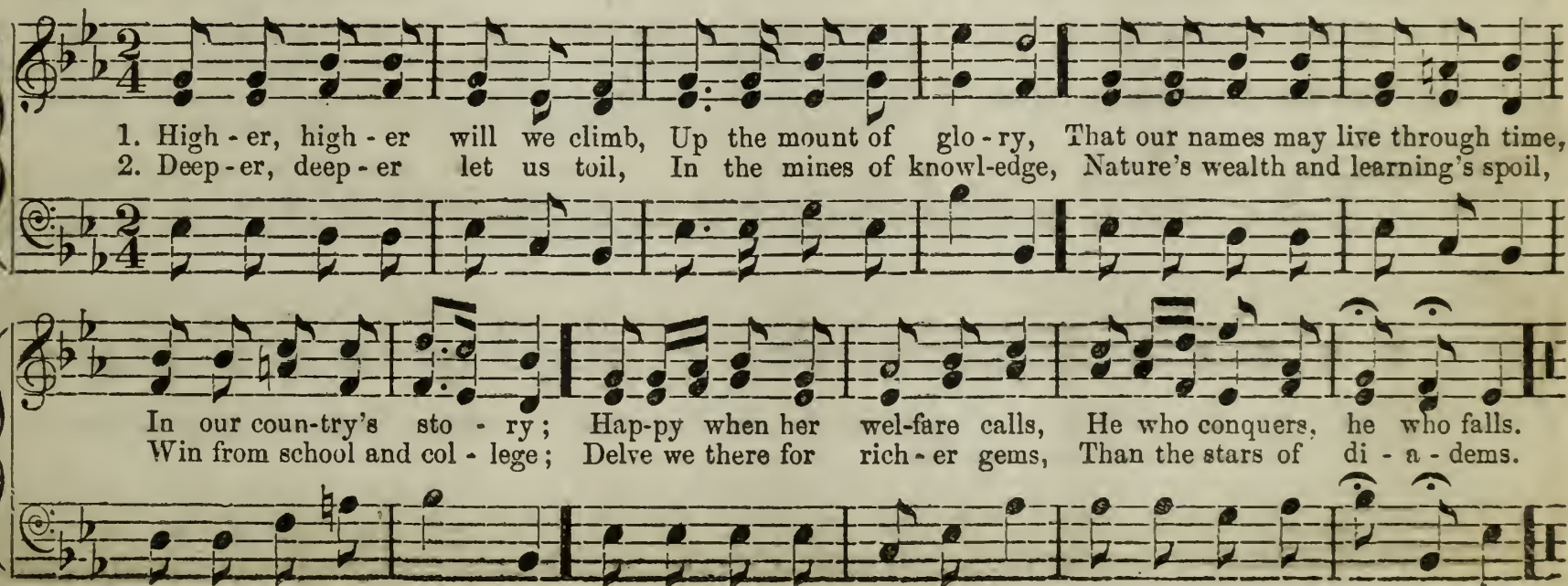
Ritard.



will you, will you walk in, pret - ty fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, pretty fly?"
 will you, will you walk in, pret - ty fly? Will you, &c.
 will you, will you walk in, pret - ty fly? Will you, &c.
 will you, will you walk out, pret - ty fly? Will you, &c.
 will you, will you walk in, pret - ty fly?" Will you, &c.

HIGHER WILL WE CLIMB.

E. HAMILTON.



1. High - er, high - er will we climb, Up the mount of glo - ry, That our names may live through time,
 2. Deep - er, deep - er let us toil, In the mines of knowl - edge, Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
 In our coun - try's sto - ry; Hap - py when her wel - fare calls, He who conquers, he who falls.
 Win from school and col - lege; Delve we there for rich - er gems, Than the stars of di - a - dems.

1. Sweetly on the evening air, Sounds the ves-per chime to prayer; Shep-herd, Hind and Mu - le-
 2. List! a soft and heavenly strain Breathes from out yon sa - cred fane; May a spir - it pure, di-

teer, Bend the knee its call to hear. { Soothing hour! a calm be-stow-ing To the weary souls of men,
 vine, Bless each one within that shrine { When the heart with grief o'erflowing, Seeks for peace and pardon then;
 { Welcome, as the dewdrop lending Life un-to the parched flow'r,
 { Be each pray'r to Heav'n as-cending. Now at this lone vesper hour. }

Sweetly on the eve-ning air, Sounds the ves - per chime to prayer, Shepherd, Hind and Mu - le-
 Sweetly on the eve-ning air, &c.

VESPER CHIME. Concluded.

111

Rall. *A Tempo.*

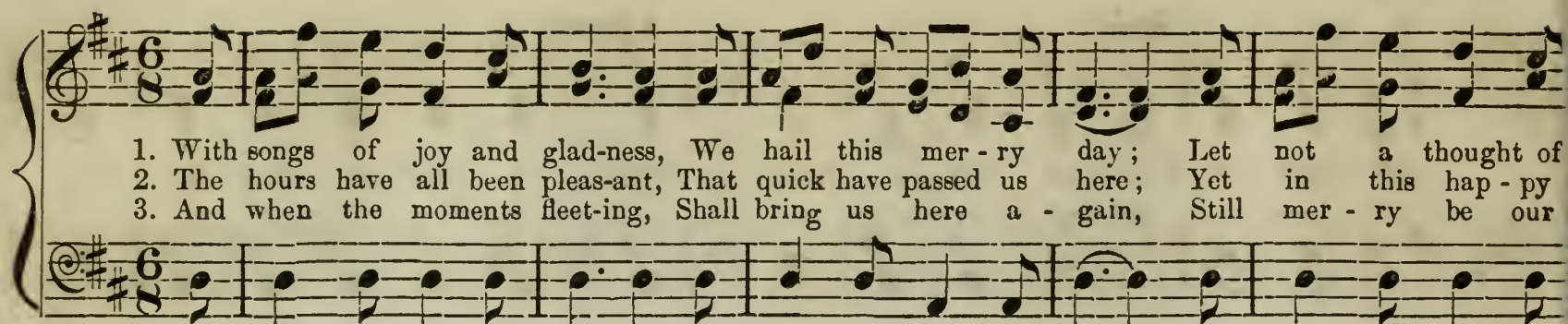
teer Bend the knee its call to hear: Hark! a - gain a - long the dell,

Rall.

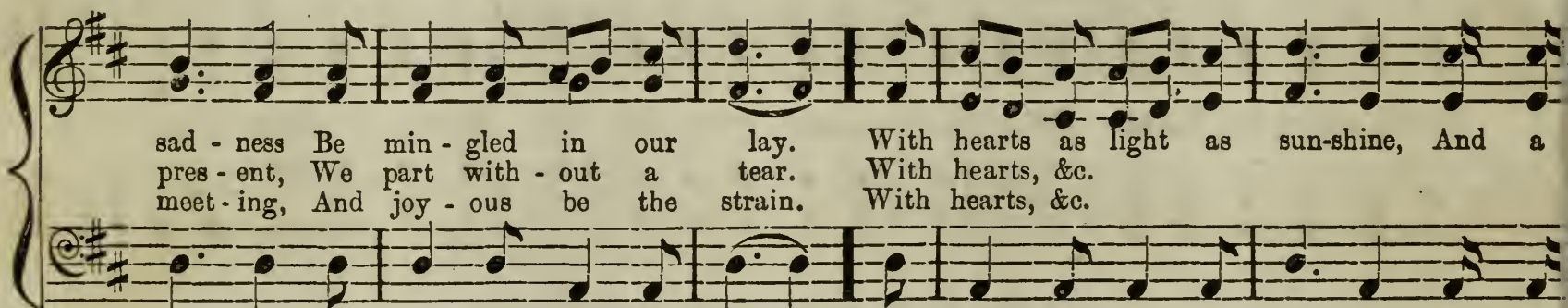
Sweetly sounds the Ves-per Bell; Hark! a-gain a-long the dell, Sweetly sounds the Ves-per Bell.

CARE NOT FOR THE MORROW.

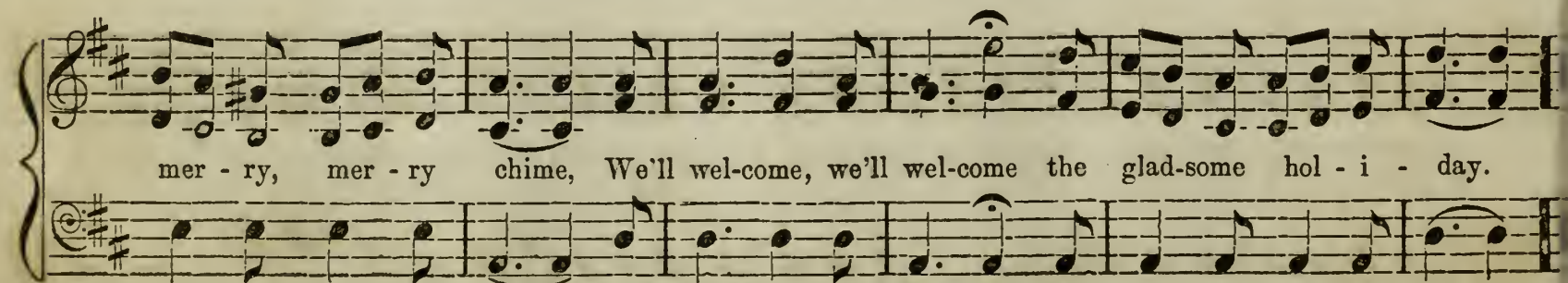
1. Let not grief or pain annoy, Care not for the morrow, While we live let's life enjoy, What's the use of sor-row.
 2. Short, O, short one mortal life, Much too short for sorrow, What is good en-joy to-day, Wait not for to - morrow.
 3. See, how brightly bloom the flowers, Fresh each leaf is growing, Wilteth not, because in fall Chilling winds are blowing.



1. With songs of joy and glad-ness, We hail this mer-ry day; Let not a thought of
 2. The hours have all been pleas-ant, That quick have passed us here; Yet in this hap-py
 3. And when the moments fleet-ing, Shall bring us here a - gain, Still mer-ry be our



sad - ness Be min - gled in our lay. With hearts as light as sun-shine, And a
 pres - ent, We part with - out a tear. With hearts, &c.
 meet - ing, And joy - ous be the strain. With hearts, &c.



mer - ry, mer - ry chime, We'll wel-come, we'll wel-come the glad-some hol - i - day.

* From "Musical Album," by permission.

COME AGAIN.

A.

113

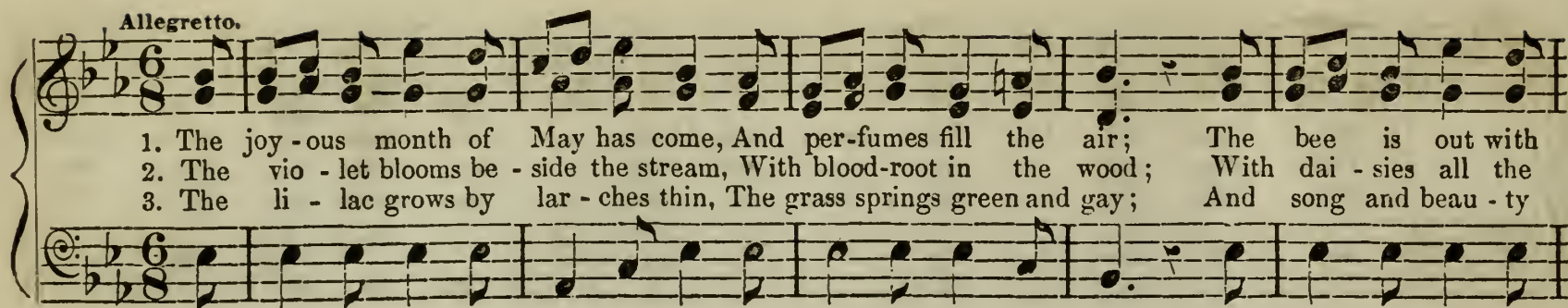
1. We part, but O, we pray thee Come a - gain, come a - gain; Hark!
 2. With thee, will joy and glad - ness Come a - gain, come a - gain; But
 3. Fare - well, once more re - peat - ing Come a - gain, come a - gain; But

ech - o hears, and bids thee Come a - gain, come a - gain; A heart sin - cere to
 tho' thy lot be sad - ness, Come a - gain, come a - gain; Thy grief we'll share, be -
 still our part - ing greet - ing, Come a - gain, come a - gain; The friends you leave do

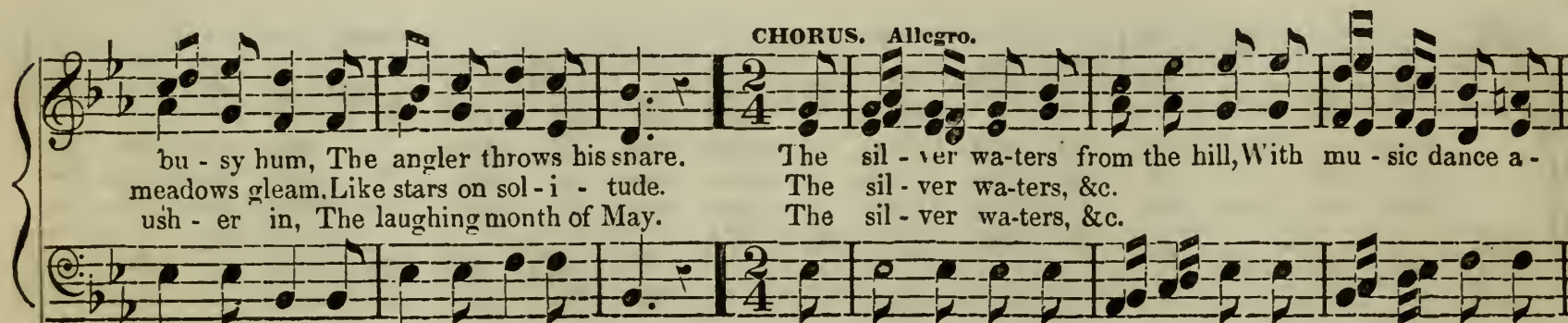
wel - come thee, Thro' life shall re - main, So come a - gain, come a - gain.
 guil - ing care, And sooth - ing thy pain, So come a - gain, come a - gain.
 not de - ceive, By vows that are vain, But come a - gain, come a - gain.

THE MAYING PARTY.

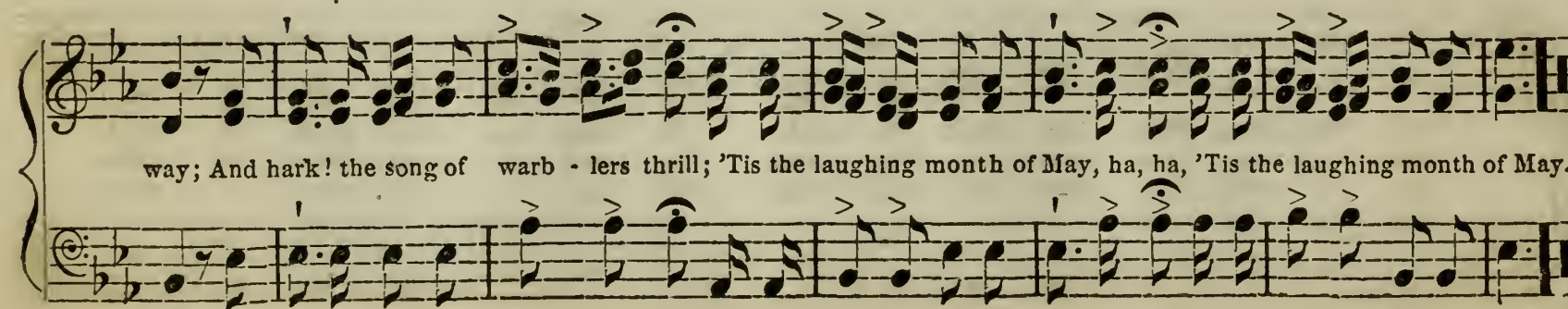
W. O. P.

Allegretto.


1. The joy - ous month of May has come, And per-fumes fill the air; The bee is out with
 2. The vio - let blooms be - side the stream, With blood-root in the wood; With dai - sies all the
 3. The li - lac grows by lar - ches thin, The grass springs green and gay; And song and beau - ty

CHORUS. *Allegro.*


bu - sy hum, The angler throws his snare. The sil - ver wa-ters from the hill, With mu - sic dance a -
 meadows gleam. Like stars on sol - i - tude. The sil - ver wa-ters, &c.
 ush - er in, The laughing month of May. The sil - ver wa-ters, &c.

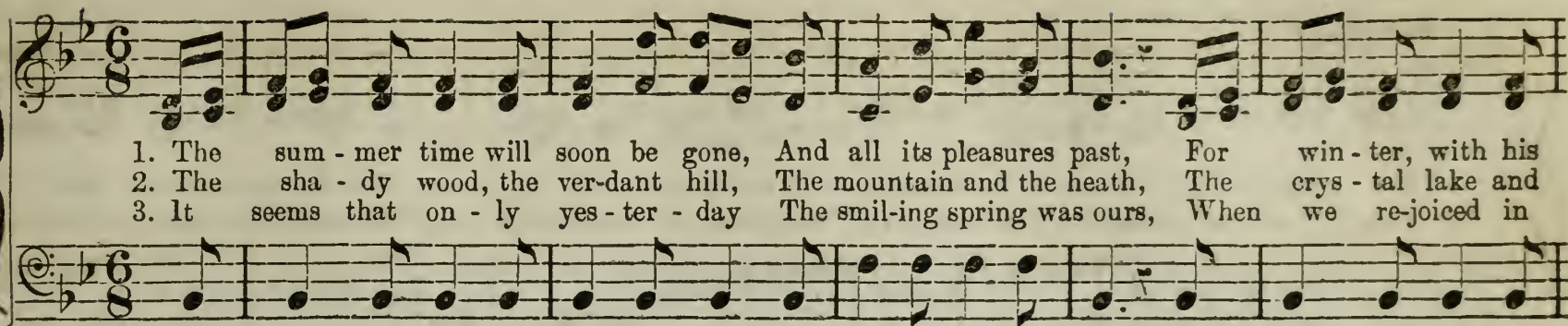


way; And hark! the song of warb - lers thrill; 'Tis the laughing month of May, ha, ha, 'Tis the laughing month of May.

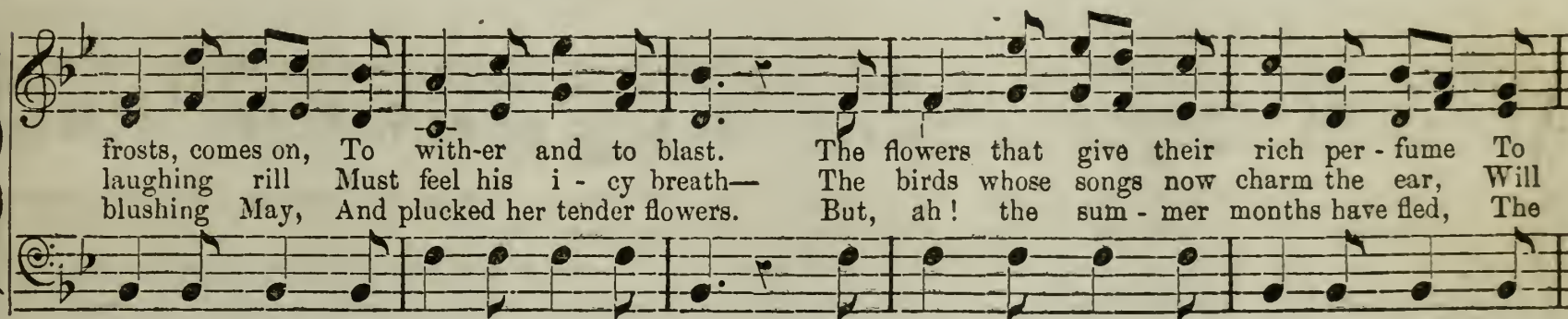
WINTER IS COMING.

BAYLEY.

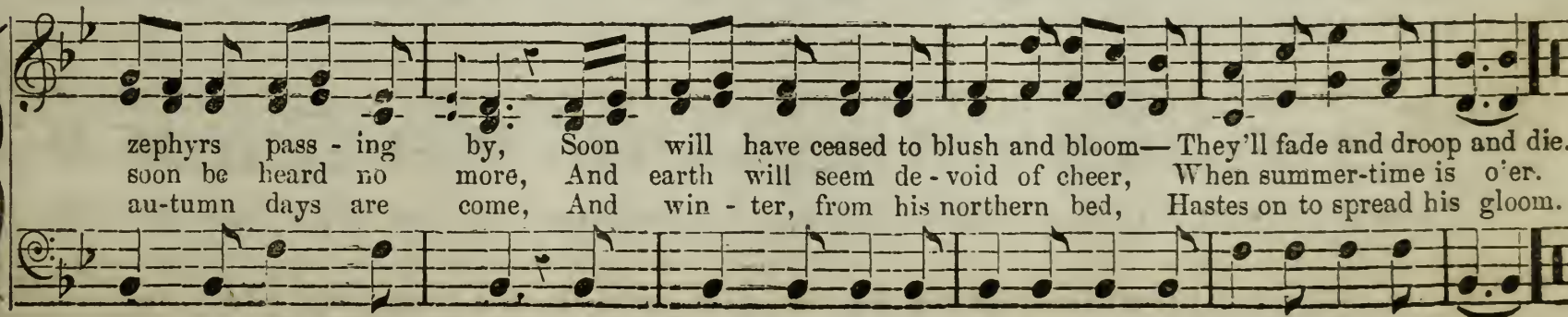
115



1. The sum - mer time will soon be gone, And all its pleasures past, For win - ter, with his
 2. The sha - dy wood, the ver-dant hill, The mountain and the heath, The crys - tal lake and
 3. It seems that on - ly yes - ter - day The smil-ing spring was ours, When we re-joiced in



frosts, comes on, To with-er and to blast. The flowers that give their rich per - fume To
 laughing rill Must feel his i - cy breath— The birds whose songs now charm the ear, Will
 blushing May, And plucked her tender flowers. But, ah! the sum - mer months have fled, The



zephyrs pass - ing by, Soon will have ceased to blush and bloom— They'll fade and droop and die.
 soon be heard no more, And earth will seem de - void of cheer, When summer-time is o'er.
 au-tumn days are come, And win - ter, from his northern bed, Hastes on to spread his gloom.

THE NIGHTINGALE WAS SINGING.

A. LEE.

Moderato. p

1. The ves-per bells were soft - ly ring-ing, O'er the silvered, stil - ly lake, The nightingale was sweet - ly
2. And brightest moonbeams tipt the mountain, While the glow-worm crept along, With little light near yon cool

sing-ing, Thro' the woods and tan - gled brake; O, 'twas sweet to hear her sing-ing, While the vesper
fountain, As she carolled forth her song; O, 'twas sweet, &c.

bells were ring-ing. O, 'twas sweet to hear her, O, 'twas sweet to hear her sing - ing That

love - ly, love - ly song, To hear her singing that sweet, sweet song.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

VACATION IS OVER.

*

-
1. Va - ca - tion is o - ver, We all have been gay, We left our worn school books For sport and for play,
 2. We've roamed o'er the prai-ries To gather sweet flow'rs, And chased the bright songsters From bower to bow'r.
 3. And now to our stud-ies We'll cheerful-ly tend, Per-form-ing our du-ty, Thus pleasing our friends,
- The musical score for this section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

We've been to the country To vis - it our friends, And spent our time fine-ly, Now va - ca - tion ends.
 But quick-ly time pass-es, Our play-hours must end, And back to the school-room Our footsteps we bend.
 For all their kind ef-forts That we may im-prove, We will seek a mer-it De-serv-ing their love.

The musical score for this section consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

REMEMBER ME.

Moderato.

1. Re - mem - ber me! that sin - gle phrase Speaks more than words can tell, More of af - fec - tion's
 2. Re - mem - ber me when morn - ing breaks Up - on thy vis - ions vain, And ere the noi - sy
 3. Re - mem - ber me when twi - light dim Sheds dark - ness o'er the lea, And when the o - cean's

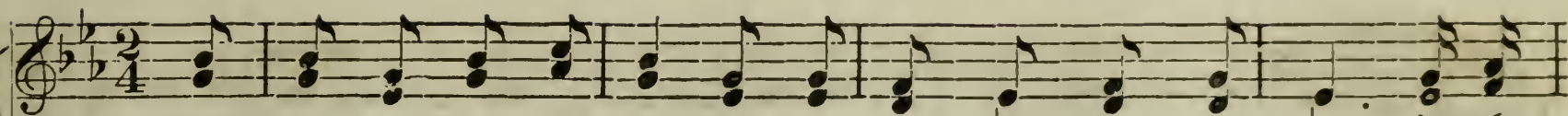
wealth conveys, When hearts respon - sive swell, Than breathes in pas - sion's wild - est tones, Or
 world a-wakes, To sum - mon thee a - gain; And when the glo - rious set - ting sun Sinks
 ves - per hymn Comes with its mel - o - dy; When star - ry sen - ti - nels look down From

e'en the heart-felt sigh; I ask but this when thou art gone, This boon, Re - mem - ber me.
 down be - neath the sea, And all day's bu - sy tur - moil done, O, then, Re - mem - ber me.
 off their thrones to thee, And thou art si - lent and a - lone— O, then, Re - mem - ber me.

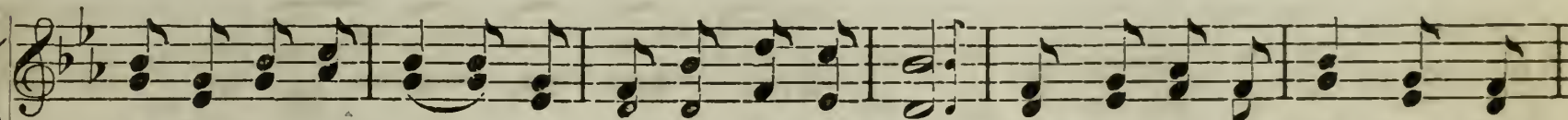
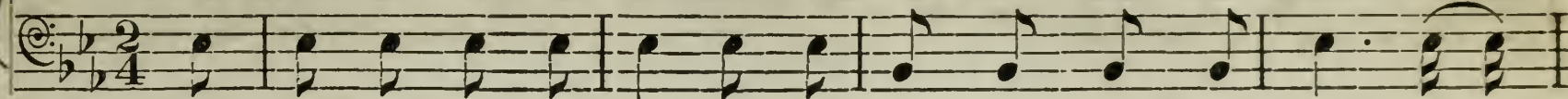
SUNBEAMS.

H.
Words from "Home and School Journal."

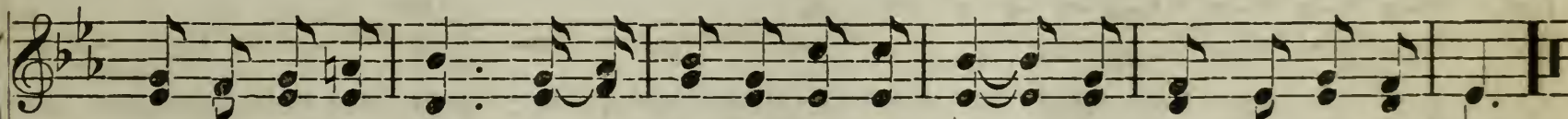
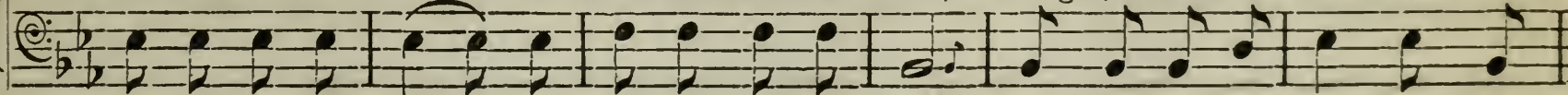
119



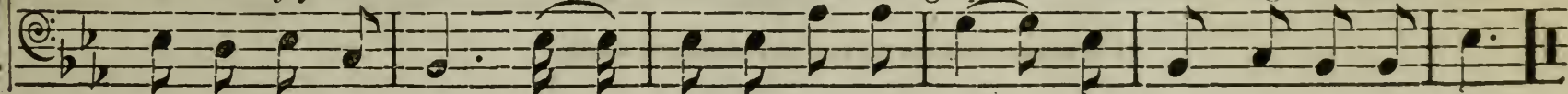
1. Oh! how I love the sun-beams! Those mer - ry lit - tle things, Ev-er
2. Ye mer - ry lit - tle sun-beams! That bring the dawn - ing light— And
3. Ye bu - sy lit - tle sun-beams! Though ti - ny things ye seem, Ye
4. Kind words are lit - tle sun-beams! That fill each heart with flowers— With the



glancing here and there On bright and an - gel wings, Drink - ing up the dew - drops That
chase a - way the darkness, The drea - ry gloom of night;— Danc - ing o'er the hill - tops, And
give earth all its beau - ty, Deck it in robes of green— Give life to all that's shoot - ing, Out
soft - est, sweet - est sunshine Known in this world of ours, And bright, sweet smiles are sunbeams Of



hang up - on the trees, Gent - ly lift - ing ha - zy mists To scat - ter on the breeze.
spark - ling in the vales, Soft - ly sip - ping all the nec - tar That morn - ing's breath ex - hales.
from her bo - som warm. That tend to cheer the heart, Or please in an - y form.
life and joy to all. How wild our heart-strings quiver, When the winged beauties fall.



GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE.

S. GLOVER.

Andante.

p *Cres.* *Dim.* *Cres.*
 Gent - ly, gent - ly sighs the breeze, Like a whis-per thro' the trees, Like a voice of se-raph
 bright, Sing-ing to the world, good night. *Dim.* *p* Gent-ly, gent - ly sighs the breeze, Like a
pp *Cres.*
 whis - per thro' the trees, Like a voice of seraph bright, Sing - ing to the world, good night, good
 Like a voice of ser-aph bright, Singing to the world, good

* The passage between the stars may be sung by the Alto.

GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE. Concluded.

121

night. Singing to the world, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

night. good night, good night, good night, good night. good

night, good night, good night..... good night, good night, good night.

night. good night, good night, good night.

Cres.

Dim.

pp

THE SEASONS.

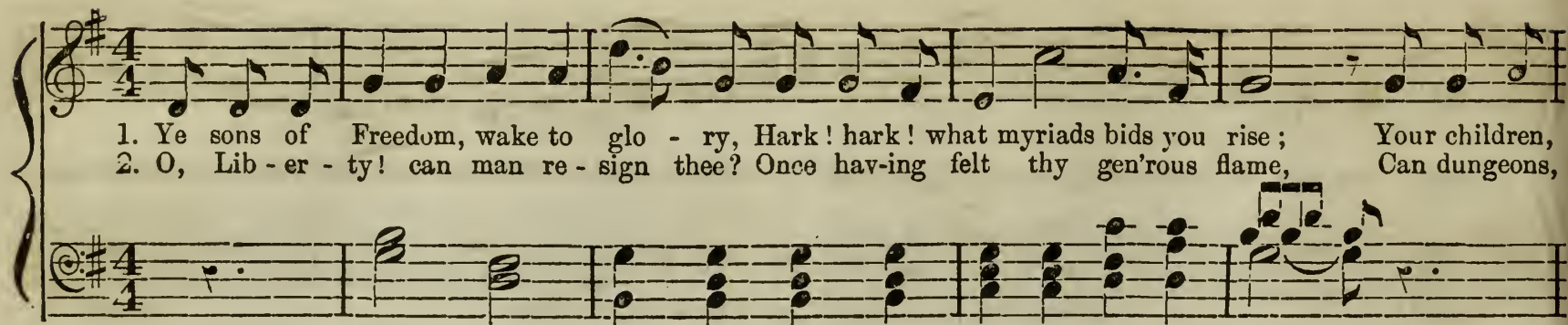
MOZART.

1. I love the Spring, when slumb'ring buds Are wakened into birth; When joy and gladness seem to spread At once o'er all the earth.

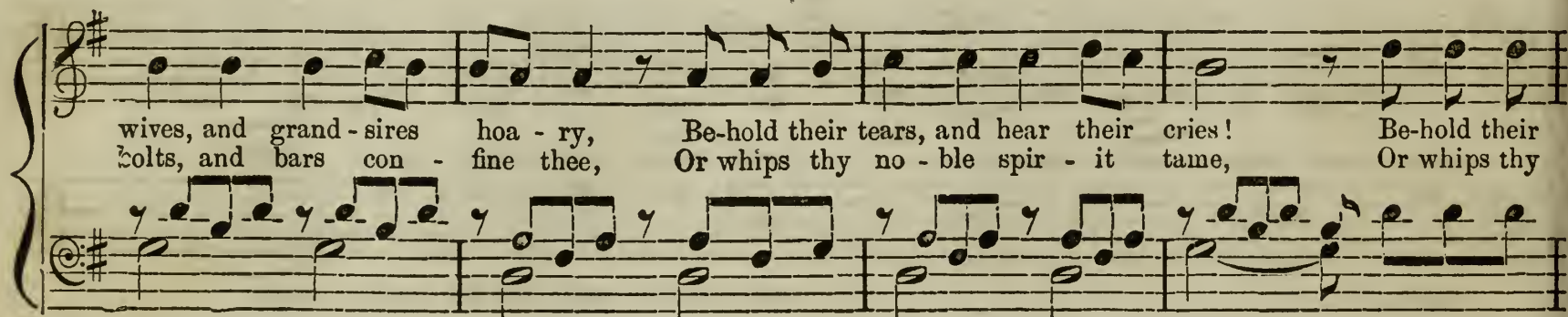
2. I love the Summer, when the flow'rs Look beautiful and bright; When I can spend the leisure hours With hoop, and ball, and kite.

3. I love the Autumn, when the trees With fruit are bending low; When I can reach the pears and plums That hang upon the bough.

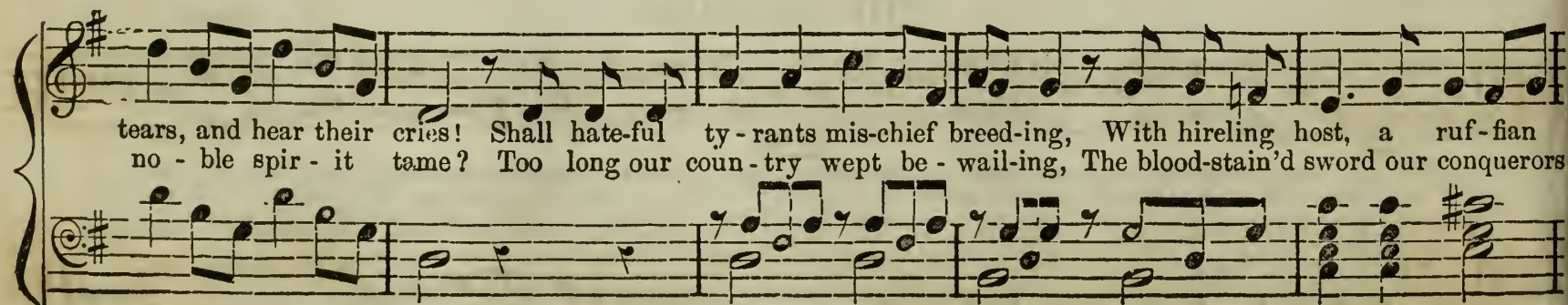
4. I love to have the Winter come, When I can skate and slide, And hear the bells, and see the sleighs, That swiftly by us glide.



1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bids you rise; Your children,
2. O, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav-ing felt thy gen'rous flame, Can dungeons,



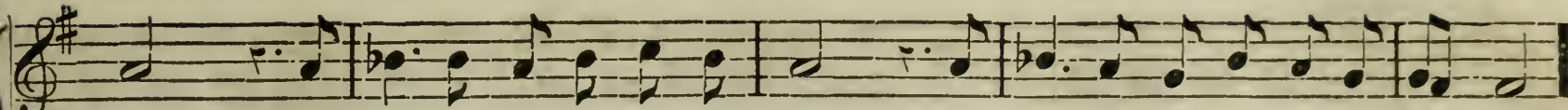
wives, and grand - sires ho - ry, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their
bolts, and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame, Or whips thy



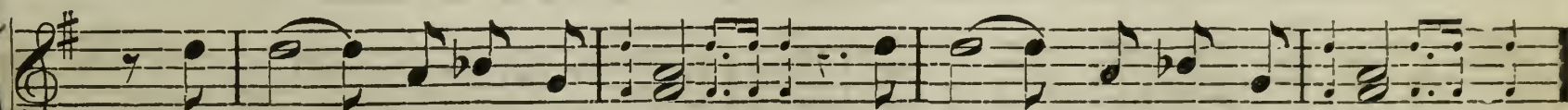
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants mis-chief breed-ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fan
no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our coun - try wept be - wail-ing, The blood-stain'd sword our conquerors

MARSEILLES HYMN. Concluded.

123



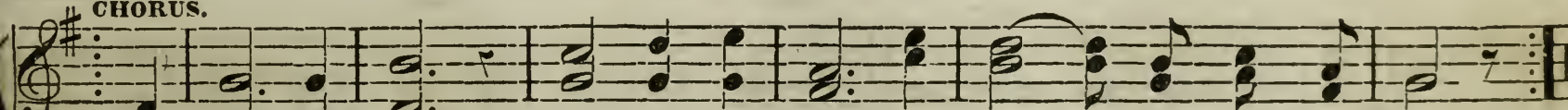
band, Af-fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing;
wield; But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing;



To arms, To arms, ye brave, Th' a-veng-ing sword un-sheath,
To arms, To arms, ye brave, Th' a-veng-ing sword un-sheath,

Voice.

CHORUS.



March on, march on, all hearts re-solved On vic-to-ry or death.

Con Spirito.

1. Come, { brothers, } come, your tasks lay by, A-vaunt all care and sorrow; Tho' slow the lag - ging
 { sis-ters, }
2. The mer - ry birds, with hearts e - late, The house-dog's wel-come warm; The good horse lean - ing
3. When gold-en morn springs o'er the hill, We'll climb its grass-y side, And gai - ly roam at
4. The bright brook bub-bles in the sun, The speckled trout glance by, And where the green boughs

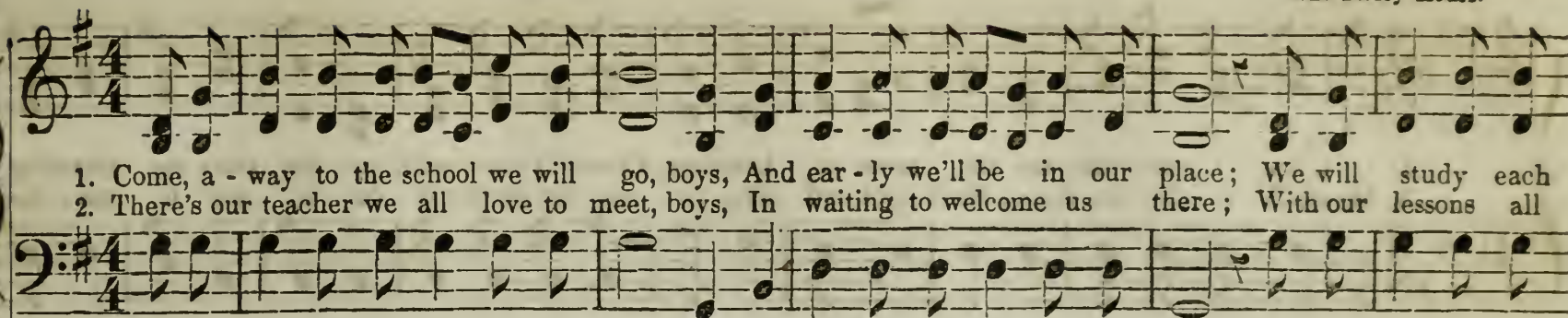
Chorus. > > >

mo-ments fly, Va - ca - tion comes to - morrow; Then sing, sing, sing, The hours will seem less
 o'er the gate, A - wait us at the farm; Till then, sing, sing, The hours will seem less
 our free will, Till pur - ple eve - ning tide. Till then, &c.
 shade the "run," Safe shel - tered we will lie. Till then, &c.

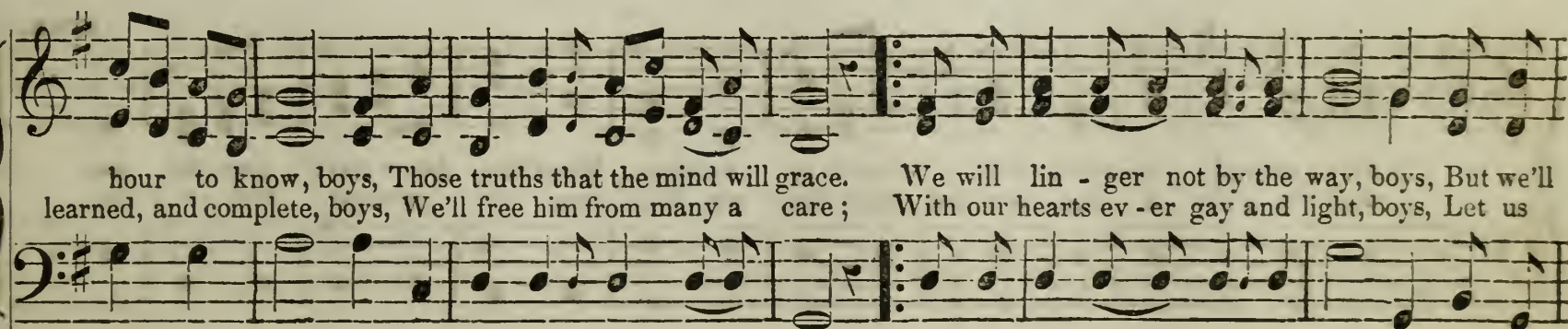
long, 'Twill add new speed to Time's dull wing, To cheer him with a song.
 long, 'Twill add new speed to Time's dull wing, To cheer him with a song.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

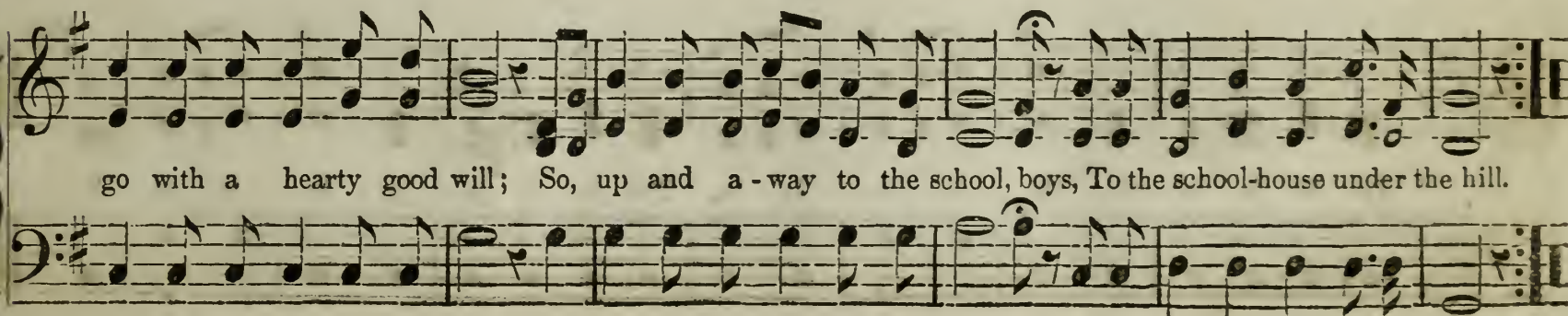
ORDWAY. 125
"Lone Starry Hours."



1. Come, a - way to the school we will go, boys, And ear - ly we'll be in our place; We will study each
2. There's our teacher we all love to meet, boys, In waiting to welcome us there; With our lessons all



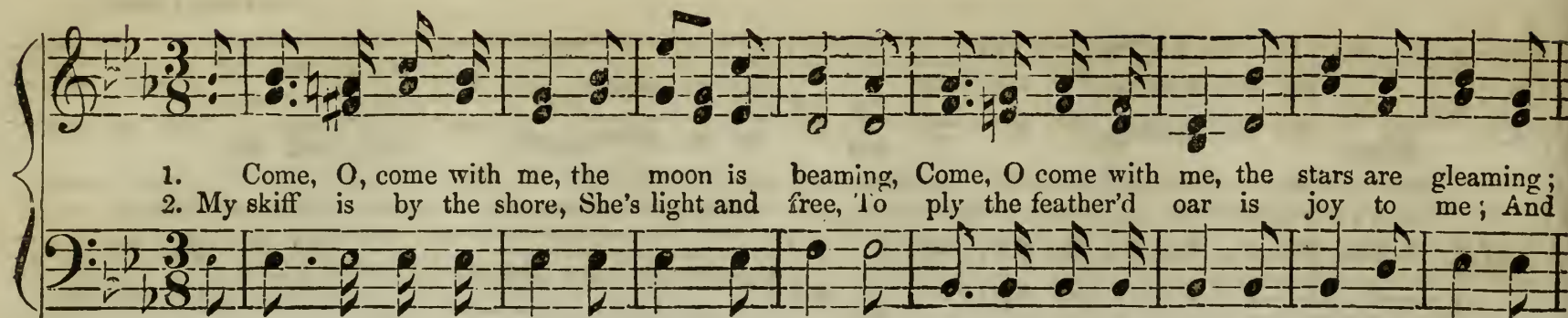
hour to know, boys, Those truths that the mind will grace. We will lin - ger not by the way, boys, But we'll
learned, and complete, boys, We'll free him from many a care; With our hearts ev - er gay and light, boys, Let us



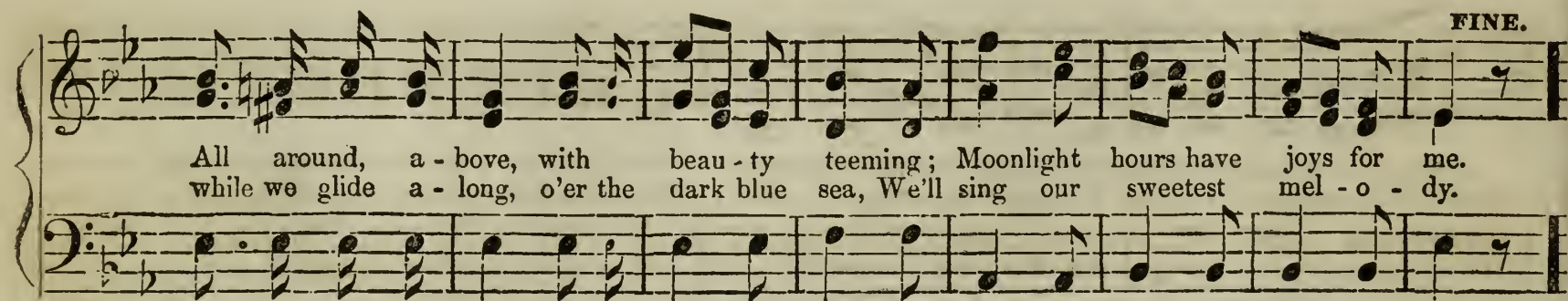
go with a hearty good will; So, up and a - way to the school, boys, To the school-house under the hill.

COME, OH, COME WITH ME.

ITALIAN MELODY.



1. Come, O, come with me, the moon is beaming, Come, O come with me, the stars are gleaming;
 2. My skiff is by the shore, She's light and free, To ply the feather'd oar is joy to me; And



FINE.

All around, a - bove, with beau - ty teeming; Moonlight hours have joys for me.
 while we glide a - long, o'er the dark blue sea, We'll sing our sweetest mel - o - dy.



D.C.

Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.

GAUDALQUIVER.

Arr. from NELSON.

127

D.C. 1. Gaudal - quiv - er, gentle riv - er, O'er the fields of fer - tile Spain, In the
2. Bright as ev - er are thy wa - ters, And I love to look on thee, For thy

Fine.
sun-shine of thy beau - ty, Like a monarch thou dost reign; On thy banks I love to wan-der, in the
brightness is an em - blem Of re-turn-ing joys to me. Gaud-al-quiv - er, gen-tle riv - er, Thou dost

D.C.
summer moonbeam's glance, When I - be - ria's dark-eyed daughters Min-gle in the joy - ous dance.
wake the old - en strain; And the lays I sung in childhood, Now shall welcome thee a - gain

1. 'Tis lone on the wa - ters, When eve's mourn - ful bell Sends forth to the
 2. When the wing of the sea-bird Is turned to her nest, And the heart of the

1st time. 2d time. Fine.
 sun - set A note of fare - well. A note of fare-well. When borne on the
 sai - lor, To all he loves best, 'Tis lone on the

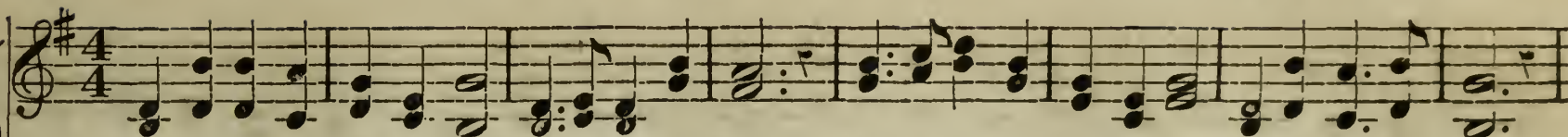
shadows, And winds as they sweep, There comes a fond mem - 'ry of home o'er the deep.
 wa - ters, That hour hath a spell, To bring back sweet voi - ces, And words of fare - well.

* Sing first verse at each D. C.

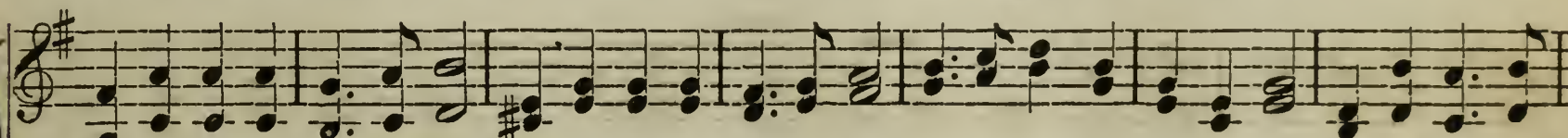
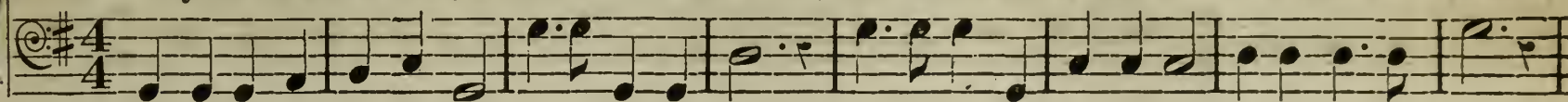
WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. M'NAUGHTON.

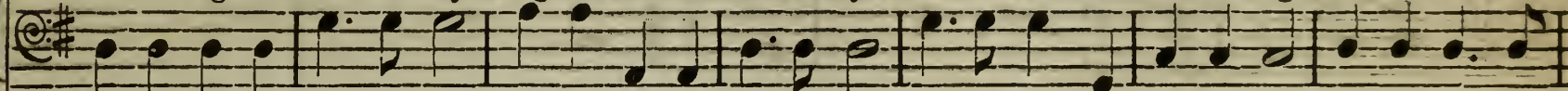
129



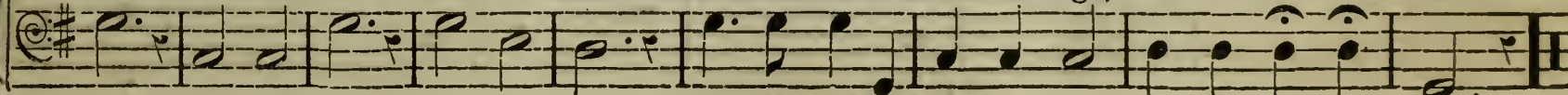
1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home ; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home.
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home ; Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy, When there's love at home.
3. Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home ; All the earth is filled with love When there's love at home.



Peace and plenty here a - bide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at
Ro - ses blossom, 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at
Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky, Oh! there's One who rules on high, When there's love at



home! Love at home! Love at home! Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
home! Love at home! Love at home! Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love at home.
home! Love at home! Love at home! Oh! there's One who rules on high, When there's love at home.



POLISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

GURIA.

1. Come a - gain to your fa - ther land, Come a - gain, come a - gain; While your foes in our
 2. Come a - gain to your homes of old, Men of might, men of might, Drive the wolf from your

FINE.

dwelling stand, Shall we plead in vain? Shall the swords your fa - thers wore,
 na - tive fold; Can he prove his right? Rath - er die for your na - tive land,

D.C.*

Swords of trust, rot and rust? They may well our rights re - store, If your hearts be just.
 Than give place— such dis - grace Ne'er fell on that gal - lant band, Your fa - ther's race.

* Sing first verse at each D. C.

GOOD NIGHT.

Altered from DONIZETTI.

131

Moderato.

1. Good night, one song be-fore we part, Of pur-est friendship and delight; May love flow sweet-ly
2. Good night, dear friends, may happy days Make eve-ry vis-ion fair and bright, And each one bathe in

from each heart. And each bid all, good night, good night, Good night, dear friends, good night, good night, Good gold-en rays, Where none will say, good night, good night, Good night, &c.

night, dear friends, good night, good night. May love flow sweetly from each heart, And each bid all, good night, good night. When each will bathe in golden rays, Where none will say, good night, good night.

A SOCIAL SONG.

W. WILLIAMS.

1st voice. *Spiritoso.* 2d voice. 3d voice. 4th voice. 1st voice.

1. I'm ve-ry fond of a so-cial song, So am I, So am I, So am I, It makes the time glide
 2. I like with friends an hour to pass, So do I, So do I, So do I, But he that does not

3d voice. 2d voice. 4th voice.

mer-ry a-long, And fills the heart with pleasure, For sparkling wit doth brighter shine, When thus begot by
 friendship possess, Can-not en-joy true pleasure, For friendship's joys are so divine, When round the heart they

1st voice. 3d voice. 4th voice. 3d voice. 2d voice. All.

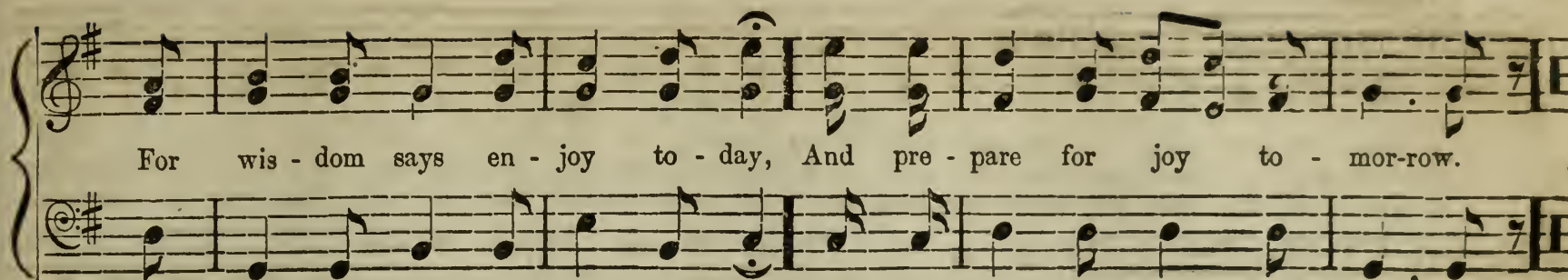
songs of thine. But sad is the time, When a discord you find, Oh, that's not *my* fault! Nor mine! Nor mine! Nor mine!
 fondly twine. But cold grows our love, If e'er heartless they prove, But that's not *my* way! Nor mine! Nor mine! Nor mine!

Chorus.

Tho' short is our life we may now be gay, Ban-ish all care and sor-row a-way,

A SOCIAL SONG. Concluded.

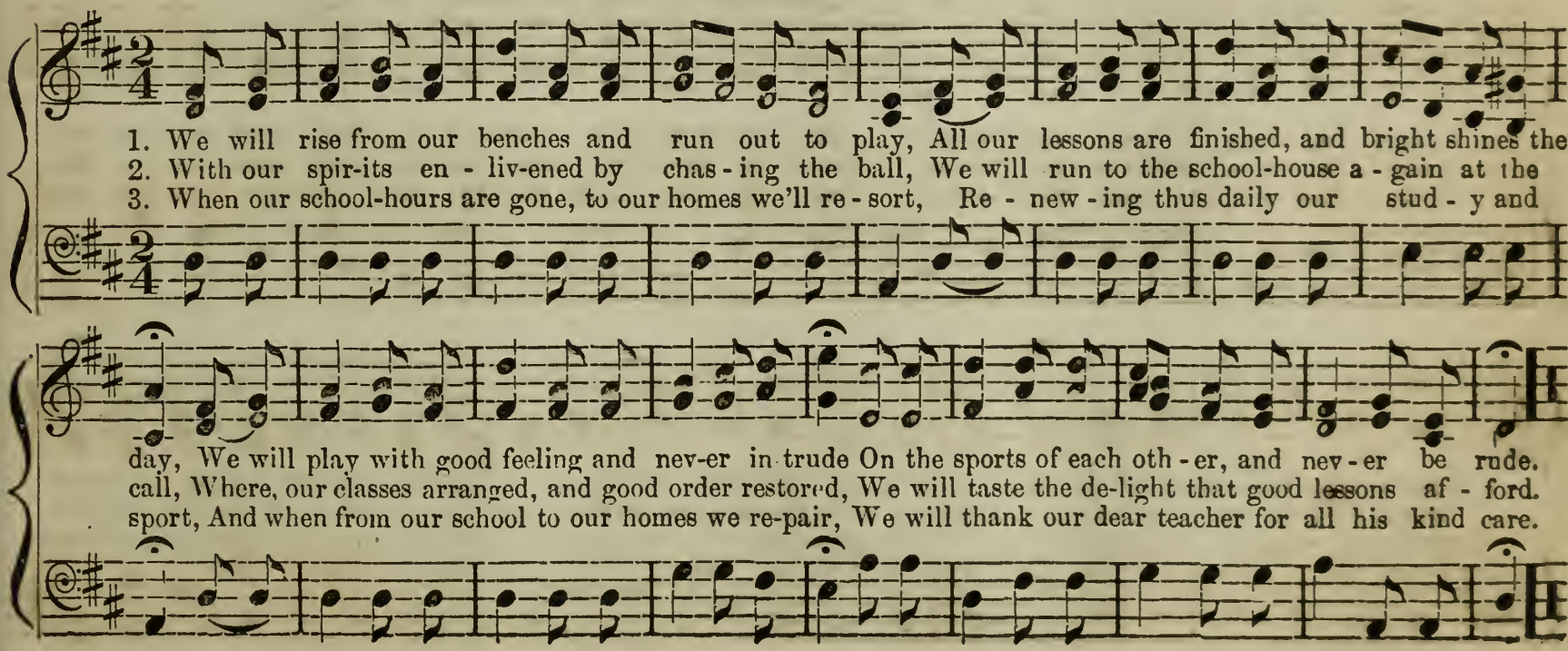
133



For wis - dom says en - joy to - day, And pre - pare for joy to - mor-row.

RECESS SONG.

†



1. We will rise from our benches and run out to play, All our lessons are finished, and bright shines the
 2. With our spir-its en - liv-ened by chas-ing the ball, We will run to the school-house a - gain at the
 3. When our school-hours are gone, to our homes we'll re-sort, Re - new - ing thus daily our stud - y and

day, We will play with good feeling and nev-er in-trude On the sports of each oth - er, and nev-er be rude.
 call, Where, our classes arranged, and good order restored, We will taste the de-light that good lessons af - ford.
 sport, And when from our school to our homes we re-pair, We will thank our dear teacher for all his kind care.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

Arr. from DONIZETTI.

Allegretto.

1. One sul - try day a far - mer's boy Was hoe - ing in the field of corn, And anxious - ly had
 2. Al - though a hard one was the row, And farm - ers paid but mea - gre hire, The lad had worked from
 3. The lad the text re - mem - bered long, And oft - en proved the mor - al well, That per - se - verance

wait - ed long To hear the wel - come din - ner horn: The welcome call was heard at last, And
 ear - ly morn, And now be - gin - ning well to tire— "I can," said he, and man - ful - ly He
 to the end, At last will al - ways no - bly tell; Take cour - age then! re - solve you can, And

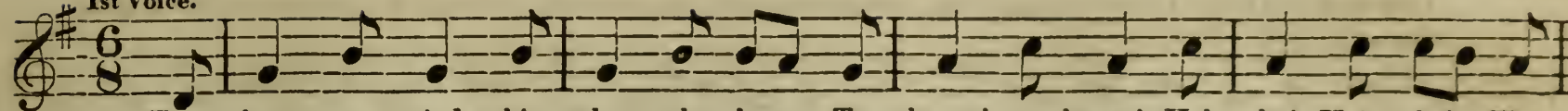
down he quick - ly dropp'd his hoe, The farm - er shouted in his ear, "Hoe out your row! hoe out your row!"
 seized a - gain his fall - en hoe; The good man, pleased, now smiled to see The farm - er's boy hoe out his row.
 strike an earn - est, vig'rous blow, In life's great field of va - ried toil, Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

THE HUNTER'S CHORUS. ROUND.

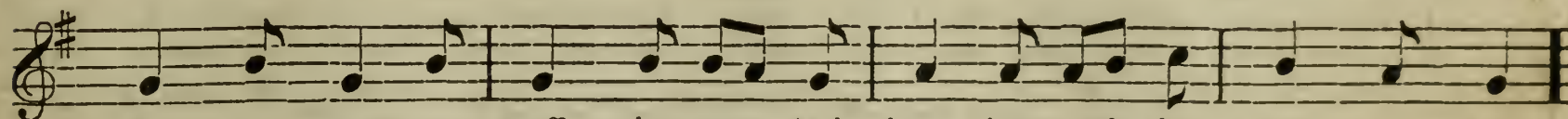
From "School Bell,"
By permission of Russell & Tolman.

135

1st Voice.

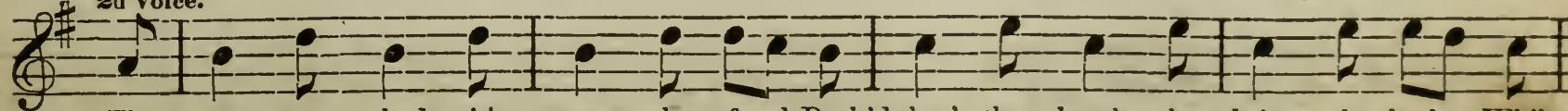


The hun - ter winds his bu - gle horn, To horse! to horse! Hol - lo! Hol - lo! The

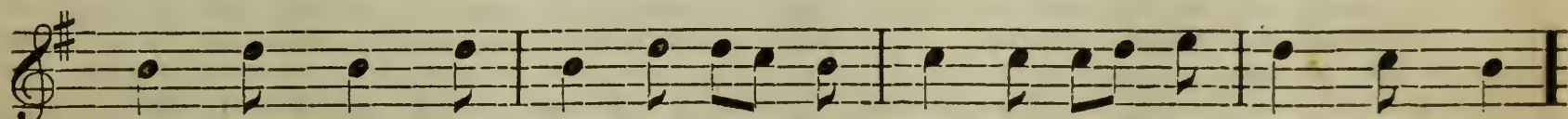


fi - ry cours - er snuffs the morn, And throng - ing serfs the lord pur - sue.

2d Voice.

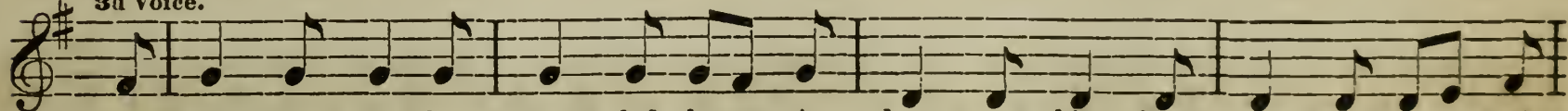


The ea - ger packed with cou - ples freed, Dash'd thro' the brook, the brier, the brake, While,

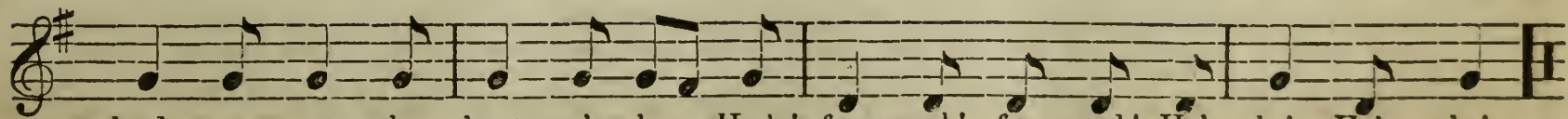


answer - ing hounds, and horn, and steeds, The moun - tain ech - oes start - ling wake,

3d Voice.



Up springs from yon - der tan - gled thorn, A deer more white than moun - tain snow, And



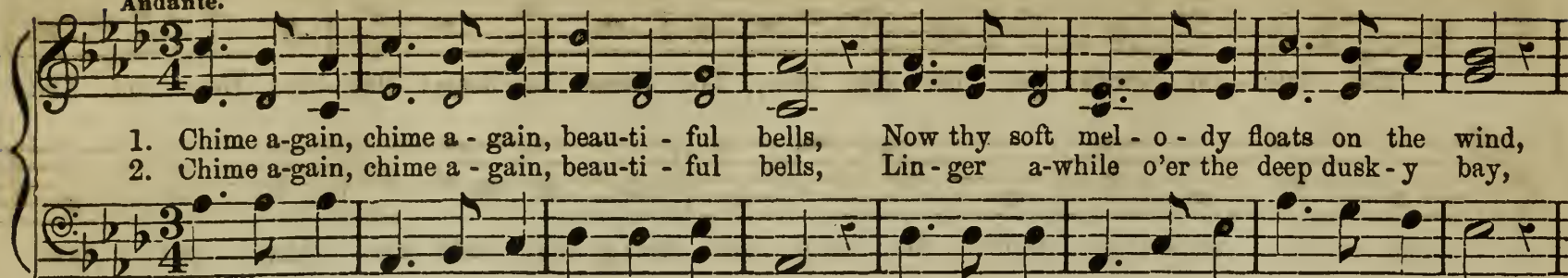
loud - er rang the hunt - er's horn, Hark! for - ward! for - ward! Hol - lo! Hol - lo!

CHIME AGAIN, BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

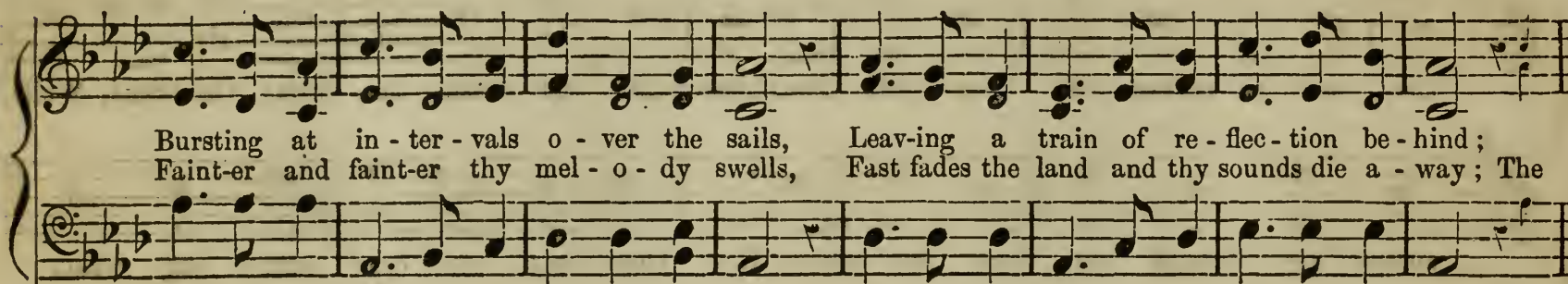
H. R. BISHOP.

These words were written by a young English lady, leaving the shores of her native land, on hearing the distant sound of village bells.

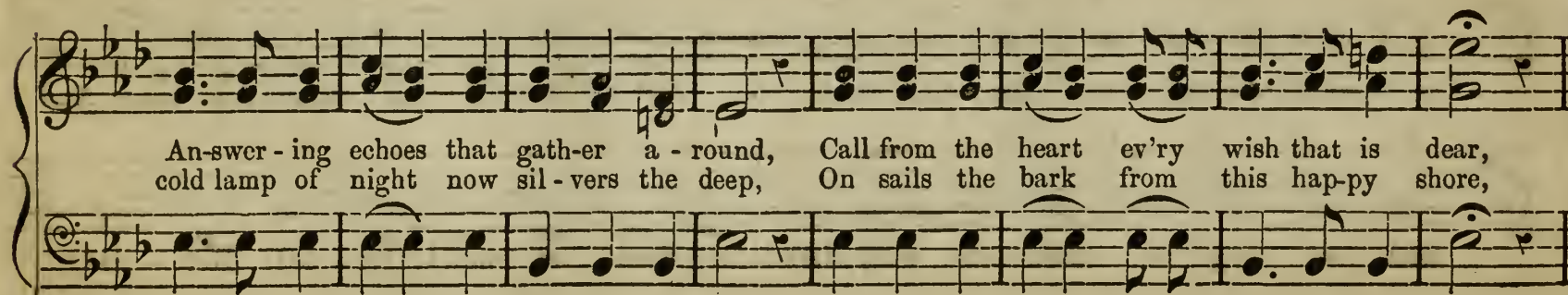
Andante.



1. Chime a-gain, chime a - gain, beau-ti - ful bells, Now thy soft mel - o - dy floats on the wind,
2. Chime a-gain, chime a - gain, beau-ti - ful bells, Lin - ger a-while o'er the deep dusk - y bay,



Bursting at in - ter - vals o - ver the sails, Leav - ing a train of re - flec - tion be - hind;
Faint - er and faint - er thy mel - o - dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die a - way; The



An - swer - ing echoes that gath - er a - round, Call from the heart ev'ry wish that is dear,
cold lamp of night now sil - vers the deep, On sails the bark from this hap - py shore,

Voi - ces of friendship still ring in each sound, Bid-ding me welcome that chime with a tear.
Lone - ly I'm left on the wa-ters to weep, The chimes of those beau-ti - ful bells to de - plore.

THE SUN THAT WARMS.

M. Z. T.

Moderato.

1. { The sun that warms the fad - ing flower, May cheer, not change its doom;
May stay its fate for one bright hour, But ne'er re - store its - - - - bloom;
D.C. Its charm a - while the wreck re - lieves, But can - not change its - - - - fate.

2. { The heart, of yes - ter - day ca - ressed, Perchance had 'scaped de - cay;
That smile, which yes - ter - day had blest, Comes all in vain to - - - - day;
D.C. For vain re - pent - ance—vain to weep, When kind - ness comes too - - - - late.

So when the sad - dened heart re - ceives Af - fec - tion's rays too late;
Then, oh! the pledge of friend - ship keep, Nor let af - fec - tion wait;

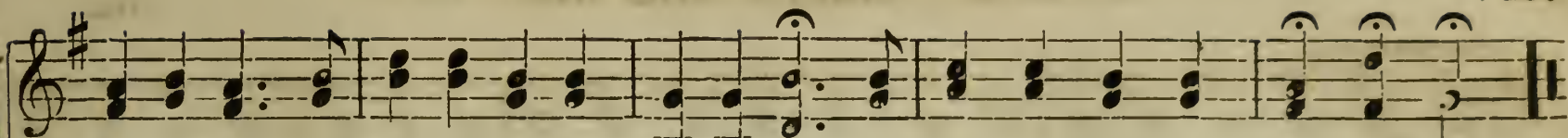
THE FOX AND GRAPES.

Lively.

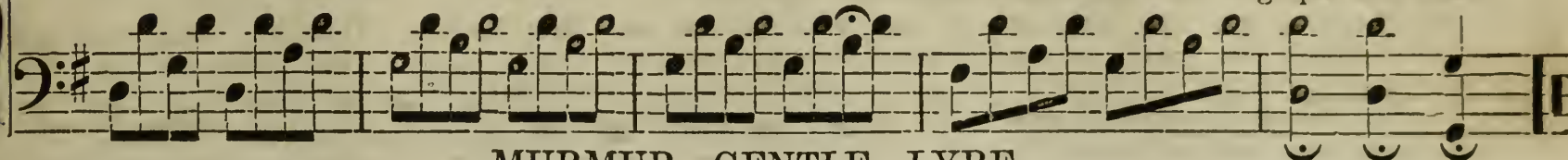
1. A hun-gry fox one day did spy Some nice rich grapes that hung on high; And as they hung, they
 2. The fox now tried, but all in vain, The nice rich fruit thus to ob-tain; He licked his lips for

seemed to say, "If you can fetch us down, you may;" And as they hung, they seemed to say, "If
 near an hour, But found the prize be-yond his power; He found the prize be - yond his power. Then

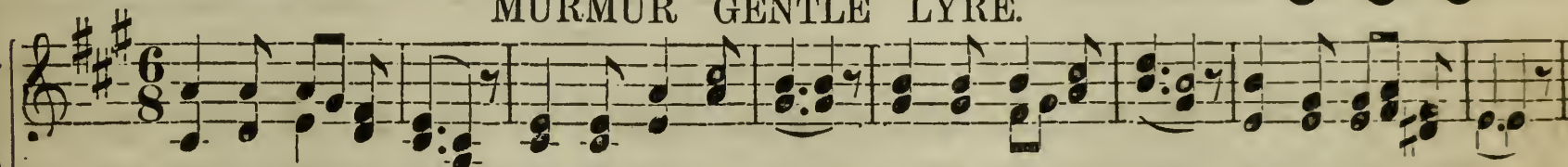
you can fetch us down you may," Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 went and said the grapes were sour, Tra la, &c.



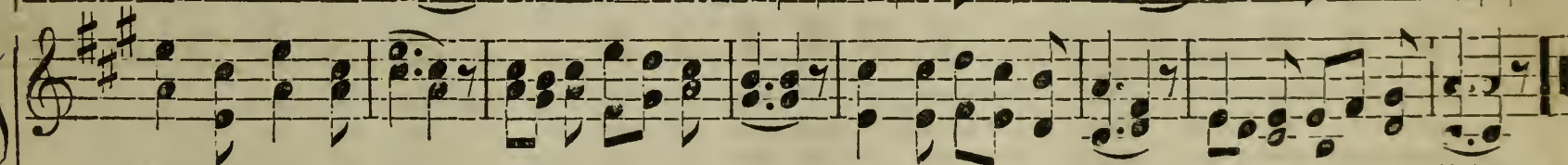
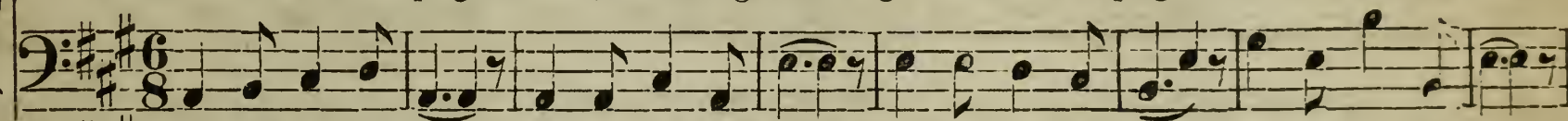
la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, "If you can fetch us down, you may.
Then went and said the grapes were sour.



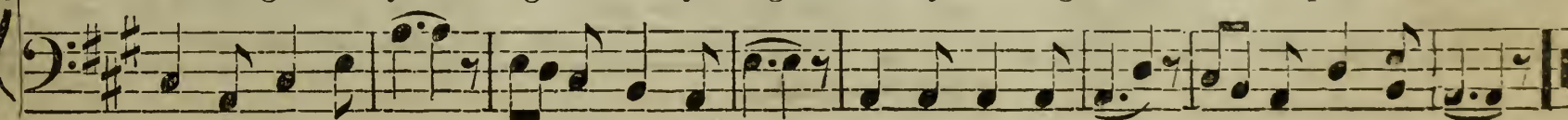
MURMUR GENTLE LYRE.



1. Mur - mur gen - tle lyre, Through the lonely night ; Let thy trembling wire, Waken pure de - light.
2. Though the tones of sorrow, Min - gle in thy strain ; Yet my heart can borrow Pleasure from the pain.
3. Hark, the quiv'ring breezes ! List, the silv'-ry sound ; Ev'-ry tu - mult ceas-es, Silence reigns a - round.
4. Earth be-low is sleeping, Meadow, hill and grove : An-gel stars are keeping Si - lent watch a - bove.



Murmur gen - tle lyre, Through the lone-ly night ; Let thy trembling wire, . . . Waken pure de - light.



CHEERFULLY.

1. Hap-py are we { to-night, friends, } Hap-py, hap-py are we; The hearts that we de-
 2. Ma-ny will be { to-day, boys, } Ma-ny, ma-ny the mile, That we shall rove and
 3. Wea-ry we may re-turn, friends, Wea-ry, wea-ry at last; But mem-o-ry will

light, friends, With us may hap-py be. Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And
 smile, friends, With those we ne'er be - guile. The voices we have oft - en heard, And
 learn, friends, To love the hap-py past. Age may bring us gloom - y hours, And

sigh for those in pain; The most of us have met be-fore, And now we meet a - gain.
 fa - ces we have met; Like tones of sweet-est mel-o - dy, We nev - er can for - get.
 time may make us sad, But we to-night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad.

* First verse each time.

EVENING SONG.

H.

141

1. If I've ful - filled my dai - ly task a - right, And eve - ry du - ty done; There's
2. But woe to him, whose eye's suf - fused and dim With sin re - memb'ring tears, No

joy to me when dark-est shades of night Shall cloud the sink-ing Sun; When na-ture is re-
an - guish ev - er can re-store to him The joys of wast-ed years; O, precious is the

pos-ing In evening's ling'ring ray, How peaceful is the clos - ing Of eve-ry well-spent day.
pow - er And time that God hath given! May I, each day, each passing hour, Lay up some store in heaven.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

W. B. BRADBURY.
From the "Oriola," by permission.

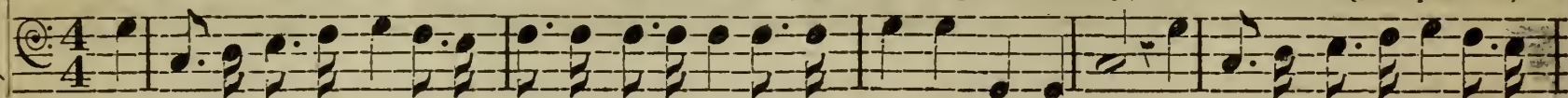
GIRLS.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

GIRLS.

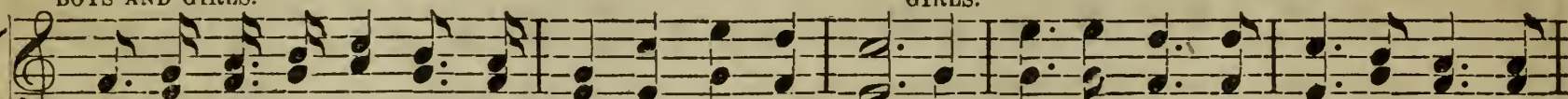


1. We love to sing together, We love to sing together, To make our voices ring; We're always gay and happy, We're
2. Come, let us make sweet music, Come, let us make sweet music, Like birds that fly away; And look as bright as dewdrops, And
3. We'll sing of love and kindness, We'll sing of love and kindness, We'll sing of home and school; We'll sing of morn and midday, [We'll
4. And while we sing so cheerful, And while we sing so cheerful, We'll better grow each day; And then our songs of pleasure, And

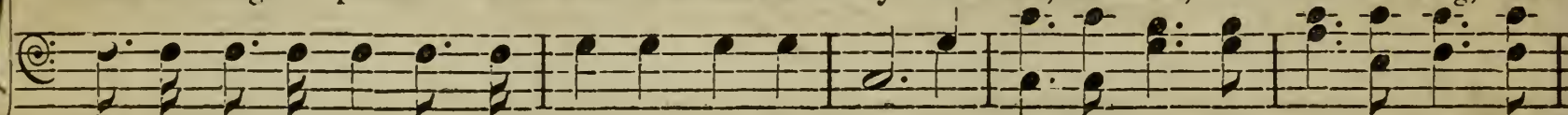


BOYS AND GIRLS.

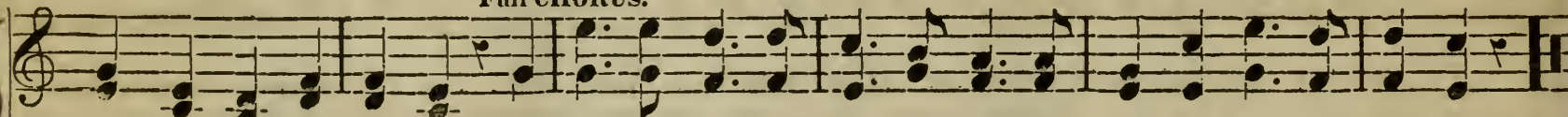
GIRLS.



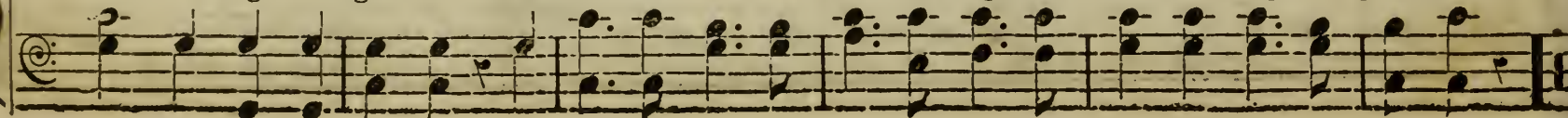
al-ways gay and hap-py, When comes the hour to - sing. We love, we love, we love to sing, We
look as bright as dew-drops In warm and sun - ny May. We love, we love, we love to sing, We
sing of morn and mid-day, And eve - ning breez - es cool. We love, we love, we love to sing, We
then our songs of pleas-ure Will nev - er fade a - way. We love, we love, we love to sing, We



Full CHORUS.



love to sing to - geth - er; We love, we love, we love to sing, We love to sing to - geth - er.

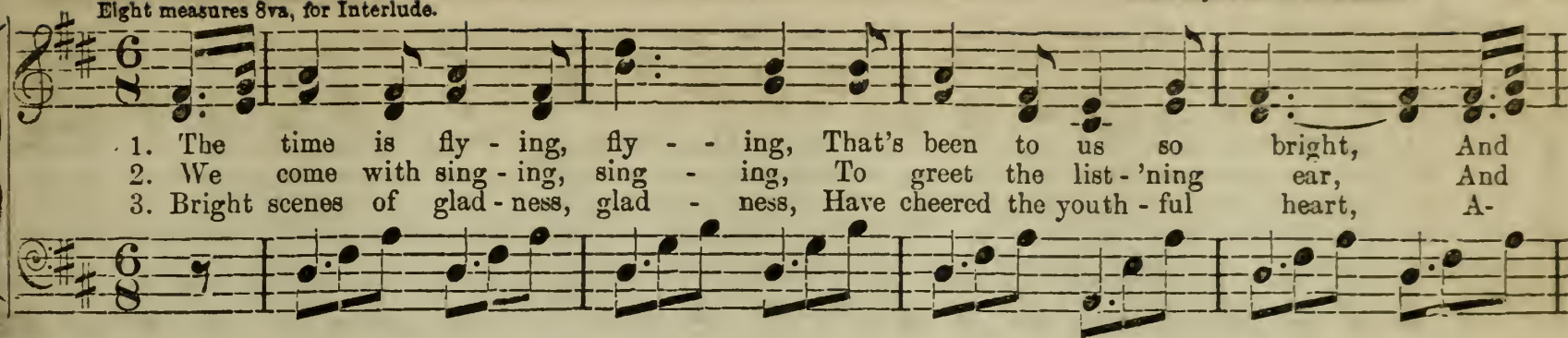


PARTING SONG.

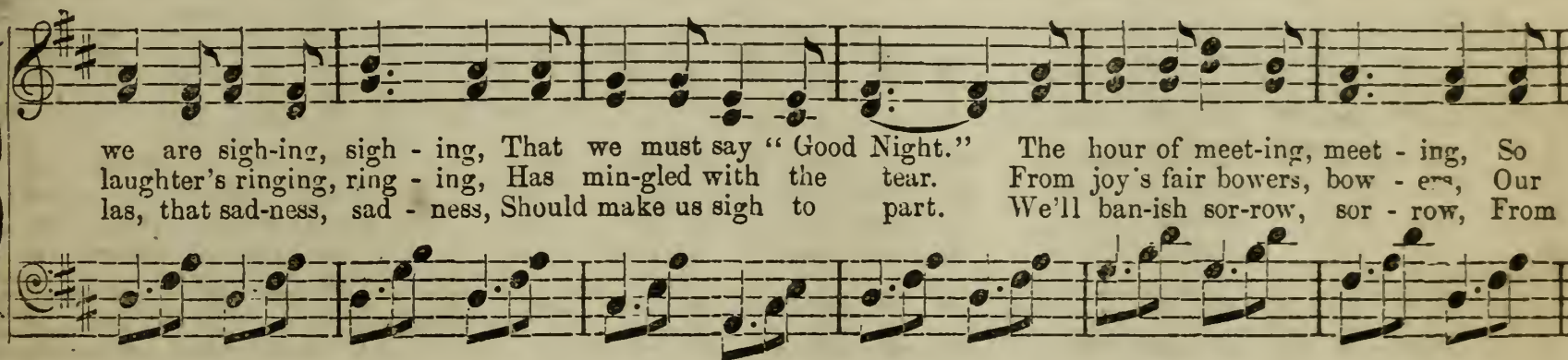
W.
Words by Miss L. J. KNAPP.

143

Eight measures 8va, for Interlude.

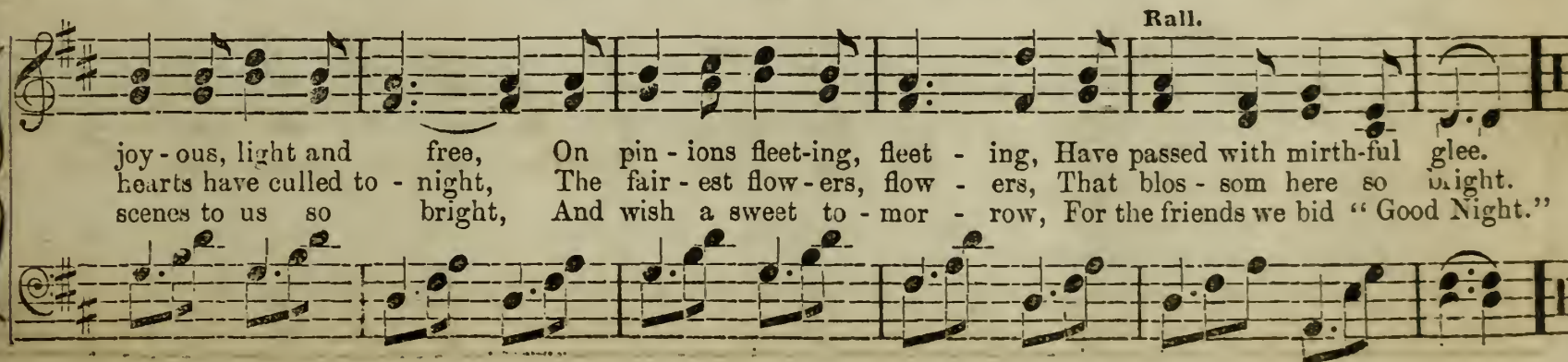


1. The time is fly - ing, fly - - ing, That's been to us so bright, And
2. We come with sing - ing, sing - ing, To greet the list - 'ning ear, And
3. Bright scenes of glad - ness, glad - ness, Have cheered the youth - ful heart, A-



we are sigh-ing, sigh - ing, That we must say "Good Night." The hour of meet-ing, meet - ing, So
laughter's ringing, ring - ing, Has min-gled with the tear. From joy's fair bowers, bow - ers, Our
las, that sad-ness, sad - ness, Should make us sigh to part. We'll ban-ish sor-row, sor - row, From

Rall.



joy - ous, light and free, On pin - ions fleet-ing, fleet - ing, Have passed with mirth-ful glee.
hearts have culled to - night, The fair - est flow - ers, flow - ers, That blos - som here so bright.
scenes to us so bright, And wish a sweet to - mor - row, For the friends we bid "Good Night."

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.

H. TUCKER.

By permission of Firth, Pond & Co.

1. Call the chil-dren ear - ly, moth - er, While the birds do sing, While the dew is on the flowers
 2. Call the chil-dren ear - ly, fa - ther, While the dew is on; Great the work that must be done
 3. Call the chil-dren ear - ly, teach - er, To their wond'ring eyes Ev - 'ry Sabbath day set forth
 4. Call the chil-dren, Spir - it ho - ly, With thy word of power, Call them ear - ly, call them ear - ly,

Cres - cen - - do.

Which by the hill-side spring; Oft re - peat the wak - ing word, Till they rise to praise the
 Be - fore the morn - ing's gone; Call them round the al - tar bright, On which burns de - vo - tion's
 The pearl of rich - est price; Call them ear - ly to the Lord, Thou shalt reap a rich re -
 In the morning's hour; Ere their hearts in sin grow hard, Ere the gate of heaven is

Rit. a tempo.

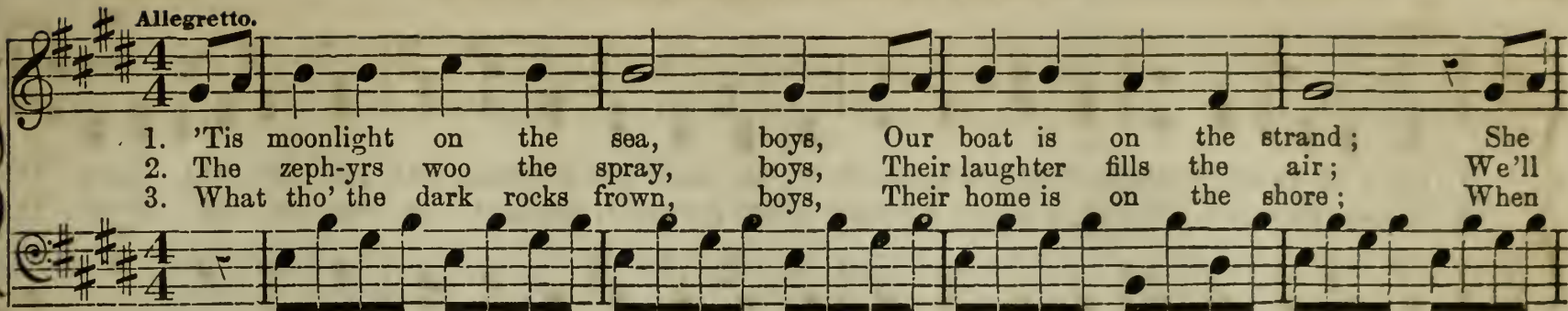
Lord, Oft re - peat the wak - ing word, Till they rise to praise the Lord.
 light, Call them round, &c.
 ward. Call them ear - ly, &c.
 barred. Ere their hearts, &c.

DIP, BOYS, DIP THE OAR.

SARONA.

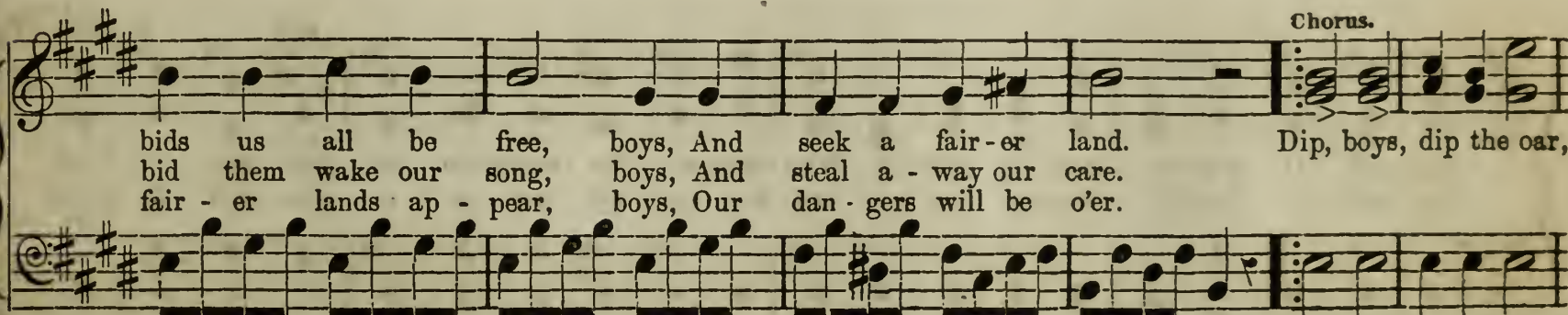
145

Allegretto.

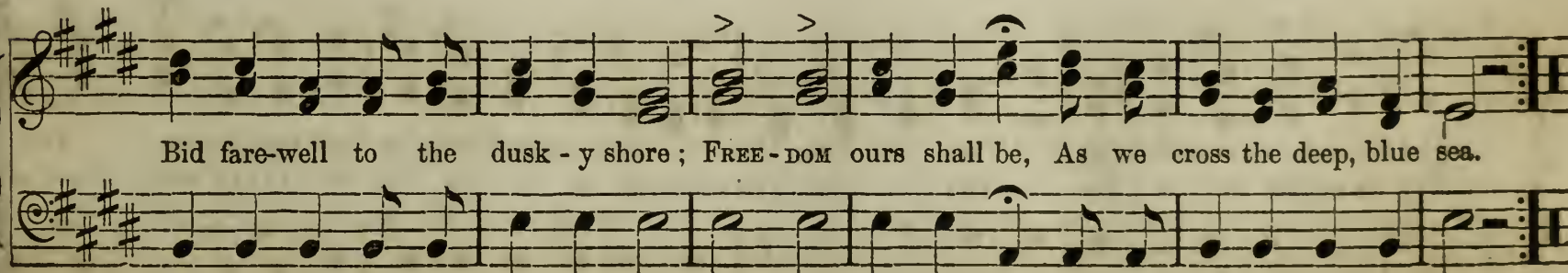


1. 'Tis moonlight on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
 2. The zeph-yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laughter fills the air; We'll
 3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

Chorus.



bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair-er land. Dip, boys, dip the oar,
 bid them wake our song, boys, And steal a-way our care.
 fair-er lands ap-pear, boys, Our dan-gers will be o'er.



Bid fare-well to the dusk-y shore; FREE-DOM ours shall be, As we cross the deep, blue sea.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

SCOTCH.

Lively.

1. Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, O - ver moor and mountain hath past the war sign; The
2. Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland, Sheath the sword, Scotland, for dim is its shrine; Thy

Fine.

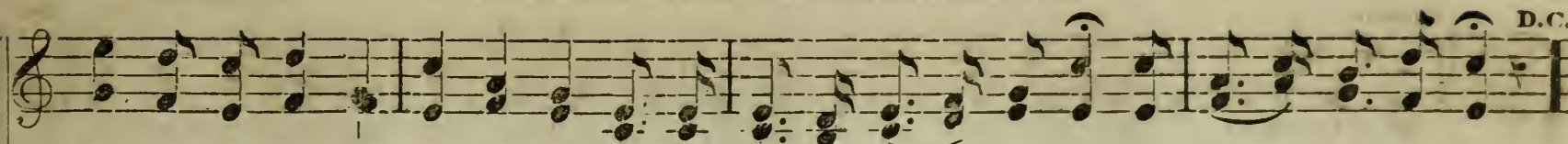
pi-broch is peal-ing, peal-ing, peal-ing, Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
foe - men are flee-ing, flee-ing, flee-ing, And who kens nae mer - cy is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea, The
The struggle is o - ver, o - ver, o - ver, The struggle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won; There are

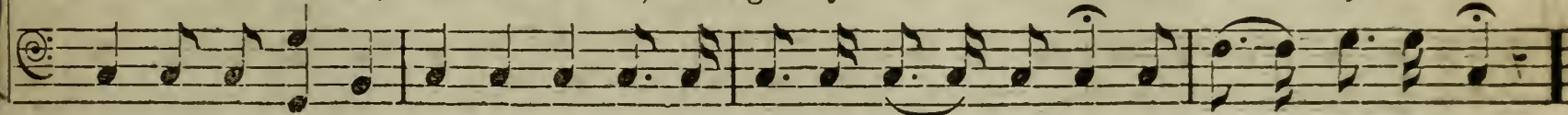
DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND. Concluded.

147

D.C.

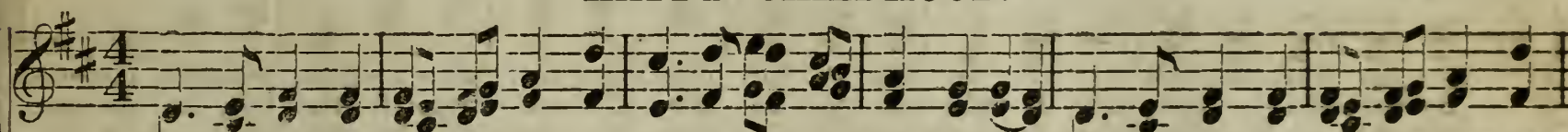


ban-ners are fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing, The ban-ners, they are fly-ing, that lead to vic-to-ry.
tears for the fall-en, fall-en fall-en, And glo-ry for all who their du-ty have done.

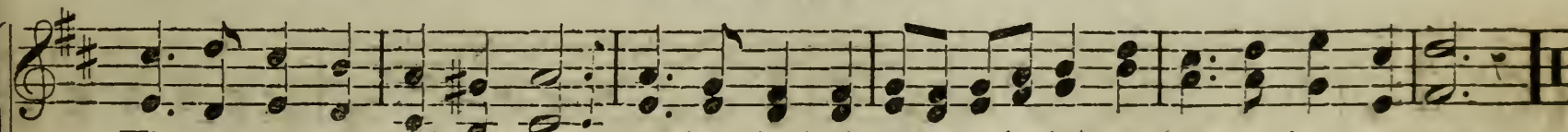
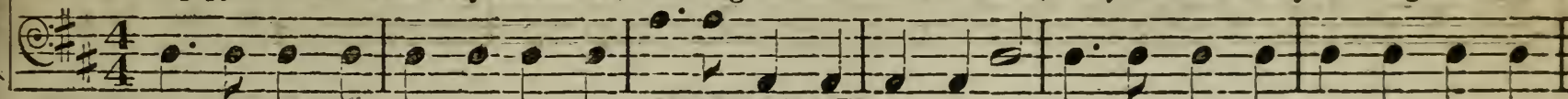


HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

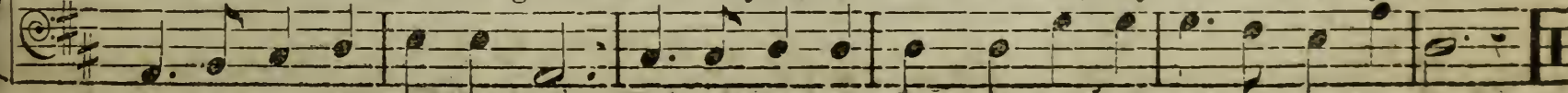
*



1. Hap-py childhood, mer-ry childhood, Sunny morn of life's short day, Why so quick-ly dost thou leave us,
2. Hap-py childhood, mer-ry childhood, Free from sorrow, sin and blight, Careless, joyous, thoughtless moments,
3. Hap-py childhood, mer-ry childhood, Trusting, in-no-cent and brave, Why should all thy lov-ing kindness



Why so soon do shad-ows stray! Pass-ing in 'twixt us and gladness, Dark-en-ing our way.
Why so quick-ly take your flight! Why break the spell ere noon ar-rives, And bid us look for night!
Find with-in our hearts a grave! While in years of care and toil, Thy faith we sad-ly crave.



WE DELIGHT IN OUR SCHOOL.

From Bradbury's "Singing Bird."
By permission.

Unison.

1. We de - light in our school, We'll o - bey eve - ry rule, And the high - way to knowl - edge pur - sue ;
 2. We will not lag be - hind, In the race of the mind, But will strive to be found in the van ;
 3. But if then we should fail, O - ver all to pre - vail, See - ing this may be out of our power ;
 4. All our words shall be kind— All our con - duct re - fined— A - bove all, we will try to do right.

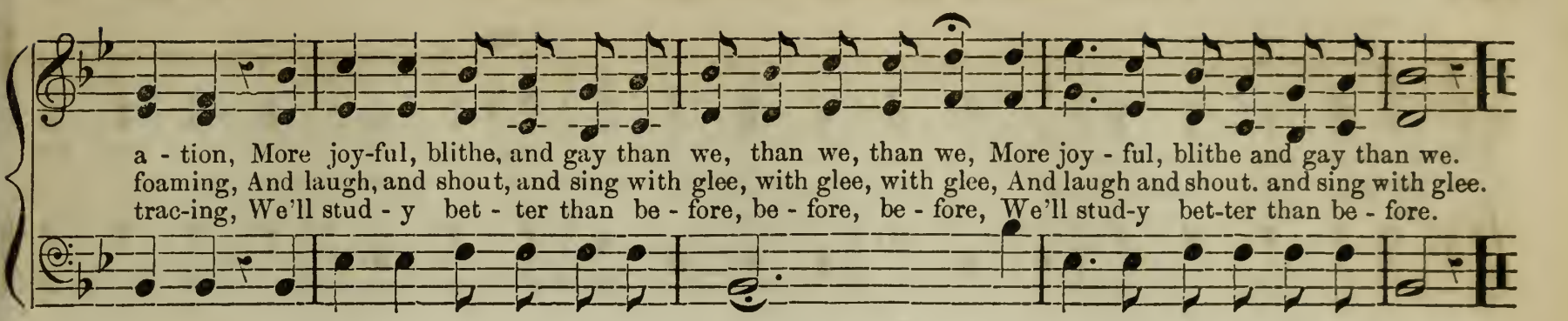
So our teach - er shall say, At the close of each day, That we're dil - i - gent, peace - ful and true.
 By hard stud - y and care, It will not be un - fair, To out - strip all the rest, if we can.
 Although los - ing the prize, It would nev - er be wise, To be peev - ish, and mood - y and sour.
 Then although we may grieve, When the school we shall leave, We will think of it oft, with de - light.

VACATION.

From Bradbury's "Singing Bird."
By permission.

Lively. Unison.

1. Va - ca - tion, boys, now comes va - ca - tion, How free and hap - py shall we be ; There's not a bird in all cre -
 2. Come! thro' the greenwood freely roaming, Come, nimbly climb the fallen tree, Wade thro' the wa - ter deep, and
 3. Now playing, shouting, running, racing, We'll frolic till va - ca - tion's o'er, Then back to school our way re -



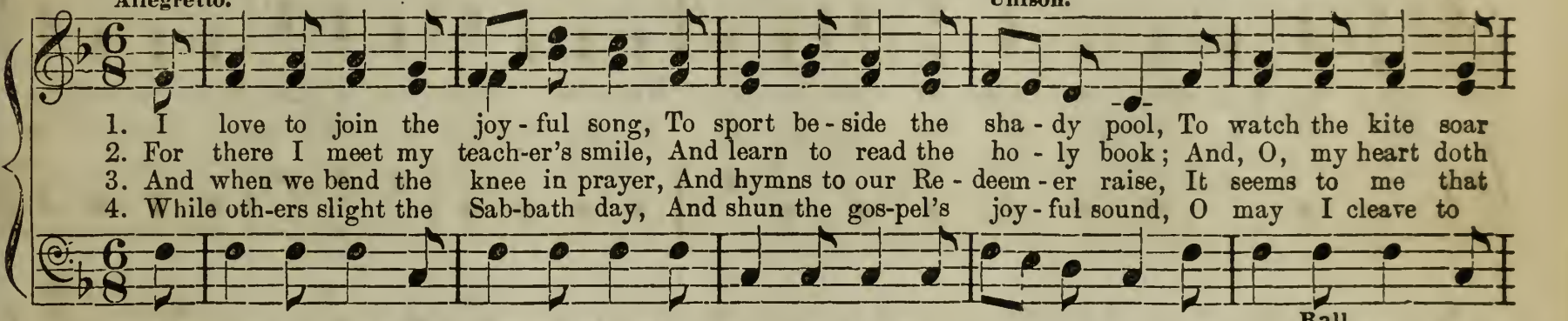
a - tion, More joy-ful, blithe, and gay than we, than we, than we, More joy - ful, blithe and gay than we.
foaming, And laugh, and shout, and sing with glee, with glee, with glee, And laugh and shout. and sing with glee.
trac-ing, We'll stud - y bet - ter than be - fore, be - fore, be - fore, We'll stud-y bet-ter than be - fore.

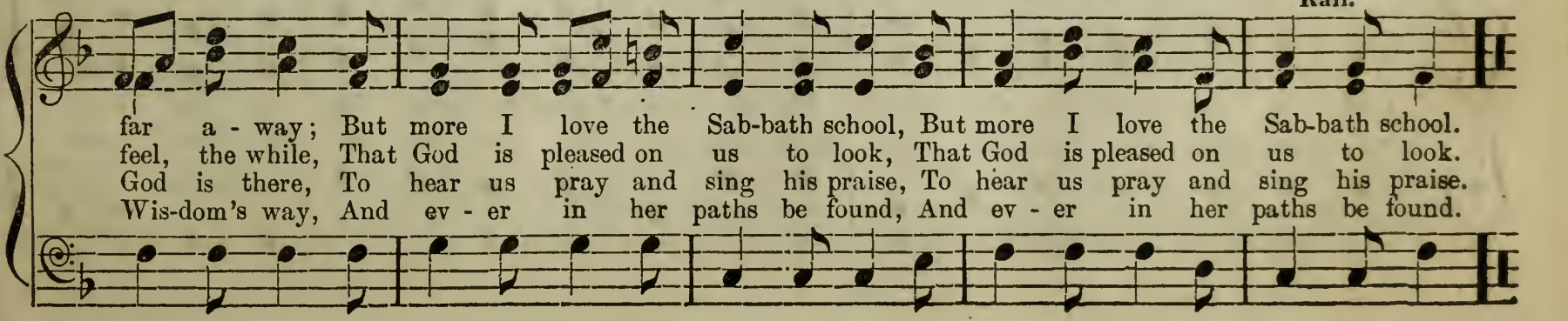
SABBATH SCHOOL SONG.

From "Baker's School Music Book."
By permission.

Allegretto.

Unison.

- 
1. I love to join the joy-ful song, To sport be-side the sha-dy pool, To watch the kite soar
 2. For there I meet my teach-er's smile, And learn to read the ho-ly book; And, O, my heart doth
 3. And when we bend the knee in prayer, And hymns to our Re-deem-er raise, It seems to me that
 4. While oth-ers slight the Sab-bath day, And shun the gos-pel's joy-ful sound, O may I cleave to



far a - way; But more I love the Sab-bath school, But more I love the Sab-bath school.
feel, the while, That God is pleased on us to look, That God is pleased on us to look.
God is there, To hear us pray and sing his praise, To hear us pray and sing his praise.
Wis-dom's way, And ev - er in her paths be found, And ev - er in her paths be found.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR.

W. O. PERKINS.

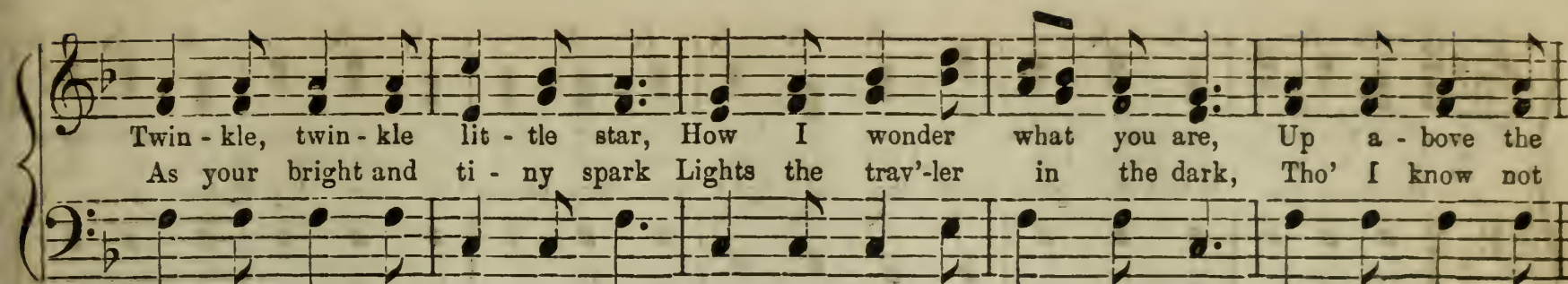
1. Twin - kle, twin - kle lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are, Up a - bove the
2. Then the trav' - ler in the dark, Thanks you for your ti - ny spark; He could not see which

world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky! When the blazing sun is gone, When you nothing
way to go, If you did not twinkle so. In the dark blue sky you keep, And often thro' my

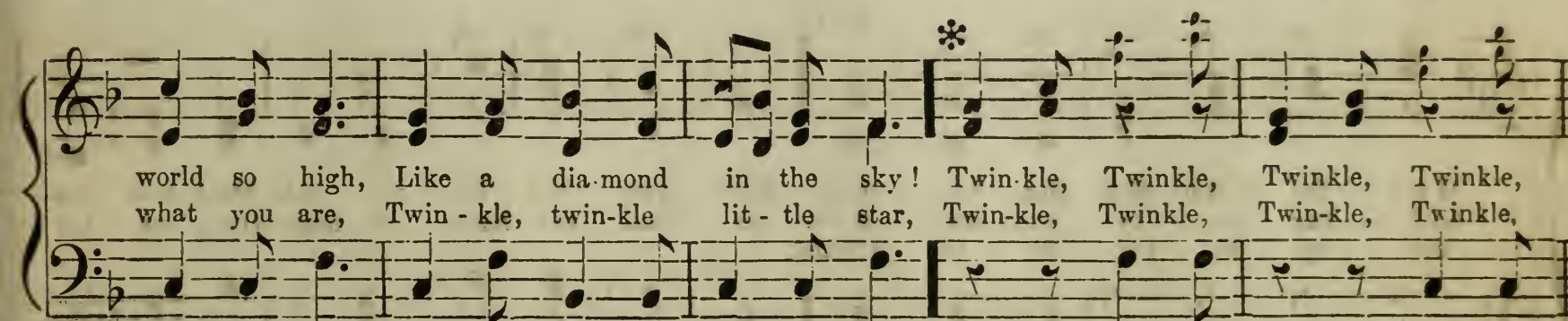
shine up - on, Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin - kle, twin - kle, all the night.
cur - tains peep, For you nev - er shut your eye Till the sun is in the sky.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR. Concluded.

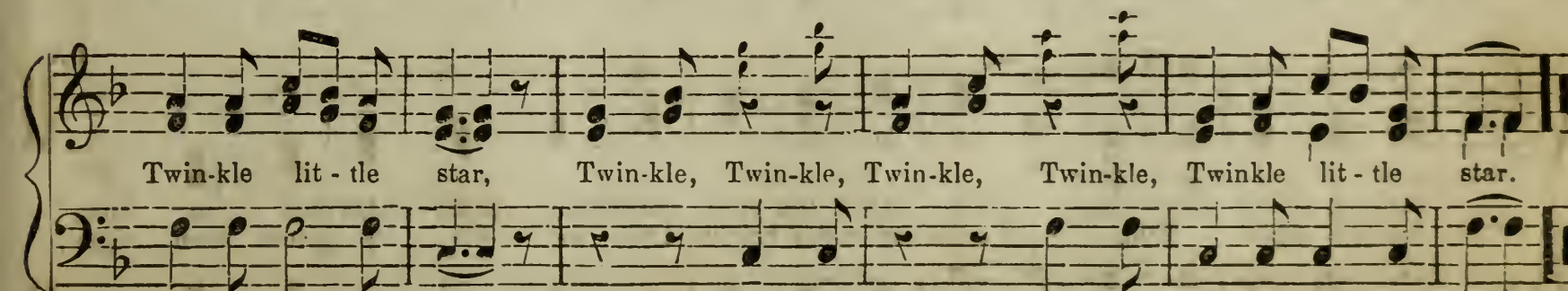
151



Twin - kle, twin - kle lit - tle star, How I wonder what you are, Up a - bove the
As your bright and ti - ny spark Lights the trav'-ler in the dark, Tho' I know not



world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky! * Twin-ke, Twinkle, Twinkle, Twinkle,
what you are, Twin - kle, twin-ke lit - tle star, Twin-ke, Twinkle, Twin-ke, Twinkle,

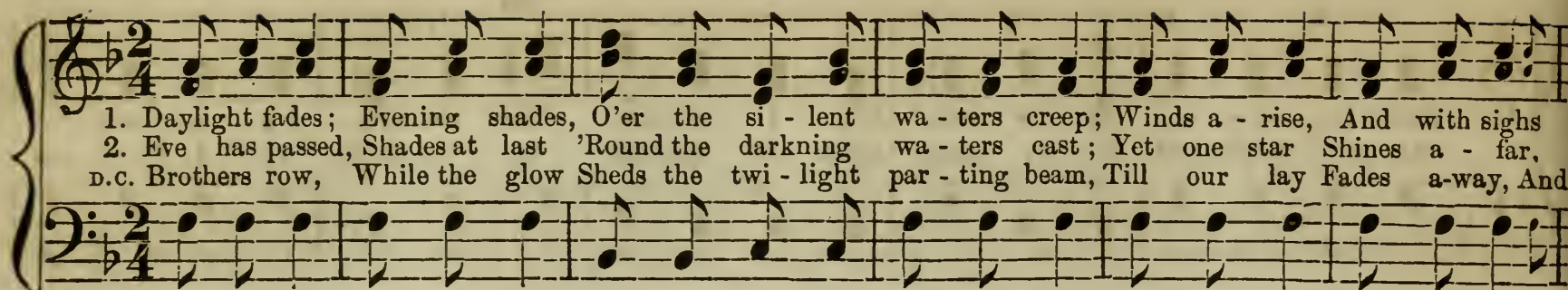


Twin-ke lit - tle star, Twin-ke, Twin-ke, Twin-ke, Twin-ke, Twinkle lit - tle star.

* Two measures from GLOVER.

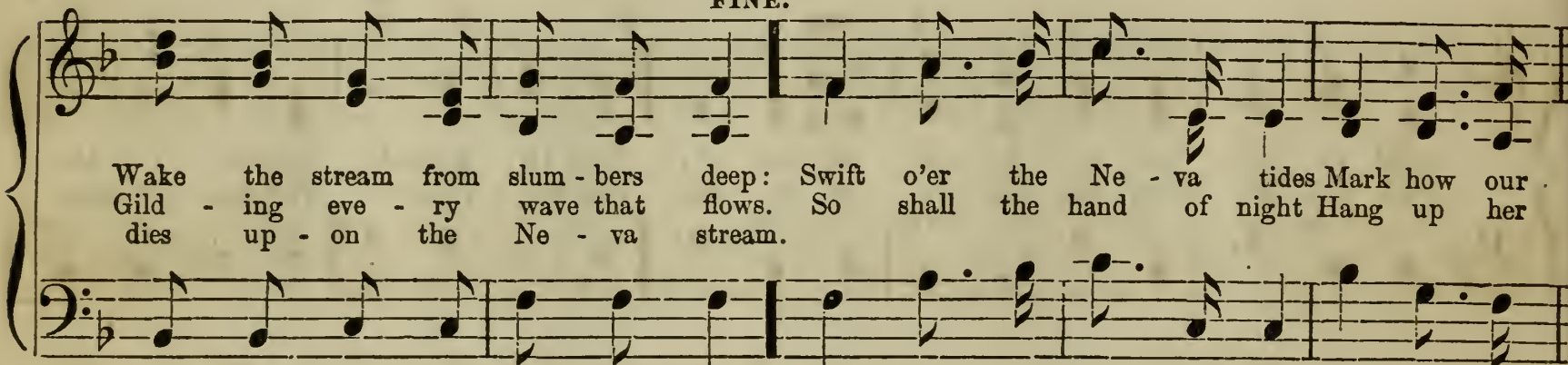
NEVA BOATMAN'S SONG.

S. NELSON.



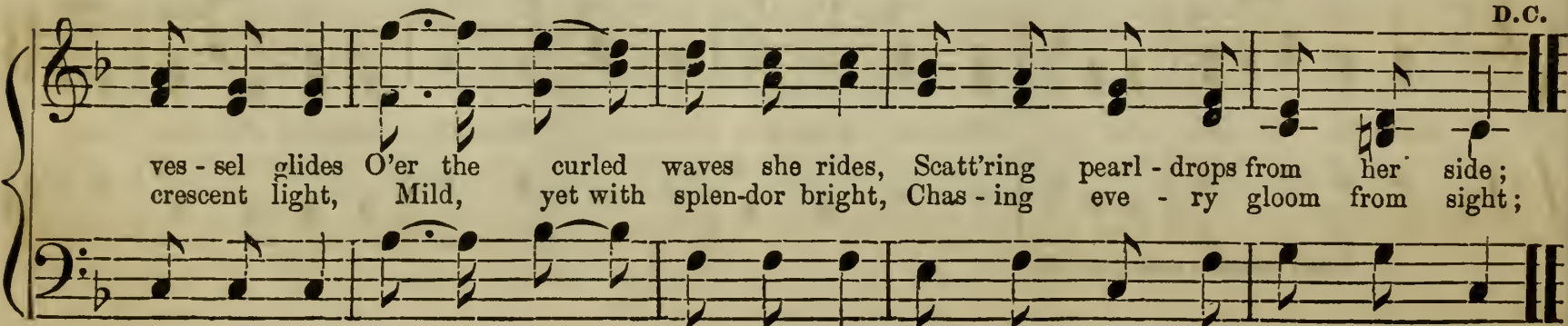
1. Daylight fades; Evening shades, O'er the si - lent wa - ters creep; Winds a - rise, And with sighs
 2. Eve has passed, Shades at last 'Round the darkning wa - ters cast; Yet one star Shines a - far,
 D.C. Brothers row, While the glow Sheds the twi - light par - ting beam, Till our lay Fades a-way, And

FINE.



Wake the stream from slum - bers deep: Swift o'er the Ne - va tides Mark how our
 Gild - ing eve - ry wave that flows. So shall the hand of night Hang up her
 dies up - on the Ne - va stream.

D.C.

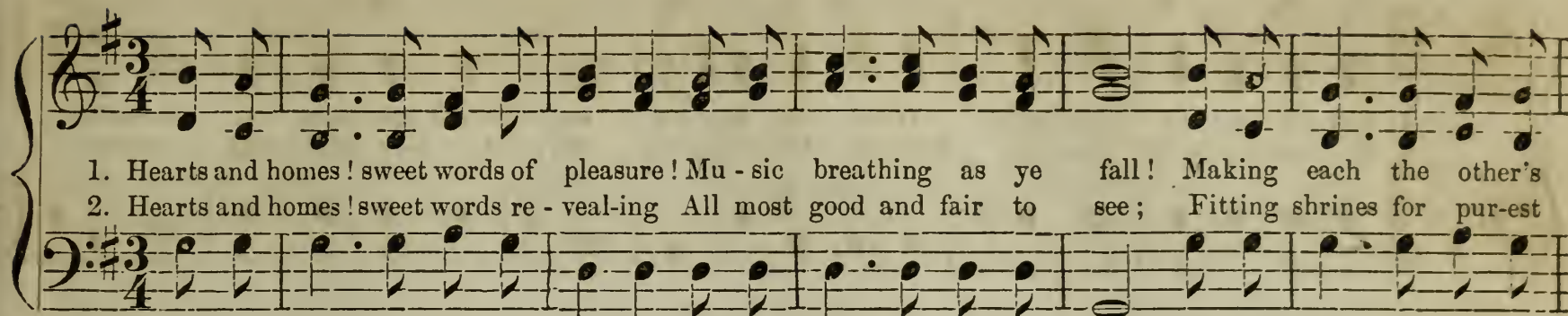


ves - sel glides O'er the curled waves she rides, Scatt'ring pearl - drops from her side;
 crescent light, Mild, yet with splen - dor bright, Chas - ing eve - ry gloom from sight;

HEARTS AND HOMES.

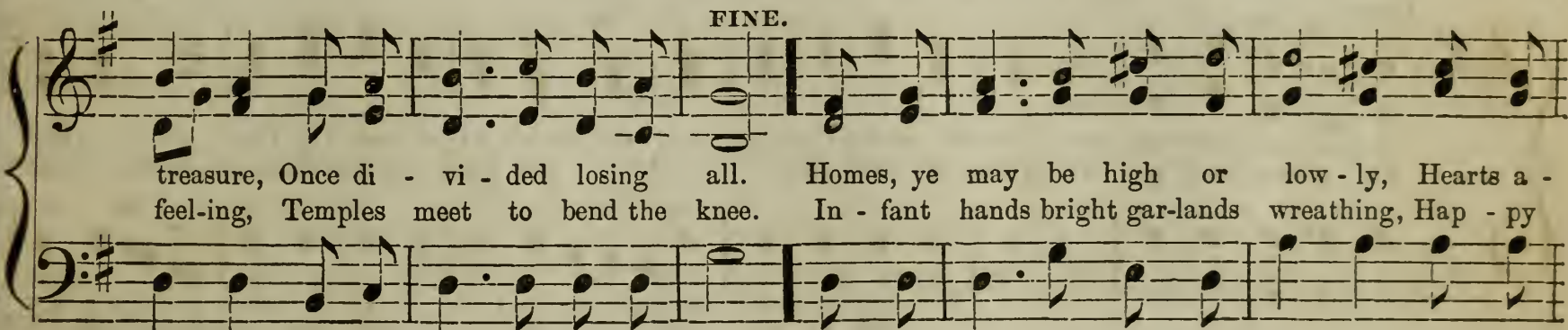
BLOCKLEY.

153



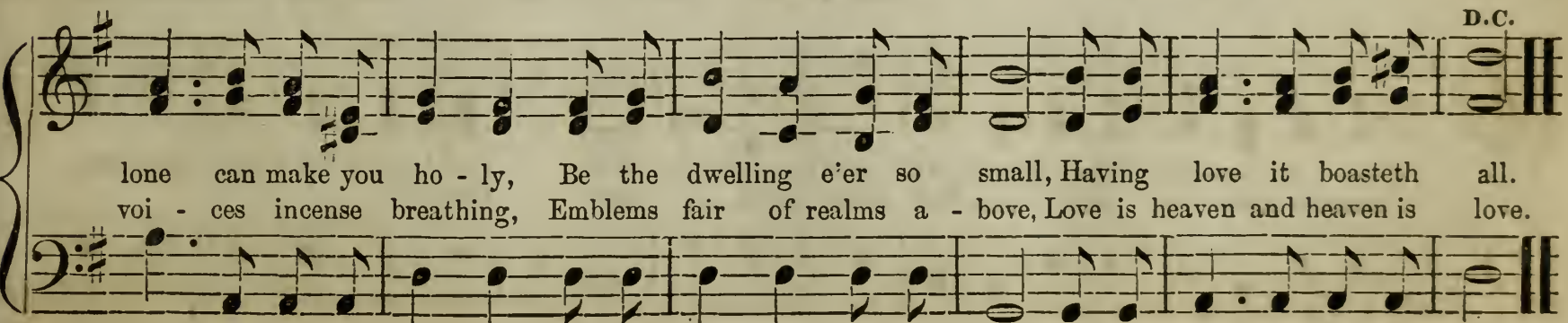
1. Hearts and homes ! sweet words of pleasure ! Mu - sic breathing as ye fall ! Making each the other's
 2. Hearts and homes ! sweet words re - veal-ing All most good and fair to see ; Fitting shrines for pur-est

FINE.



treasure, Once di - vi - ded losing all. Homes, ye may be high or low - ly, Hearts a -
 feel-ing, Temples meet to bend the knee. In - fant hands bright gar-lands wreathing, Hap - py

D.C.



lone can make you ho - ly, Be the dwelling e'er so small, Having love it boasteth all.
 voi - ces incense breathing, Emblems fair of realms a - bove, Love is heaven and heaven is love.

LIST! 'TIS MUSIC STEALING.

BLOCKLEY.

1. List 'tis mu-sic stealing, Over the rippling sea; Bright yon moon is beam-ing
 2. Mu - sic sounds the sweetest When on the rippling sea; Our bark sails the fleet-est

Cres.

O - ver each tower and tree; 'The waves seem list'ning to the sound, As si - lent - ly they flow, O'er
 To a sweet mel - o - dy; Then as we're gently sail - ing, We'll sing that plaintive strain, Which

The waves seem list'ning to the sound, As si - lent - ly they flow, O'er
 Then as we gent - ly sail, We'll sing that plaintive strain, Which

co - ral groves and fai-ry ground, And sparkling caves be - low. List! 'tis mu - sic stealing,
 memory makes en - dear - ing, And home recalls a - gain. List, &c.

O - ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming, O - ver each tower and tree.

List, list, List to the convent bells, List, list, List to the convent bells.

List, List, List, List,

LITTLE THINGS.

1. What if the little rain should say, So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields, I'll tarry in the sky?
 2. What if a shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone Can - not create a day?
 3. Doth not each rain-drop help to form The cool, refreshing shower? And every ray of light, to warm And beauti - fy the flower?

HUNTER'S SONG.

Lively.

1. O, a mer - ry life does the hunter lead, He wakes with the dawn of day ; He calls his dog, and he
 2. O, the hun-ter's life is the life for me, Yes, this is the life for man ; Let oth-ers sing of the
 3. Then give me my gun, I've an eye to mark The deer as he bounds a-long ; My steed and my dog, and the

CHORUS.

mounts his steed, And bounds to the woods away. Then come, come away, ye hunters gay, Where the doe and the fawn in the
 swelling sea, But, ah! match the woods if you can. Then come, come away, ye hunters gay, Where the doe and the fawn in the
 tune - ful lark, To warble my morn - ing song. Then come, come away, ye hunters gay, Where the doe and the fawn in the

Rit.

wildwoods play ; There the hound will bound in his merry, merry glee, O, the hunter's life is the life for me.

SLIDING SONG.

†

157

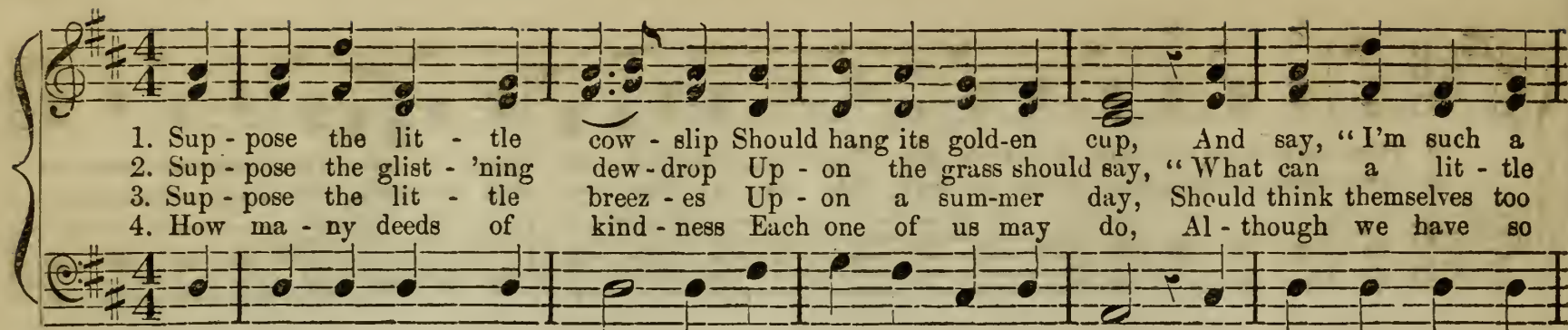
1. Come out, come out, this win-ter's day, Come out, come out, and sport with me, Our books and stud-ies
 2. Then haste, companions, haste a - way, The day is frost - y, cold and still, We'll have some no-ble

Fine. Unison.

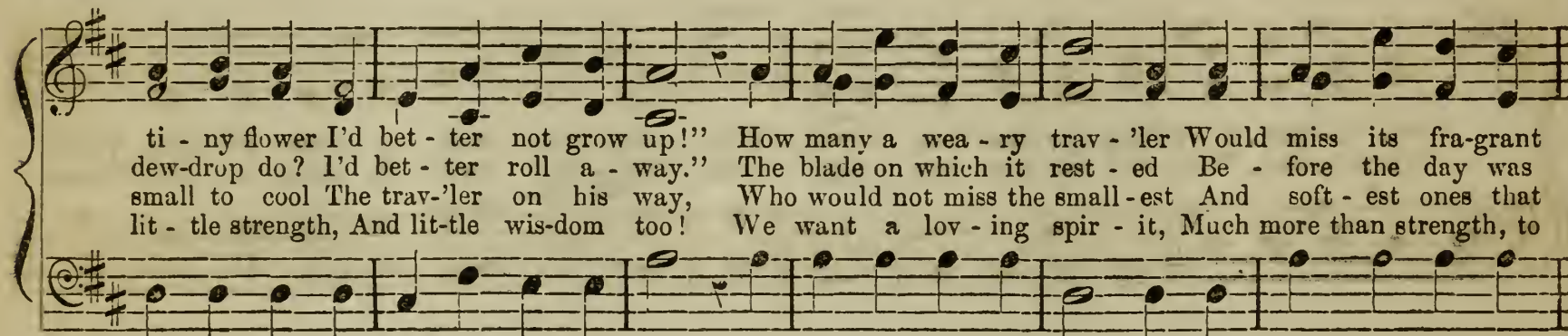
far a - way, We're hap - py now and free, While slid - ing swift - ly down the hill, While
 sport to-day, While slid - ing down the hill, While slid - ing swift - ly down the hill, While

D.C.

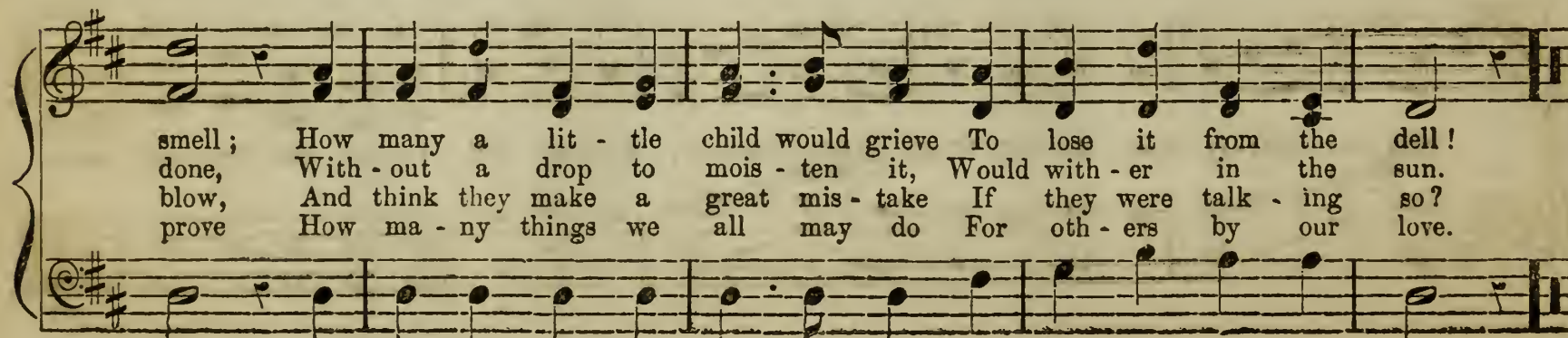
slid - ing swift - ly down the hill, While slid - ing swift - ly down the hill, O - ver the fro - zen snow.



1. Sup - pose the lit - tle cow - slip Should hang its gold-en cup, And say, "I'm such a
 2. Sup - pose the glist - 'ning dew-drop Up - on the grass should say, "What can a lit - tle
 3. Sup - pose the lit - tle breez - es Up - on a sum-mer day, Should think themselves too
 4. How ma - ny deeds of kind - ness Each one of us may do, Al - though we have so



ti - ny flower I'd bet - ter not grow up!" How many a wea - ry trav - 'ler Would miss its fra-grant
 dew-drop do? I'd bet - ter roll a - way." The blade on which it rest - ed Be - fore the day was
 small to cool The trav-'ler on his way, Who would not miss the small - est And soft - est ones that
 lit - tle strength, And lit-tle wis-dom too! We want a lov - ing spir - it, Much more than strength, to

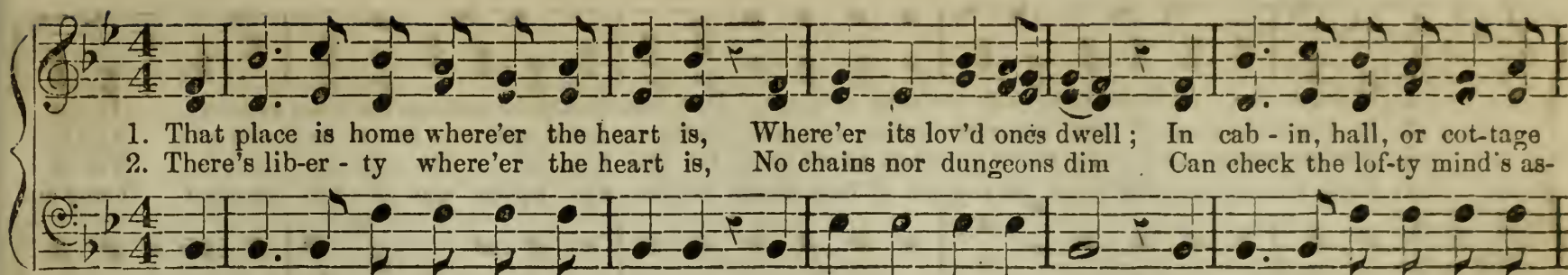


smell; How many a lit - tle child would grieve To lose it from the dell!
 done, With - out a drop to mois - ten it, Would with - er in the sun.
 blow, And think they make a great mis - take If they were talk - ing so?
 prove How ma - ny things we all may do For oth - ers by our love.

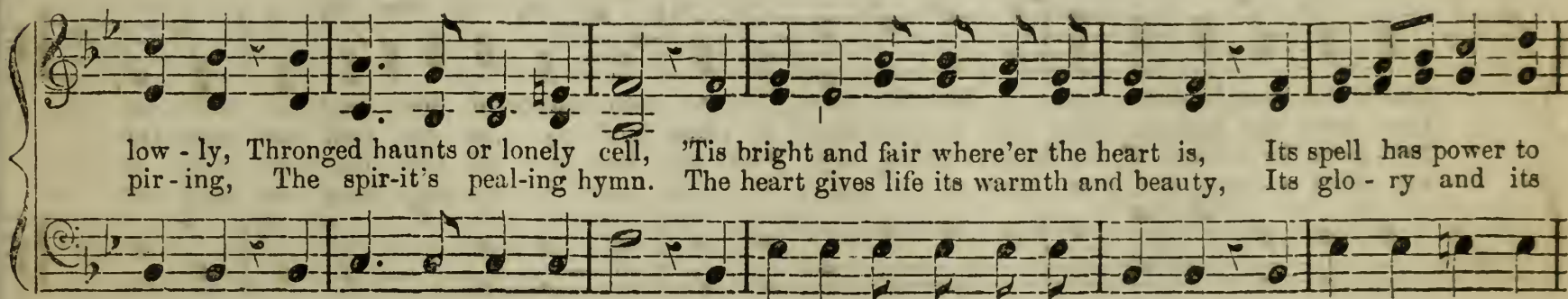
THAT PLACE IS HOME.

Music Arr. from BARKER

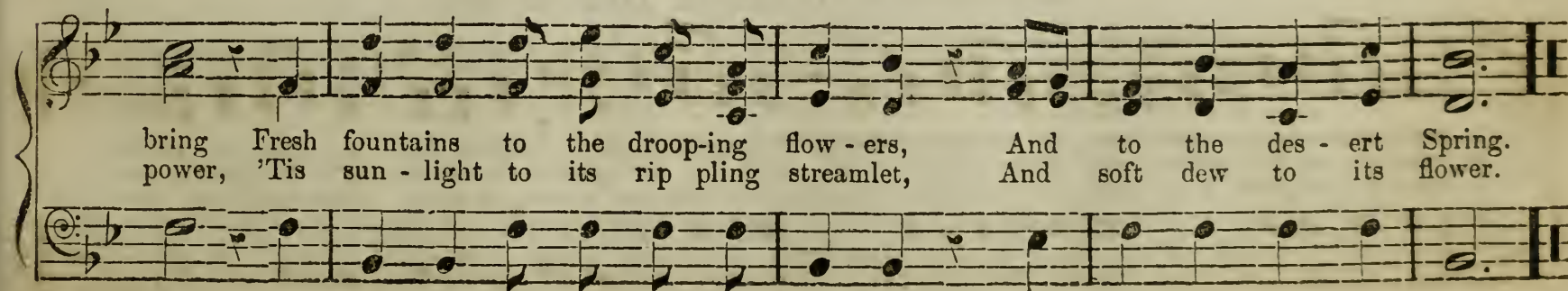
159



1. That place is home where'er the heart is, Where'er its lov'd ones dwell; In cab-in, hall, or cot-tage
 2. There's lib-er-ty where'er the heart is, No chains nor dungeons dim Can check the lof-ty mind's as-



low-ly, Thronged haunts or lonely cell, 'Tis bright and fair where'er the heart is, Its spell has power to
 pir-ing, The spir-it's peal-ing hymn. The heart gives life its warmth and beauty, Its glo-ry and its



bring Fresh fountains to the droop-ing flow-ers, And to the des-ert Spring.
 power, 'Tis sun-light to its rip pling streamlet, And soft dew to its flower.

DEAREST MOTHER.

W. WILLIAMS.
From the "Song Wreath," by permission.

1. If there be, as there is in this "valley of tears," One remembrance more sweet than another, It is
 2. In the wide span of mem'ry, now circling the past, There are lov'd ones long lost to each oth-er ; And as
 3. Tho' en-deared as it is, think as much as we may Of the love of a sis-ter or broth-er, Yet it
 4. Then I'll cherish this love, 'tis a spark of that flame, Which age up-on age can-not smother, 'Twas en-

that which runs back to our in-fan-tile years, The re-mem-brance of thee, dear-est moth-er.
 thou wert the first, so thou wilt be the last, To smile fond-ly on me, dear-est moth-er.
 bor-rows the warmth of its bright-en-ing ray, From thy heav-en of love, dear-est moth-er.
 kin-dled a-bove, and from heav-en it came ; O, then, may it, be mine, dear-est moth-er.

BRIGHTLY GLEAMS THE MORN.

1. Brightly gleams the vernal morn, O-ver hill and plain, Fresh with beauties to adorn And o-dors to exhale.
 2. Sweet the tuneful anthems swell, Thro' the balmy air, And the din-gle and the dell Give back the notes so rare.
 3. Feathered songsters, every day, Tune your throats to praise, Soaring heav'nward, far away, Higher anthems raise.

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Arr. from AUBER.

161

Allegretto.

D.C. 1. O, come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright-ly glow-ing, The winds have sunk to
2. All is still save the ech-o-ing song, Or dis-tant boat-men row-ing, Tho' bright may beam the

rest, And the tide is gent-ly flow-ing. tide is gent-ly flow-ing. My bark is on the
morn, Moonlit waves are more en-dear-ing. My bark, &c.

bay. And it on-ly waits for me, Its silk-en sails will throw Their shadows o'er the sea.
on the bay. And it on-ly waits for me, Its sails will throw Their shadows o'er the sea.

D.C.

SONG FOR FREEDOM.

SWISS MELODY.

1. Flow - - ers with fra - grance fill the balm - y air

2. Come, then, re - joice, my dear com - pan - ions, come!.....

3. Come, broth - er, sis - - ter, school-mates, com - rades, come!.....

As night de - scends in si - lence to re - pose;....

'Neath Free - dom's skies till morn is bright a - bove;....

And sing with us of Free - dom's bless - ings now;....

All, all is still, the sky is bright and clear.....

And the sweet cho - - - - - rus of the moun - tain wild.....

Come, then, re - joice, we'll trust in him who rules.....

SONG FOR FREEDOM. Concluded.

163

And now the day..... in glo - ry seems to close....
 Re - - - turn the notes.... of Free - dom and of love....
 Heav'n keep us safe..... thro' all earth's toil and woe....

Chorus.

Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the song,
 Voice.

Swell, swell the song, Swell, swell the

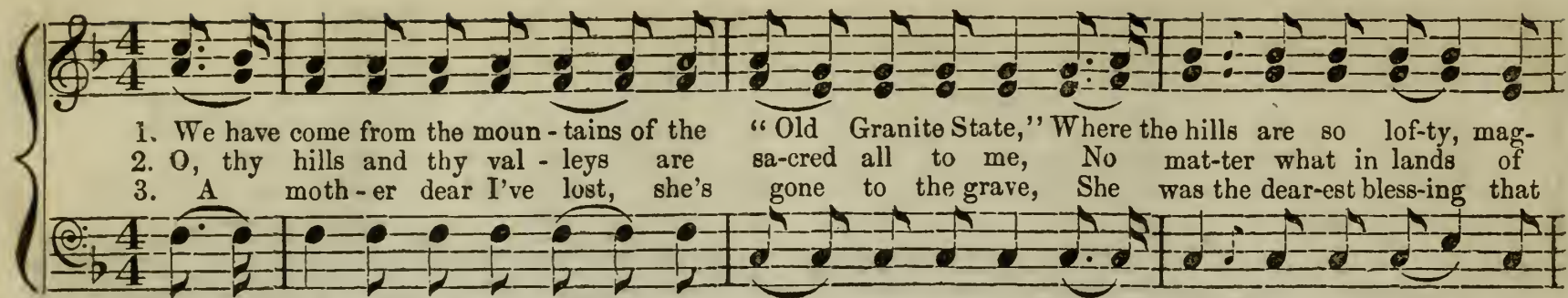
2nd time *ff*

Swell the theme of Free - dom o'er the land, loud and long.

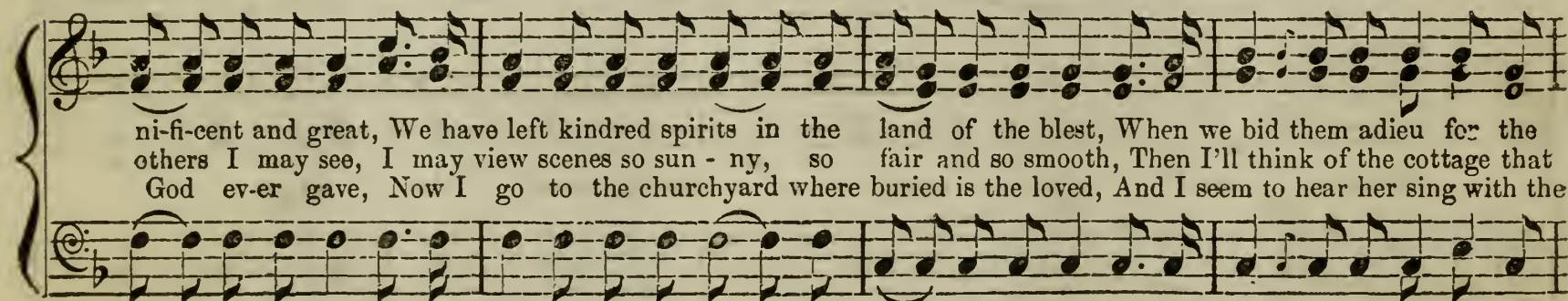
theme, the theme of Free - dom o'er the land, loud and long.

MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL.

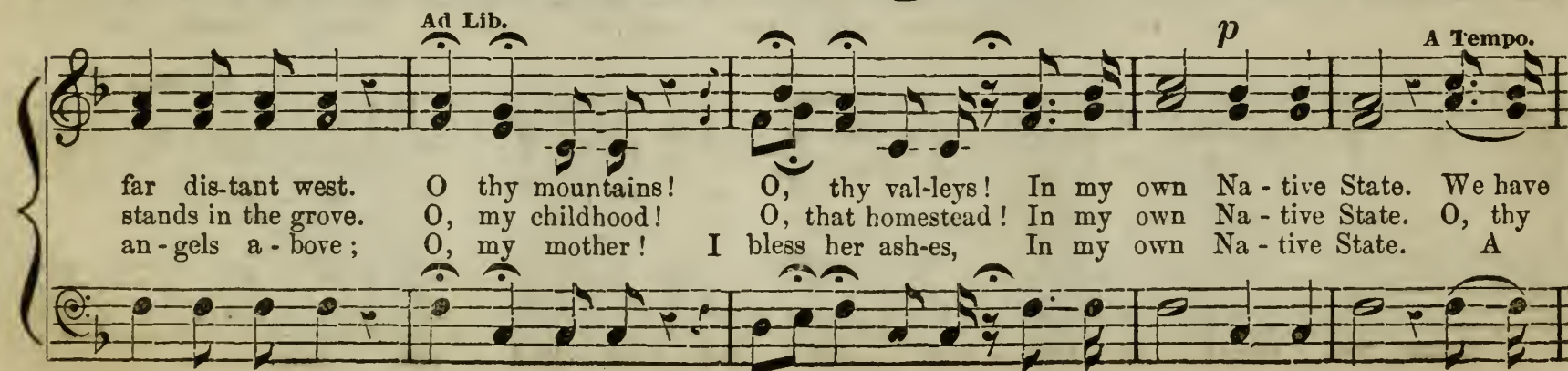
BAKER FAMILY.



1. We have come from the moun - tains of the " Old Granite State," Where the hills are so lof-ty, mag-
 2. O, thy hills and thy val - leys are sa-cred all to me, No mat-ter what in lands of
 3. A moth - er dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave, She was the dear-est bless-ing that



ni-fi-cent and great, We have left kindred spirits in the land of the blest, When we bid them adieu for the
 others I may see, I may view scenes so sun - ny, so fair and so smooth, Then I'll think of the cottage that
 God ev-er gave, Now I go to the churchyard where buried is the loved, And I seem to hear her sing with the



Ad Lib. *p* *A Tempo.*
 far dis-tant west. O thy mountains! O, thy val-leys! In my own Na - tive State. We have
 stands in the grove. O, my childhood! O, that homestead! In my own Na - tive State. O, thy
 an - gels a - bove; O, my mother! I bless her ash-es, In my own Na - tive State. A

MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL. Concluded.

165

come from the mountains of the "Old Granite State," Where the hills are so lof-ty, mag-ni-fi-cent and great.
hills and thy val-leys are sacred all to me, No matter what in lands of oth-ers I may see.
moth-er dear I've lost, she's gone to the grave, She was the dear-est blessing that God ev-er gave.

EFFIE.

Words by W. H. BURLEIGH.
Music by W.

1. Li - ly white her skin— Blue as heaven her eyes— And their depths with-in, Love, the An-gel, lies.
2. How the love-light plays O'er her forehead fair! How its gold-en rays Glo - ri - fy her hair!
3. When my bird's sweet voice, With its glad re - frain, Makes the air re - joice, I for - get my pain;
4. More can I dis - cern In her guileless looks, Bet - ter wis-dom learn Than from wisest books.

Sweetly murmured words, Mu - si - cal and low— Like the song of birds, From her red lips flow.
How the dim-ples small Twinkle round her face! How are fashioned all To the laws of grace!
I can bet-ter meet Sor-row, toil and care, When her lit-tle feet Pat-ter round my chair.
God! I owe thee much For the An-gel given, With the pledge that such Are, indeed, of Heaven.

THE ORPHAN'S GREETING.

Music by T. WOOD.
Words by MISS L. J. KNAPP.

Cheerfully.

1. We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, This smil-ing, fes-tal throng; We come to-night with
2. We come to greet, with ac-cents sweet, The Or-phan's faith-ful friend, And here to-night for
3. An - oth - er year, with smile and tear, Since last we met, hath flown, The fra-grant flower in
4. But time may flee, on pin - ions free, The flower may lose its hue, Still Heaven doth send the

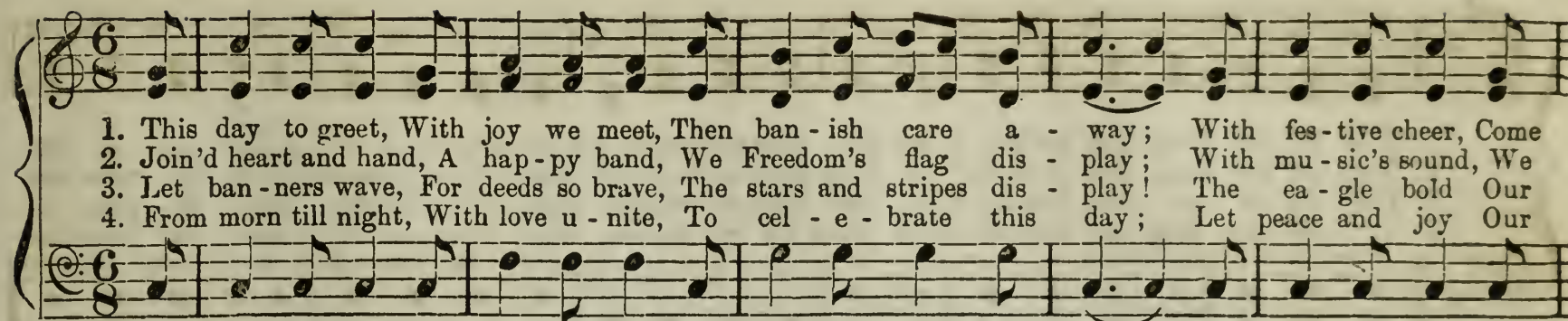
sweet de-light, To greet our friends with song. Then let the hours be crowned with flowers, Of Love, and Hope, and
their de-light, Our youth-ful notes we blend. Then let the hours be crowned with flowers, Of Love, and Hope, and
sum-mer bower, Hath bloomed again and gone. Then let the hours be crowned with flowers, Of Love, and Hope, and
orphan's friend, With warm heart, fond and true. Then let the hours be crowned with flowers, Of Love, and Hope, and

Joy. Let childhood's voice with song re-joyce, In bliss with-out al-loy. 1st. 2d. loy.

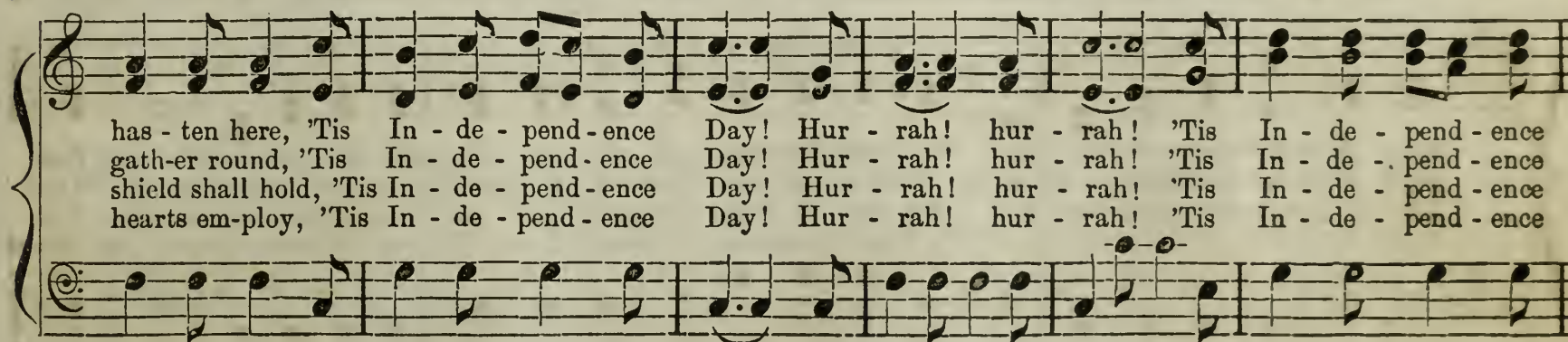
INDEPENDENCE DAY.

W. B. BRADBURY.
From the "Oriola," by permission.

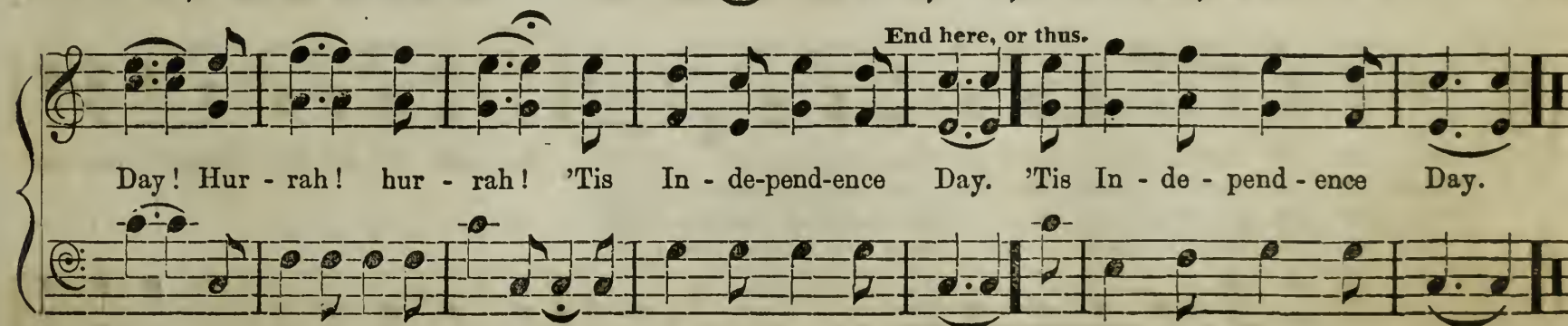
167



1. This day to greet, With joy we meet, Then ban - ish care a - way; With fes - tive cheer, Come
2. Join'd heart and hand, A hap - py band, We Freedom's flag dis - play; With mu - sic's sound, We
3. Let ban - ners wave, For deeds so brave, The stars and stripes dis - play! The ea - gle bold Our
4. From morn till night, With love u - nite, To cel - e - brate this day; Let peace and joy Our



has - ten here, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de - pend - ence
gath - er round, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de - pend - ence
shield shall hold, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de - pend - ence
hearts em - ploy, 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de - pend - ence



End here, or thus.

Day! Hur - rah! hur - rah! 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day. 'Tis In - de - pend - ence Day.

HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND.

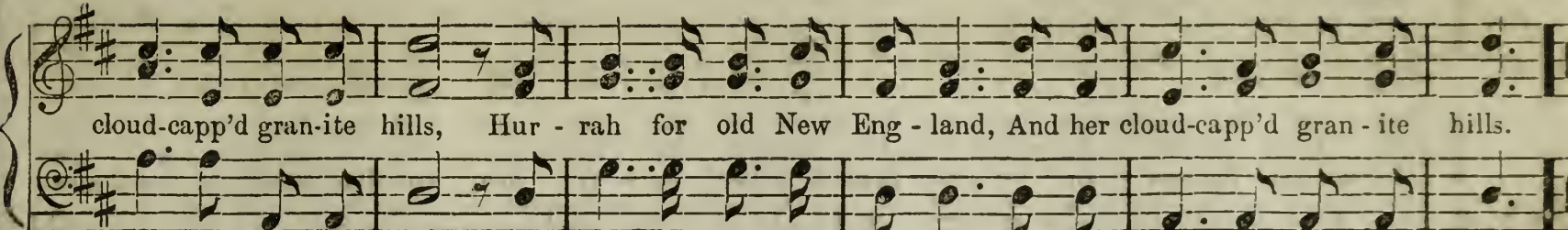
W. P. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. This is our own, our na-tive home, Tho' poor and rough she be, The home of many a no - ble
 2. Shall not the land, Tho' poor she be, That gave a Web-ster birth, With pride step forth to take her
 3. They tell us of our freezing clime, Our hard and rug-ged soil, Which hardly half re - pays us
 4. Oth - ers may seek the west-ern clime, They say 'tis passing fair, That sun - ny are its laughing

soul, The birth-place of the free. We'll love her rocks and riv - ers, 'Till death our quick blood chills, Hur-
 place With the mightiest of the earth; Then for his sake whose lof - ty fame Our farthest bound'ries fills, We'll
 for Our Spring-time, care and toil; Yet gai - ly sings the merry boy, As his homestead farm he tills, Hur-
 skies, And soft its balm - y air; We'll linger round our childhood's home, 'Till age our warm blood chills, 'Till we

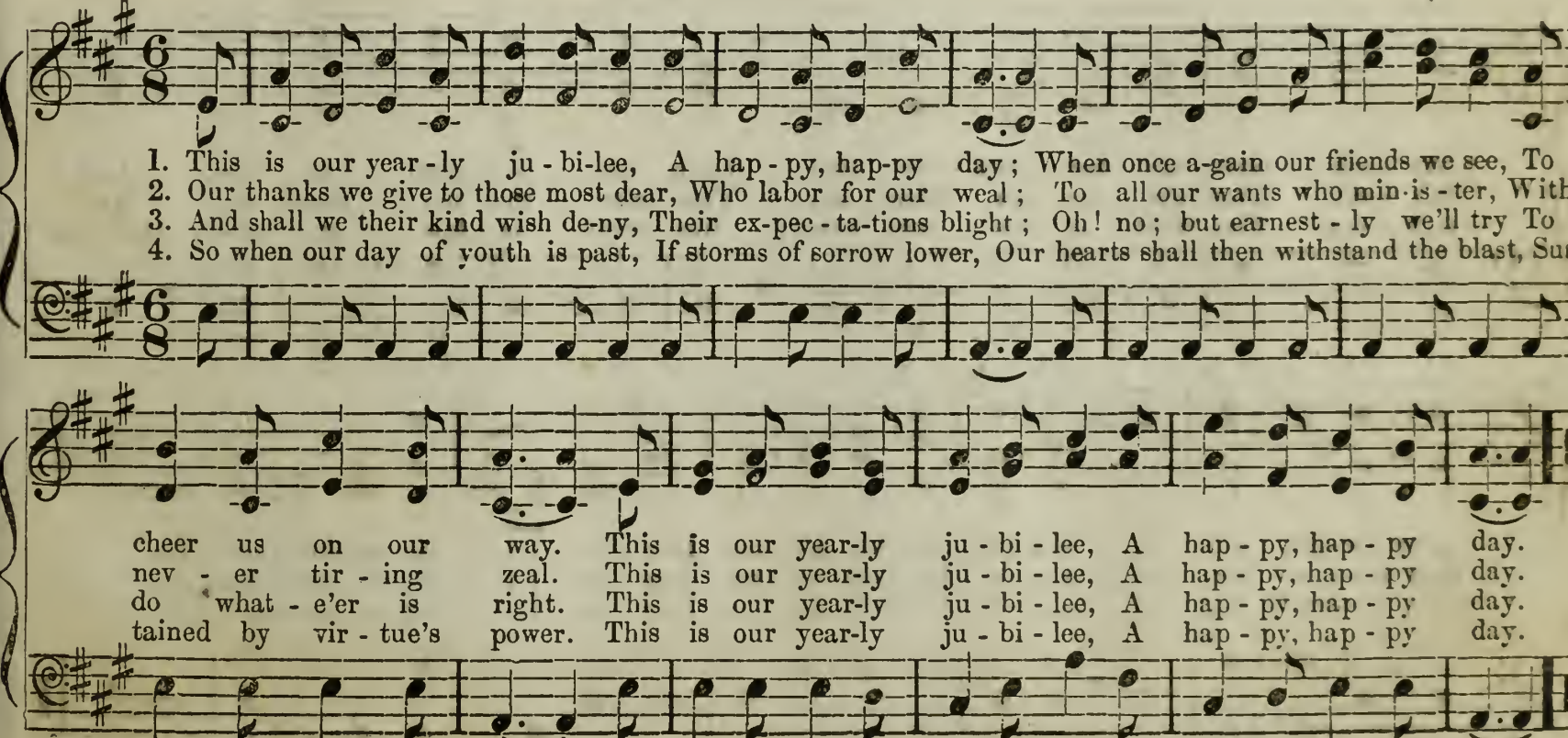
Chorus.

rah for old New England, And her cloud-capp'd granite hills. Hur-rah for old New England, and her
 shout for old New England, And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.
 rah for old New England, And her cloud-capp'd granite hills.
 die in old New England, And sleep be - neath her hills.



cloud-capp'd gran-ite hills, Hur - rah for old New Eng - land, And her cloud-capp'd gran - ite hills.

EXHIBITION SONG.



1. This is our year-ly ju - bi-lee, A hap - py, hap - py day ; When once a-gain our friends we see, To
 2. Our thanks we give to those most dear, Who labor for our weal ; To all our wants who min - is - ter, With
 3. And shall we their kind wish de - ny, Their ex - pec - ta - tions blight ; Oh ! no ; but earnest - ly we'll try To
 4. So when our day of youth is past, If storms of sorrow lower, Our hearts shall then withstand the blast, Sus -

cheer us on our way. This is our year-ly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap - py day.
 nev - er tir - ing zeal. This is our year-ly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap - py day.
 do what - e'er is right. This is our year-ly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap - py day.
 tained by vir - tue's power. This is our year-ly ju - bi - lee, A hap - py, hap - py day.

1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - ny, Where ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie
 2. Her brow is like the snow - drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the
 3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in sum - mer

Law - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, And
 fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

ne'er for - get will I, But for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.
 a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Law - rie I'd lay me down and die.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

From the "Golden Harp," A Sabbath School Music Book

1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with

Fine.

long'd to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are
lov - er's eyes, On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are

D.C.

so en - dear - ing, All the world is not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home.
so u - nit - ed, All the world be - side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Words by MRS. DANA.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's ear-ly bier,
 2. Plant ye a tree, which may wave o-ver me,

When I am gone,
 When I am gone,

when I am gone,
 when I am gone,

§

Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
 Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have,
 Sing ye a song if my grave you should see,
 Come, and re-joice that I thus passed a-way,

When I am gone, I am gone.
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 When I am gone, I am gone.

FINE.

Dal seg. §

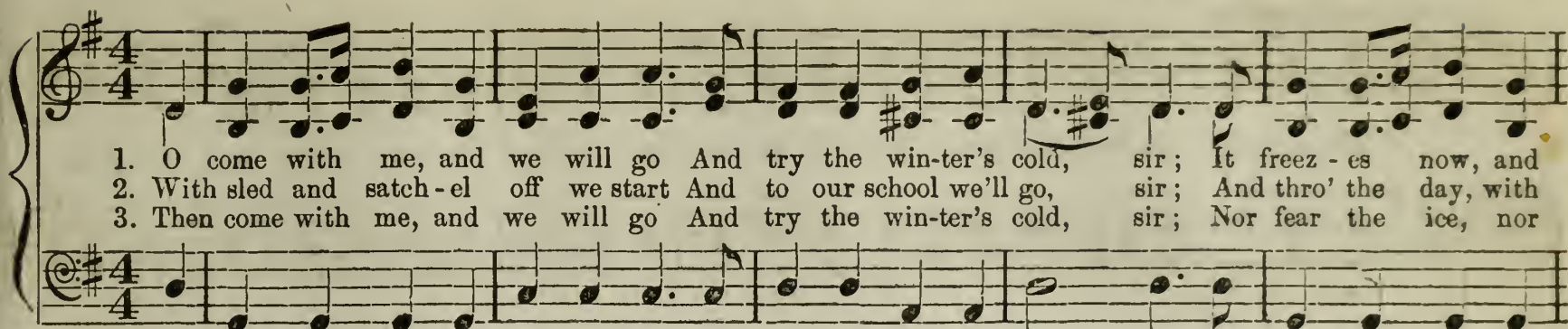
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,

Think who has died, his be-lov-ed to save,
 Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,

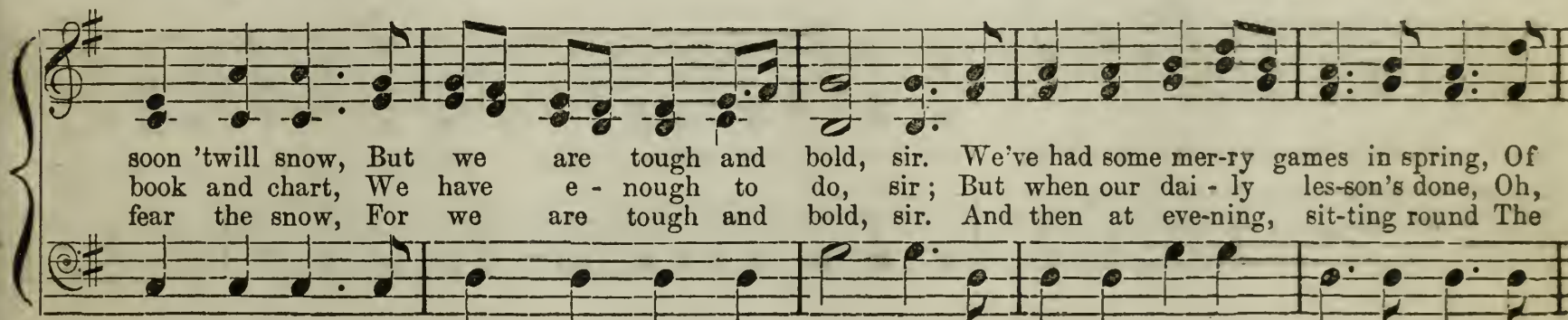
WINTER SPORTS.

FROM "DON GIOVANNI."

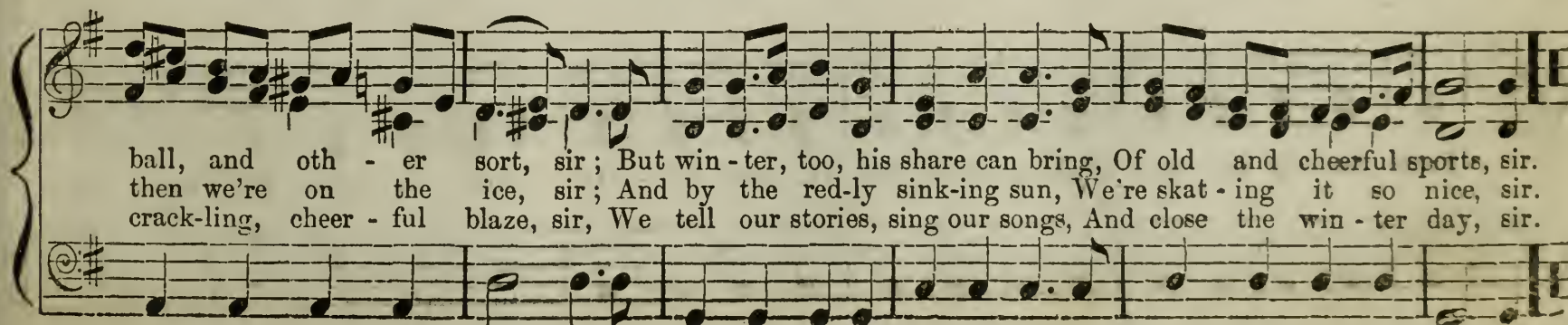
173



1. O come with me, and we will go And try the win-ter's cold, sir; It freez - es now, and
 2. With sled and satch-el off we start And to our school we'll go, sir; And thro' the day, with
 3. Then come with me, and we will go And try the win-ter's cold, sir; Nor fear the ice, nor



soon 'twill snow, But we are tough and bold, sir. We've had some mer-ry games in spring, Of
 book and chart, We have e - nough to do, sir; But when our dai - ly les-son's done, Oh,
 fear the snow, For we are tough and bold, sir. And then at eve-ning, sit-ting round The



ball, and oth - er sort, sir; But win - ter, too, his share can bring, Of old and cheerful sports, sir.
 then we're on the ice, sir; And by the red-ly sink-ing sun, We're skat - ing it so nice, sir.
 crack-ling, cheer - ful blaze, sir, We tell our stories, sing our songs, And close the win - ter day, sir.

SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHERED SPRAY.

STEVENSON.

Andante Scherzando.

See our oars, with feathered spray, Spar-kle in the beams of day; In our lit-tle bark we glide,

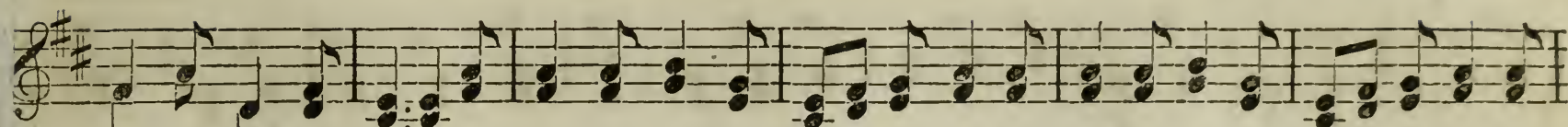
The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Swiftly o'er the si-lent tide, In our lit-tle bark we glide, Swift-ly o'er the si-lent tide.

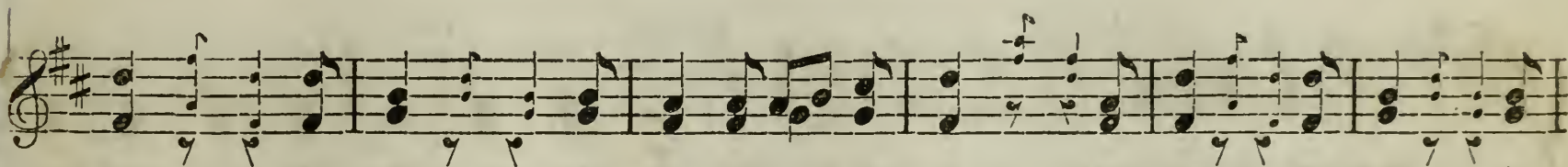
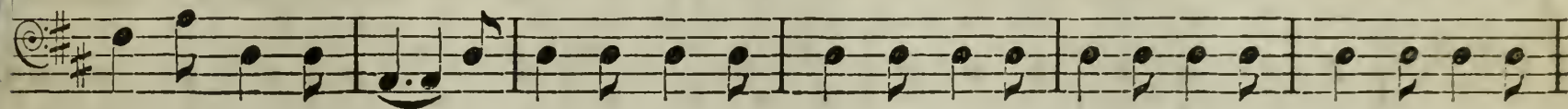
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

From yon-der lone and rock-y shore, The war-rior her-mit to re-store, The war-rior

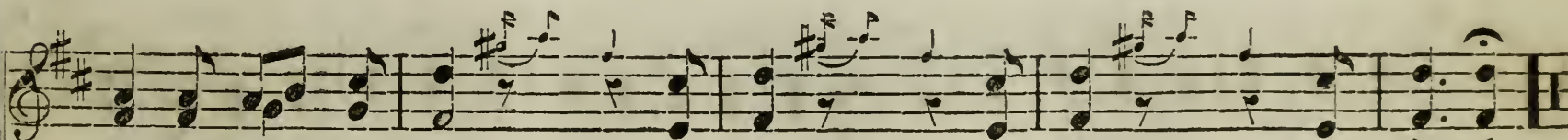
The third system of music concludes the piece on this page. It maintains the G major, 6/8 time signature. The final measure of the system shows a repeat sign, indicating the end of the musical phrase on this page.



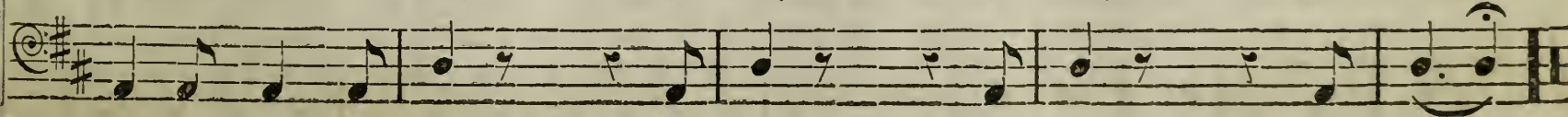
her - mit to re - store. And sweet the morn-ing breez - es blow, While thus in measured time we row, we



row, we row, in measured time we row, we row, we row, in

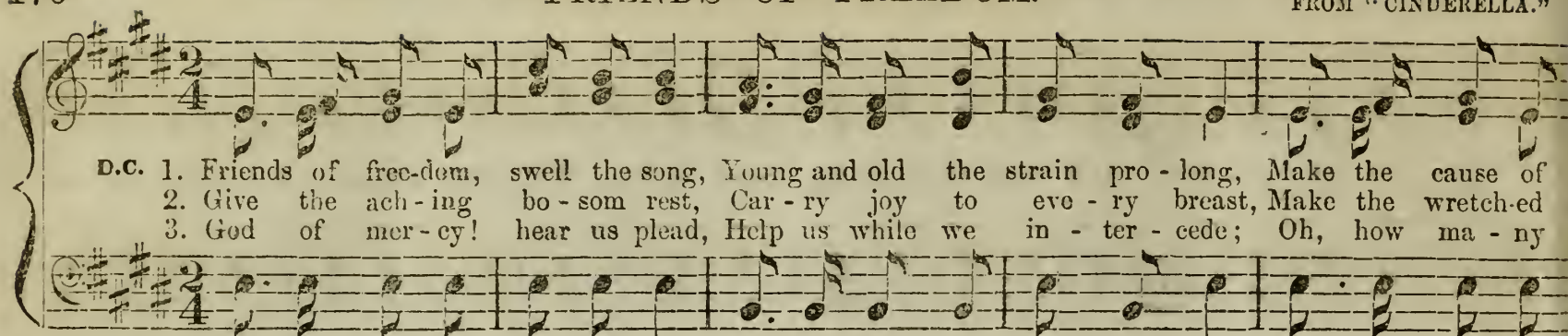


measured time we row, we row, we row, we row.

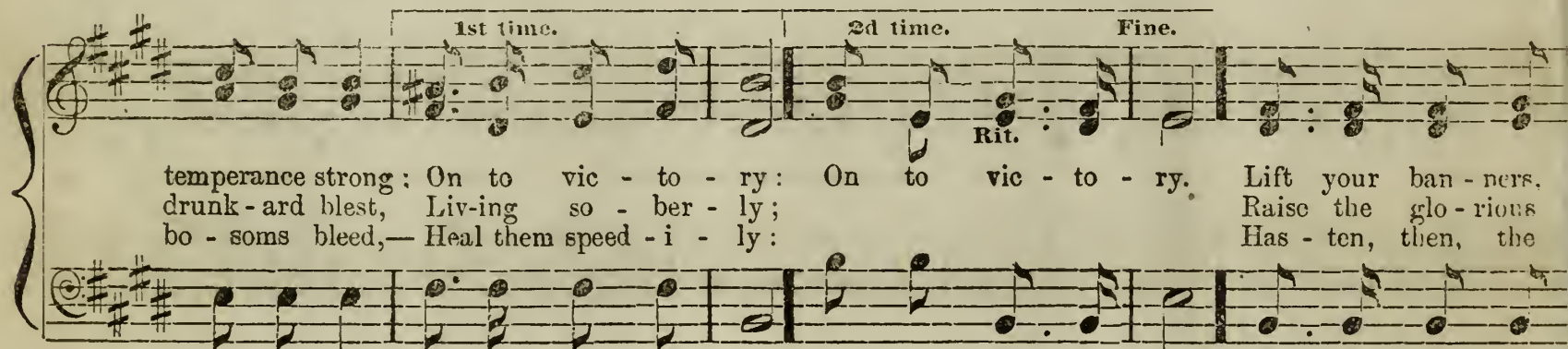


FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

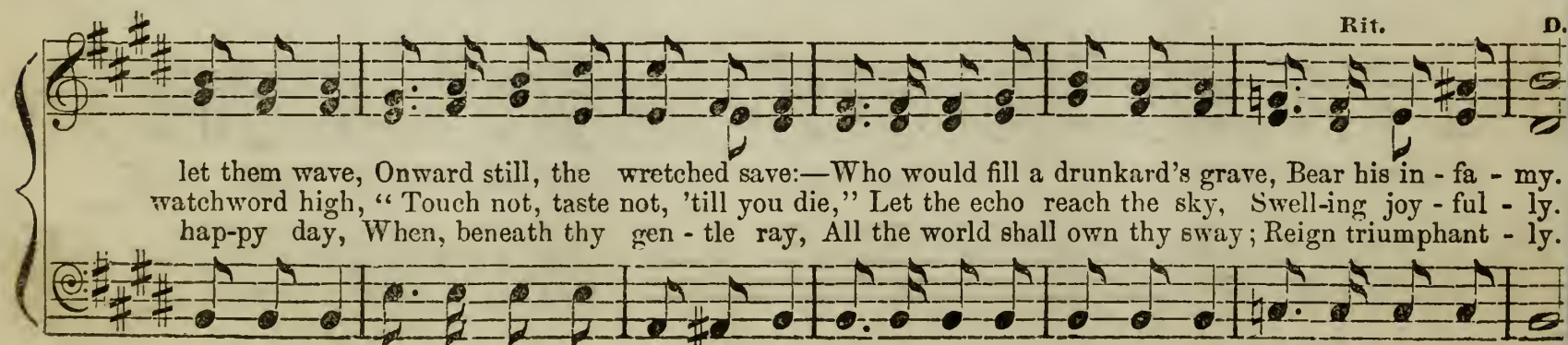
FROM "CINDERELLA."



D.C. 1. Friends of free-dom, swell the song, Young and old the strain pro-long, Make the cause of
 2. Give the ach-ing bo-som rest, Car-ry joy to eve-ry breast, Make the wretch-ed
 3. God of mer-cy! hear us plead, Help us while we in-ter-cede; Oh, how ma-ny



1st time. 2d time. Fine.
 Rit.
 temperance strong; On to vic-to-ry: On to vic-to-ry. Lift your ban-ners,
 drunk-ard blest, Liv-ing so-ber-ly; Raise the glo-rious
 bo-soms bleed,—Heal them speed-i-ly: Has-ten, then, the



Rit. D.
 let them wave, Onward still, the wretched save:—Who would fill a drunkard's grave, Bear his in-fa-my.
 watchword high, "Touch not, taste not, 'till you die," Let the echo reach the sky, Swelling joy-ful-ly.
 hap-py day, When, beneath thy gen-tle ray, All the world shall own thy sway; Reign triumphant-ly.

COME FORTH, YE HUNTERS.

FROM "PURITANI."

177

D.C. 1. Come forth, ye hunters, blithe and gay, The mer-ry horn is sound - ing, And to the greenwood
2. Come forth, ye hunters, blithe and gay, We hear the pan - ther howl - ing, The si - lent coucher

Fine.

haste a - way, The deer are swift - ly bound - ing. Now bright - ly on the prai - rie lea The
far a - way, In dark - some glen is prow - ing. The mist has left the moun - tain gray, The

D. C.

morn-ing dew is glow - ing, And 'neath the thick and sha - dy tree Fair crys-tal streams are flow - ing.
sil - ver springs are stream - ing, And now we chant our hunting lay, While pearly drops are gleam - ing.

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT.

Arr. from VON WEBER.

Legato.

1. Star of the twilight, Beau - ti - ful star, — Glad - ly we hail thee, Shin - ing a - far ;
 2. Ea - ger - ly watching, Wait - ing for thee, Look we at eve - ning O'er the dark sea ;

Rest from your la-bors, Chil-dren of toil, Night clos-es o'er ye, Rest ye a - while.
 Soon as thou shin-est Soft on the air, Borne by the light breeze, Float-eth our prayer.

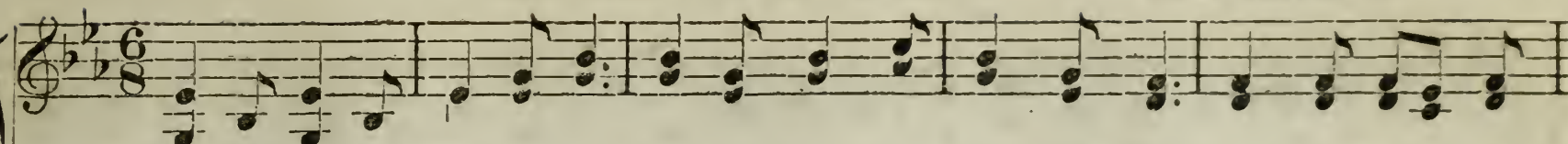
Rest ye, rest ye a-while.

This is our greet-ing, Sig-nalled a - far ; Star of the twilight, Beau - ti - ful star.
 Watch o'er us kind-ly, Home from a - far ; Light thou our pathway, Beautiful, beautiful star.

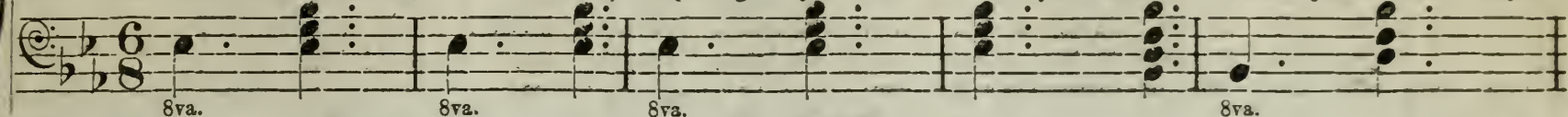
THE FIRE-FLY.

FROM "FRA DIAVOLO."

179



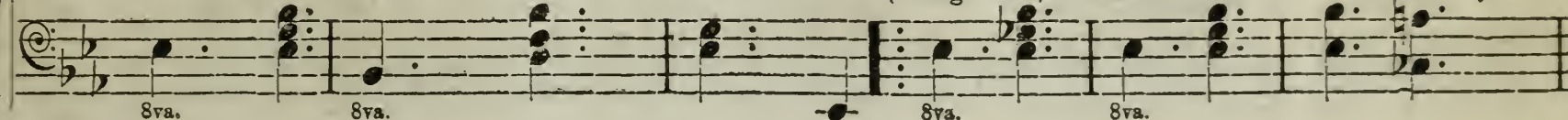
D.C. 1. Flit-ting, flit - ting thro' the air, Lights are glanc - ing eve - ry - where, In and out the
2. Childhood, childhood, such art thou, Laugh-ing eyes and o - pen brow, Dim - ples on thy



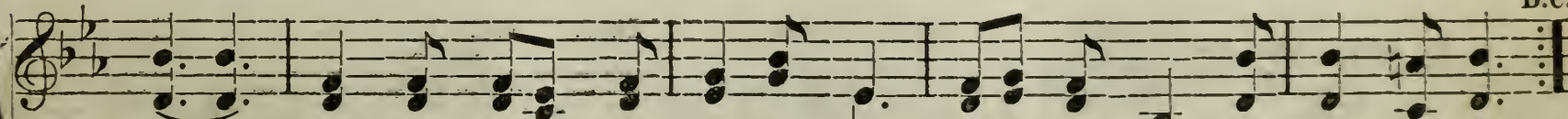
FINE.



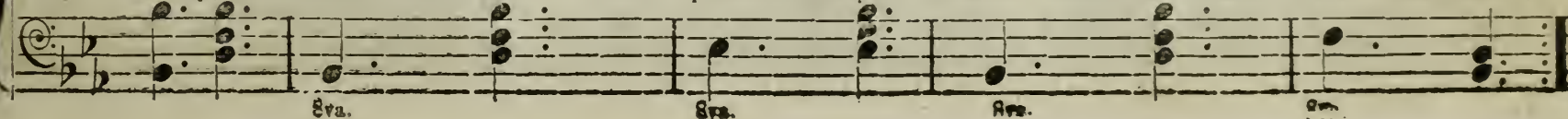
beech-en tree, See them romp - ing mer - ri - ly. { Sport on, sport on while you
ro - sy cheek, Mer - ry play - ing hide and seek. { Sport on, sport on while you
{ Laugh on, dance on while you
{ Laugh on, dance on while you



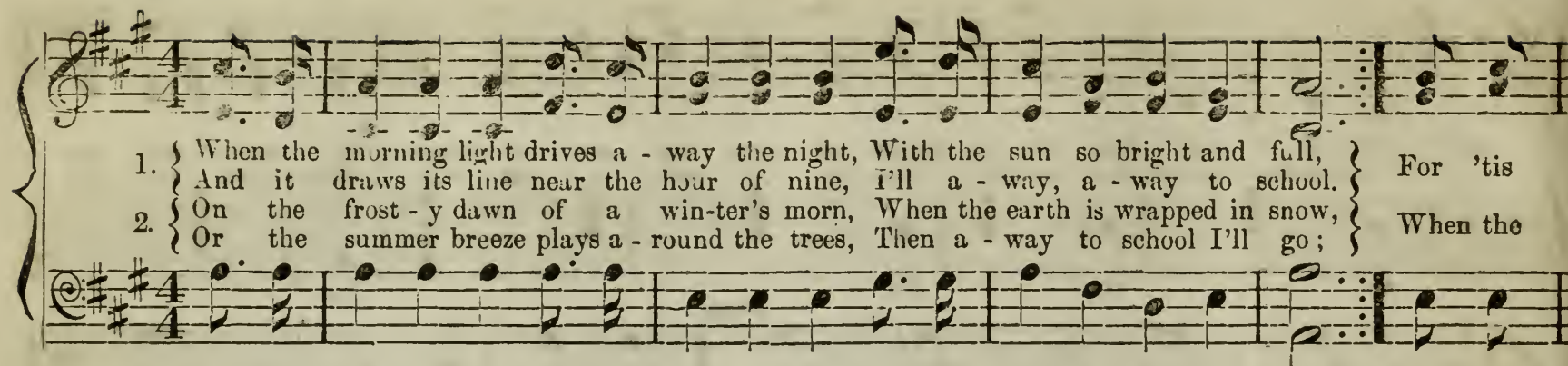
D.C.



may, In - sect of a sum-mer day Soon your mis - sion here is done; }
may, In - sect of a sum-mer day, Soon your bril - liant course is run. }
may, Child - hood soon will pass a - way, Youth and man - hood are at hand, }
may, Child - hood soon will pass a - way, Waft thee to the bet - ter land. }

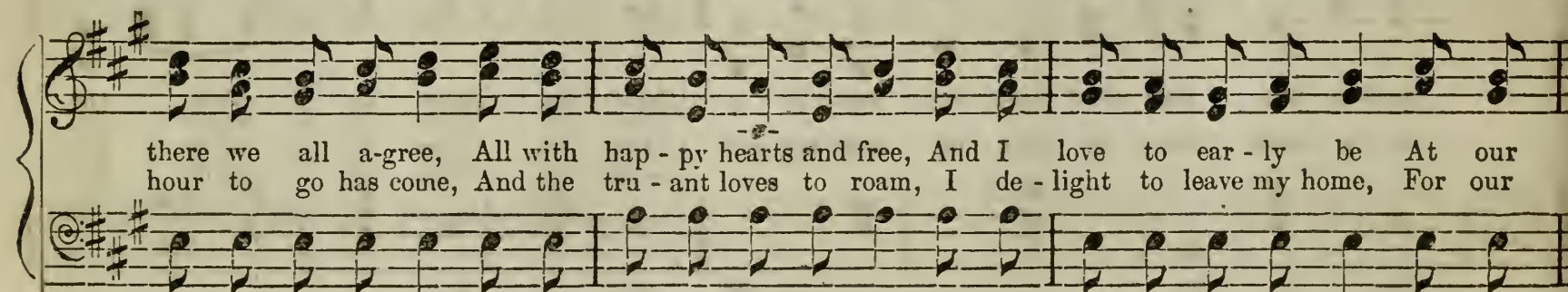


FLL AWAY TO SCHOOL.

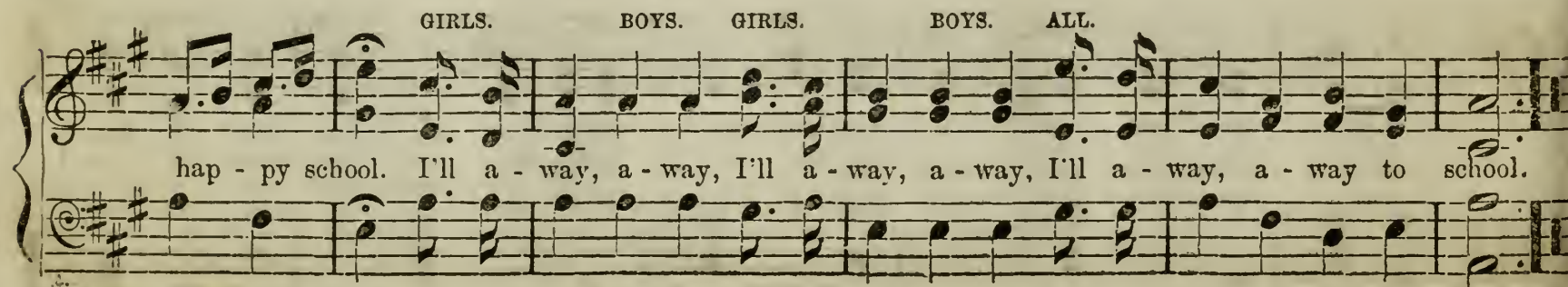


1. } When the morning light drives a - way the night, With the sun so bright and full, } For 'tis
 } And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a - way, a - way to school. }

2. } On the frost - y dawn of a win - ter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow, } When the
 } Or the summer breeze plays a - round the trees, Then a - way to school I'll go; }



there we all a-gree, All with hap - py hearts and free, And I love to ear - ly be At our
 hour to go has come, And the tru - ant loves to roam, I de - light to leave my home, For our



GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

hap - py school. I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way, a - way, I'll a - way, a - way to school.

COASTING SONG.

M. D. SULLIVAN.

181

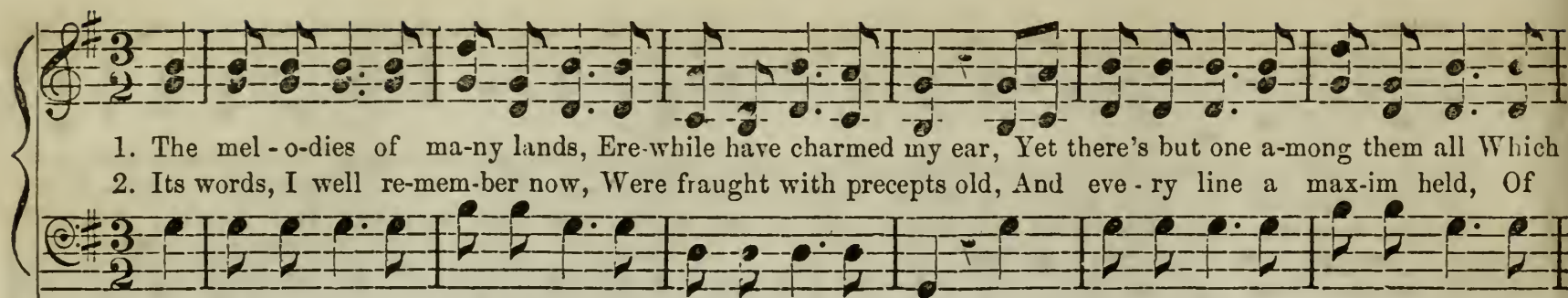
Unison.

1. The cold has bound the joy-ous streams, The hills are bright in the glad sunbeams, The rain and frost have
2. Now fleet and far o'er glittering snow, Still fleet-er, far - ther, here we go; Without a care, with-
3. The sum-mer days are long and bright, And for-est sports are wild de-light; But drea-ry win-ter's

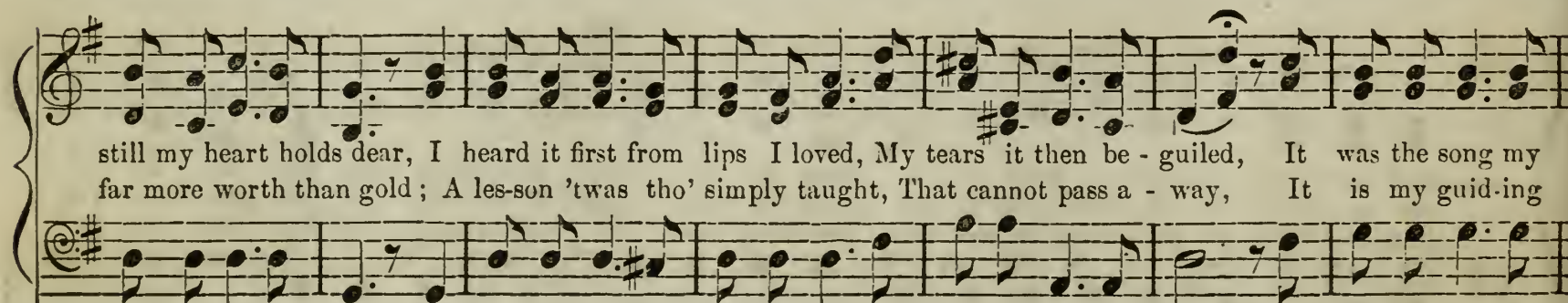
smooth'd their way, We're all a - wake for a coast to-day. On glit-tering snow, hur - rah, we go!
 out a fear, Be off the track, for the train is here. And down-ward still the glass - y hill.
 pride and boast Is glit-tering ice and the head-long coast. On glit-tering snow, hur - rah, we go!

Chorus.

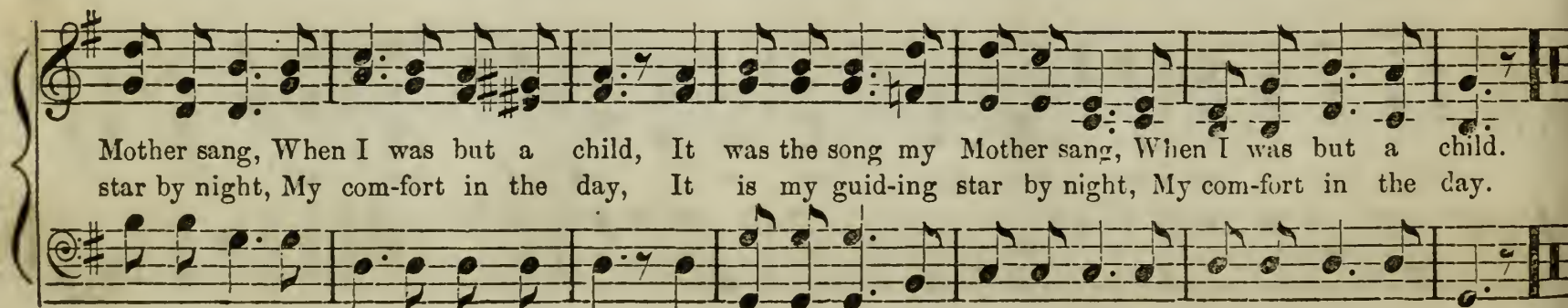
Fleet and far, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!



1. The mel-o-dies of ma-ny lands, Ere-while have charmed my ear, Yet there's but one a-mong them all Which
2. Its words, I well re-mem-ber now, Were fraught with precepts old, And eve-ry line a max-im held, Of



still my heart holds dear, I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be-guiled, It was the song my
far more worth than gold; A les-son 'twas tho' simply taught, That cannot pass a-way, It is my guid-ing



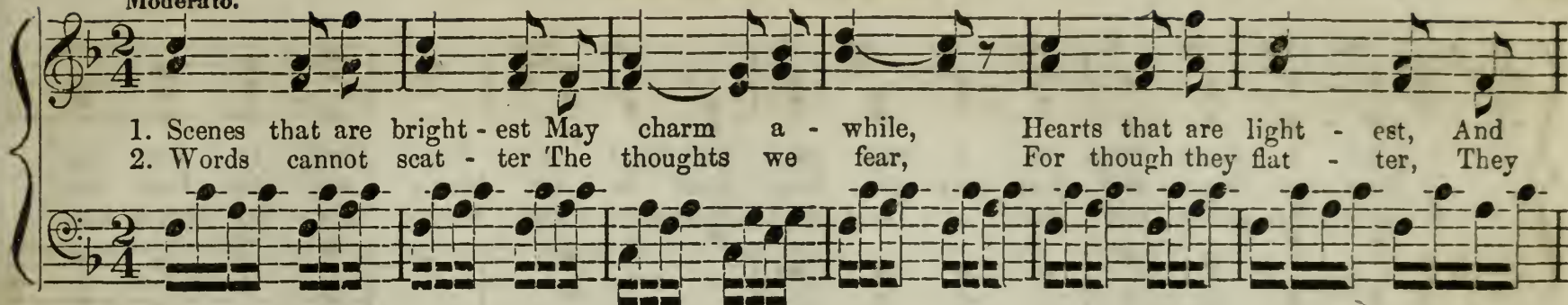
Mother sang, When I was but a child, It was the song my Mother sang, When I was but a child.
star by night, My com-fort in the day, It is my guid-ing star by night, My com-fort in the day.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

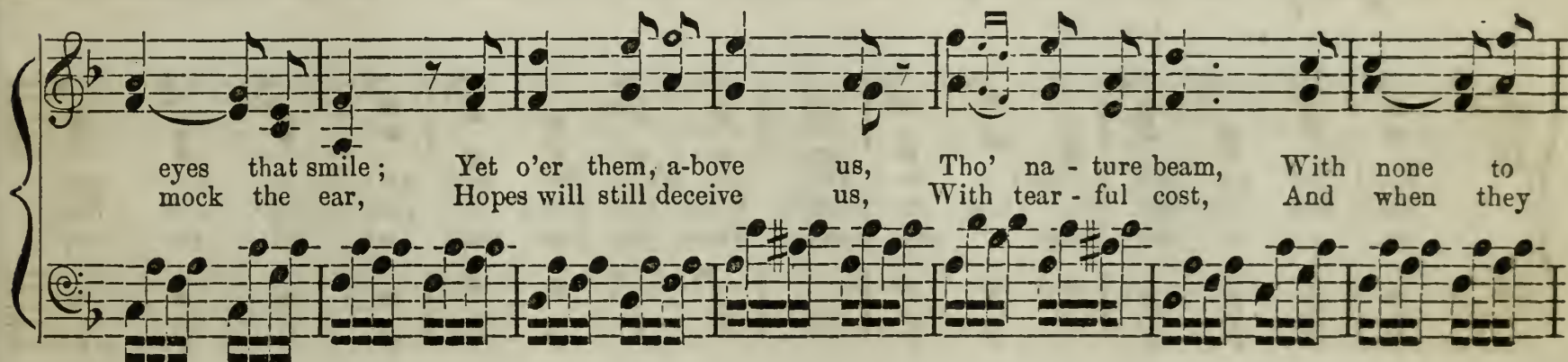
W. V. WALLACE.

183

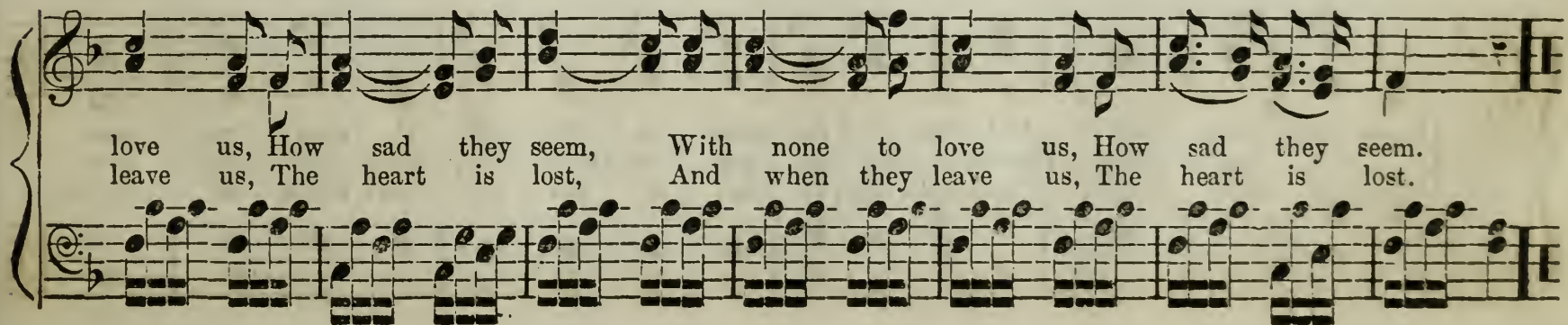
Moderato.



1. Scenes that are bright - est May charm a - while, Hearts that are light - est, And
 2. Words cannot scat - ter The thoughts we fear, For though they flat - ter, They



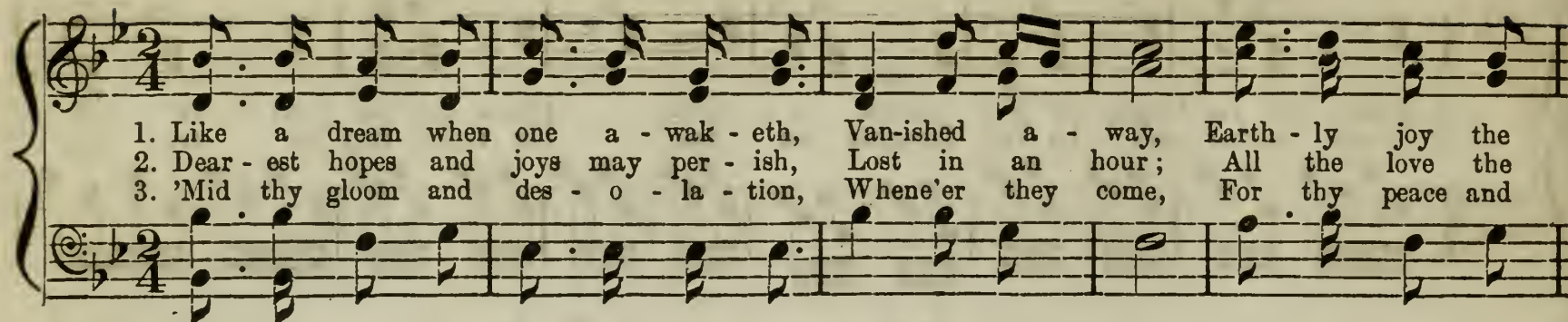
eyes that smile; Yet o'er them, a-bove us, Tho' na - ture beam, With none to
 mock the ear, Hopes will still deceive us, With tear - ful cost, And when they



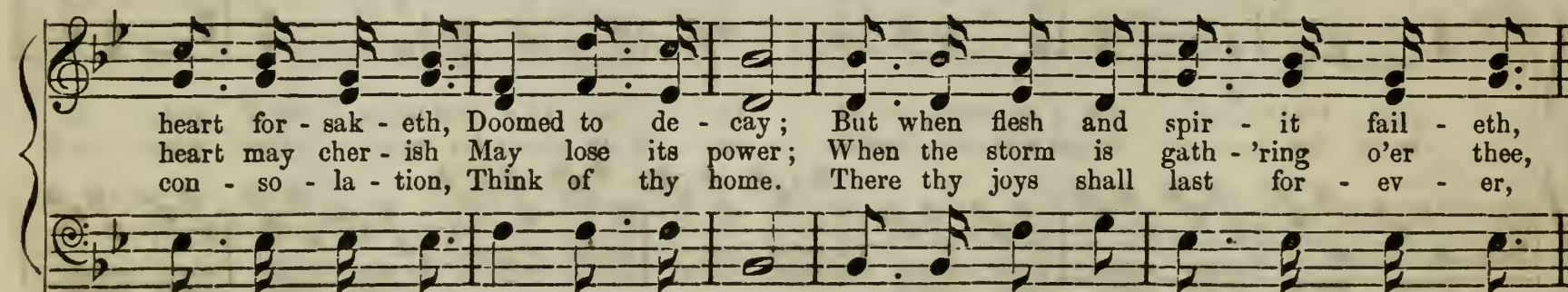
love us, How sad they seem, With none to love us, How sad they seem.
 leave us, The heart is lost, And when they leave us, The heart is lost.

LIKE A DREAM.

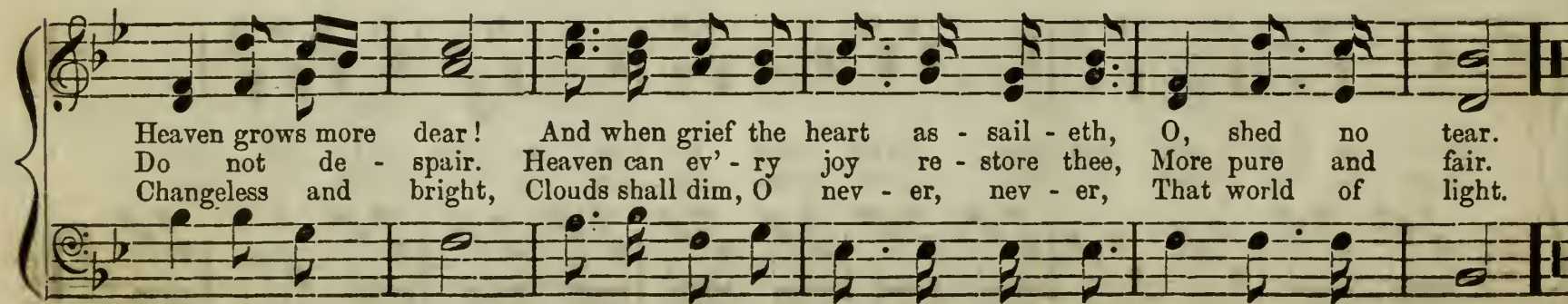
HORN.



1. Like a dream when one a - wak - eth, Van-ished a - way, Earth - ly joy the
 2. Dear - est hopes and joys may per - ish, Lost in an hour; All the love the
 3. 'Mid thy gloom and des - o - la - tion, Whene'er they come, For thy peace and



heart for - sak - eth, Doomed to de - cay; But when flesh and spir - it fail - eth,
 heart may cher - ish May lose its power; When the storm is gath - 'ring o'er thee,
 con - so - la - tion, Think of thy home. There thy joys shall last for - ev - er,



Heaven grows more dear! And when grief the heart as - sail - eth, O, shed no tear.
 Do not de - spair. Heaven can ev' - ry joy re - store thee, More pure and fair.
 Changeless and bright, Clouds shall dim, O nev - er, nev - er, That world of light.

WOULD YOU BE A SUNBEAM?

MOZART.

185

1. O, would you be a sun-beam, In this fair world of ours, To
 2. And in thy lov-ing mis-sion, Let none for-got-ten be; Let

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse ends with a fermata over the word 'ours', and the second verse ends with a fermata over the word 'be;'. The system concludes with a double bar line.

give forth life and gladness, And wak-en up the flowers? Do deeds of win-ning kind-ness, To
 in-sect, bird and flow-er Be cared for ten-der-ly; And so shalt thou be call-ed A

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

dear ones round thy hearth, But think, a-midst thy home-love, Of lone-ly ones on earth.
 lit-tle sun-beam bright, One day to gleam and glis-ten, Up in the world of light.

The third system concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment lead to a final cadence. The lyrics conclude below the treble staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

REST, TROUBLED HEART.*

p **Plaintive.** *Cres.* *Soft*

1. Rest, thou troubled heart, Within this cap-tive bo-som swell-ing; Rest, thou troubled heart, No more of
 2. Death approaches near, The her-ald of e-ter-nal glo-ry; Friends and comrades dear, Ye long shall

FINE. *m* *Cres.*

love or glo-ry tell-ing: Now no more by wrongs or ty-rant power oppressed, From a thousand woes,
 mourn my hopeless sto-ry: O, 'tis hard to part from all life's lov-ing ties: Hark, the midnight bell!

Lento. *Cres.* *f* *Rit.* *D.C.*

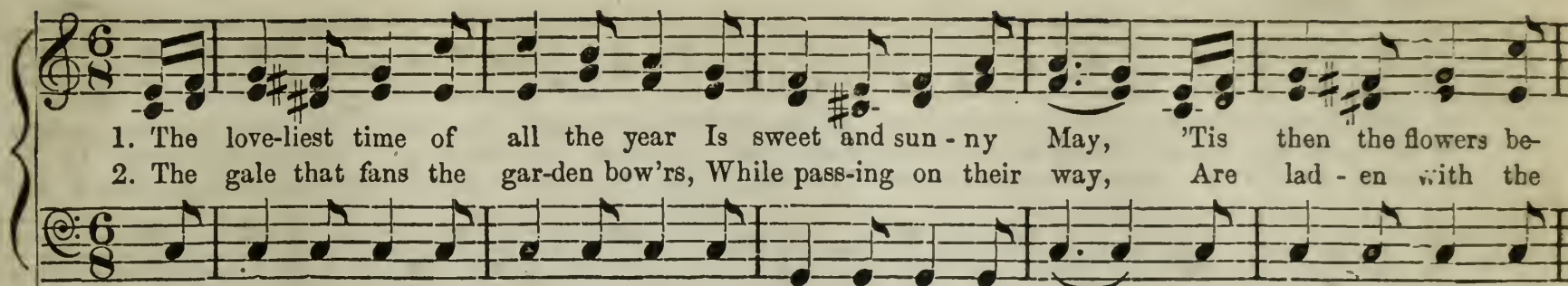
Ah, what sweet re-pose Soon will seal these eyes in ev-er-last-ing rest; Soon the martyr's grave will close.
 'Tis the soldier's knell; Soon to-mor-row's sun the last for me shall rise: Glo-ry, home, and friends, farewell.

* This melody was written by Colonel Pestal, an officer in the Russian service, upon his dungeon wall, the night before his execution.

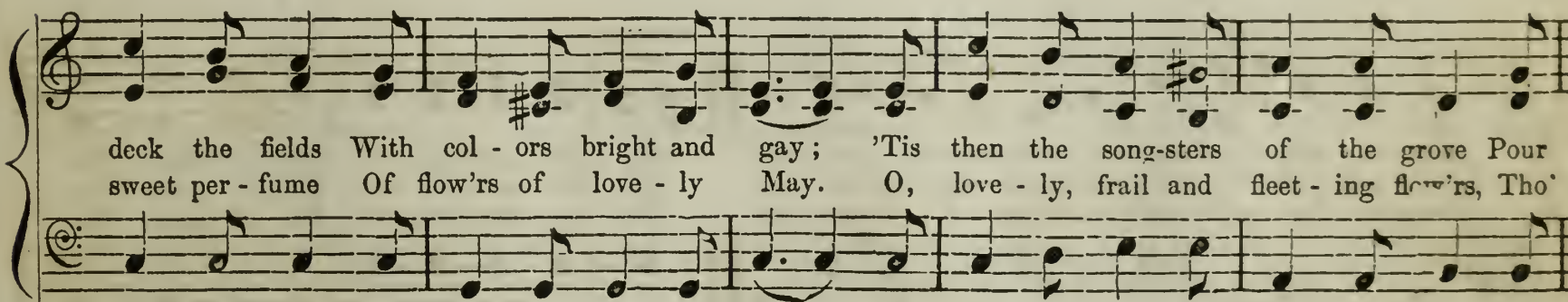
FLOWERS OF MAY.

FROM "L' ELISIR D' AMORE."

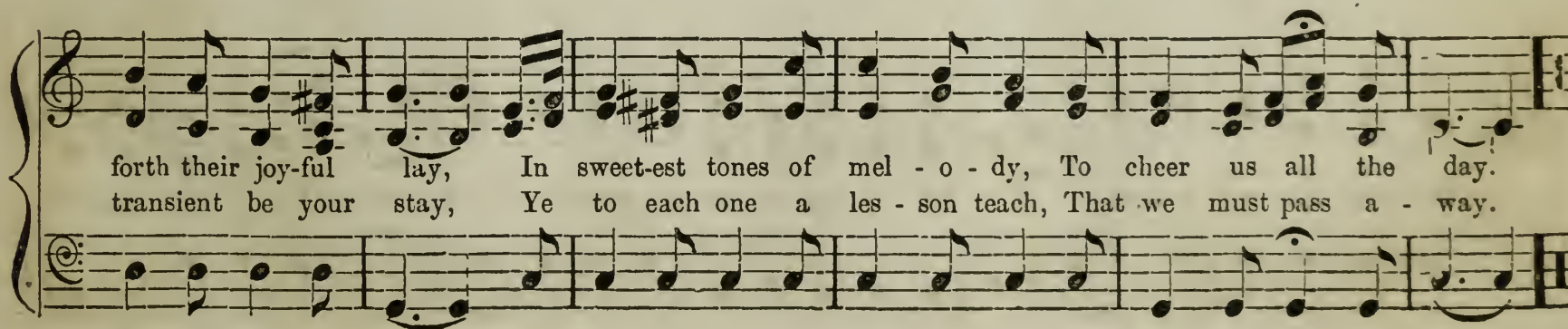
187



1. The love-liest time of all the year Is sweet and sun - ny May, 'Tis then the flowers be-
 2. The gale that fans the gar-den bow'rs, While pass-ing on their way, Are lad - en with the



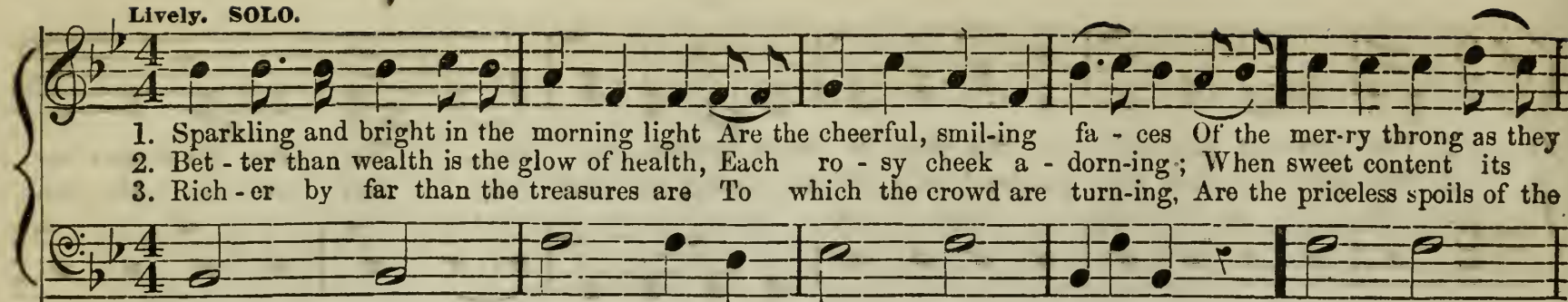
deck the fields With col - ors bright and gay; 'Tis then the song-sters of the grove Pour
 sweet per - fume Of flow'rs of love - ly May. O, love - ly, frail and fleet - ing flow'rs, Tho'



forth their joy-ful lay, In sweet-est tones of mel - o - dy, To cheer us all the day.
 transient be your stay, Ye to each one a les - son teach, That we must pass a - way.

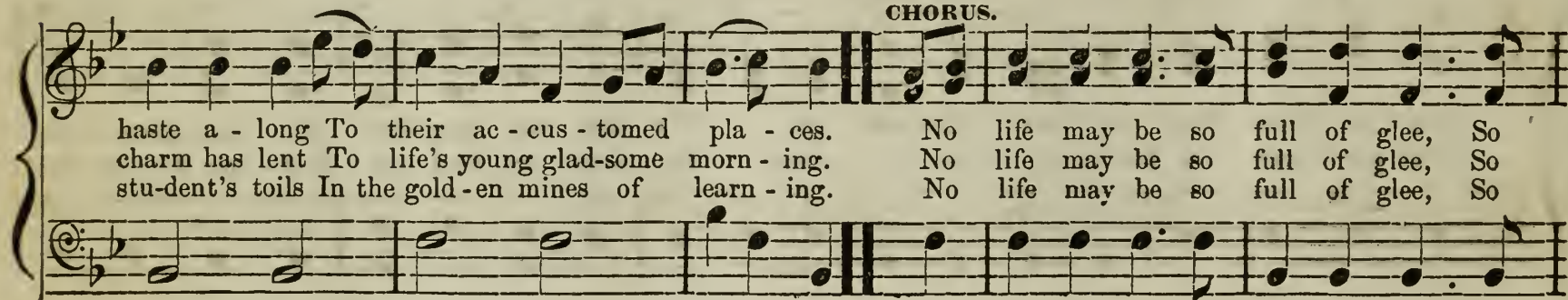
SCHOOL-BOY'S SONG.

Lively. SOLO.

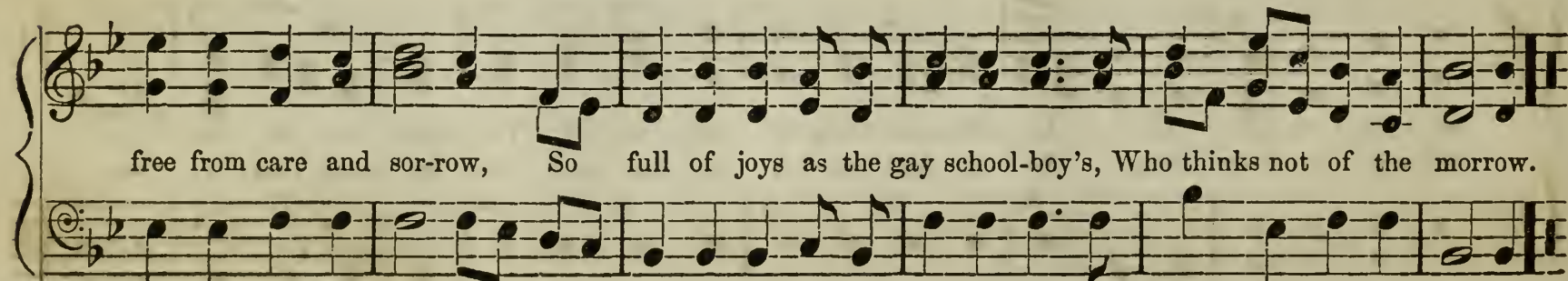


1. Sparkling and bright in the morning light Are the cheerful, smil-ing fa - ces Of the mer-ry throng as they
 2. Bet - ter than wealth is the glow of health, Each ro - sy cheek a - dorn-ing; When sweet content its
 3. Rich - er by far than the treasures are To which the crowd are turn-ing, Are the priceless spoils of the

CHORUS.



haste a - long To their ac - cus - tomed pla - ces. No life may be so full of glee, So
 charm has lent To life's young glad-some morn - ing. No life may be so full of glee, So
 stu-dent's toils In the gold - en mines of learn - ing. No life may be so full of glee, So

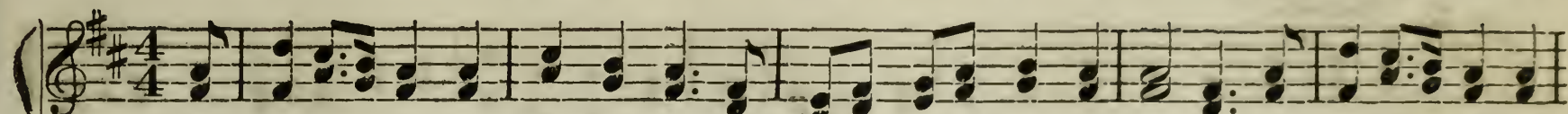


free from care and sor-row, So full of joys as the gay school-boy's, Who thinks not of the morrow.

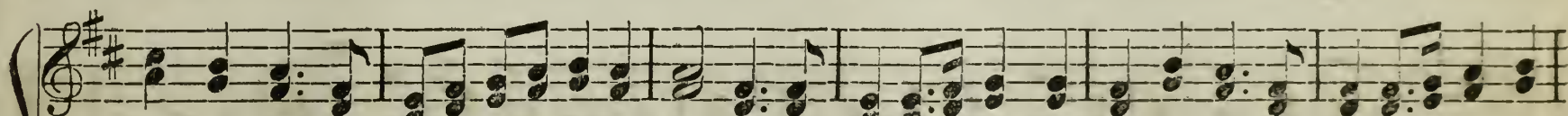
'TIS WINTER FAR AND WIDE.

FROM "LINDA."

189

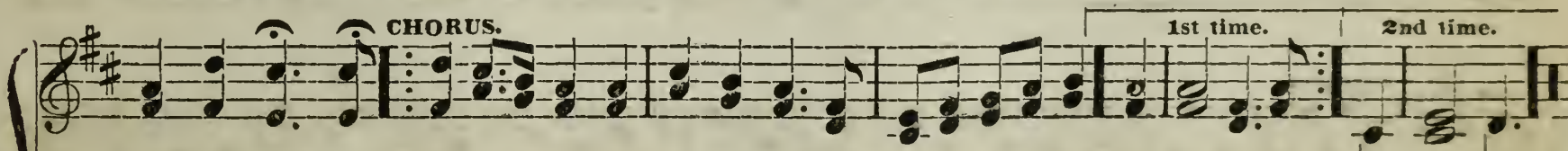


1. 'Tis win - ter, win-ter far and wide, And i - cy winds are blow-ing, And thick and fast, on
 2. The stream is fro - zen in the vale, And still the insect's thrumming; Oh, where is now the
 3. Tho' chill - ing frost con - ceals the ground, And snow so deep is ly - ing, With-out a pleasant



eve - ry side, 'Tis ev - er, ev-er snowing; We'll let the storm beat dark and wild, The spring will come so
 night-in-gale? And where the bee's soft humming? The wa - ter-fall will wake a-gain, And bird and bee re-
 sign or sound, The day of life is fly - ing; The storm-y wind will pass a-way, Then warm will be the

CHORUS.



soft and mild. { The trees will soon a - gain be green, The earth with buds bloom brightly; The
 new their strain. { beauteous flowers a-gain be seen, And sum - mer's breeze - - - blow light-ly.
 spring-tide ray.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Allegretto.

1. We hail thee, fair morning, the first of the year, Ere gleams the red sunshine, we'll shout loud and clear ;
 2. But let us re-mem-ber how fast the days fly, How soon comes December, when "New Year" will die ;

The old year's de-part-ed, the New Year is here, With sweet smiles to greet us, be-hold him ap-pear.
 Then welcome the New Year, compan-ions, a - gain, For bright days in beau-ty the year shall enchain.

CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all, Happy New Year to all, Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all.

Happy New Year to all,

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

I. B. WOODBURY.

191

- m*
1. I love to stay where my moth - er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it
 2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my
 3. I love to think how, 'neath the ground, She slum-bers in death as a

p

twink - ling peeps Thro' that bend - ing wil - low, which lone - ly weeps O'er my mother's
 dai - ly care, And breathe to my Saviour my eve - ning prayer O'er my mother's
 cap - tive bound, She'll slum-ber no more when the trump shall sound O'er my mother's

f *pp*

grave, O'er my mother's grave. Thro' that bend - ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

1. Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove, Thou mes-sen-ger of spring! Now heaven repairs thy ru - ral
 2. De-light-ful vis-i-tant! with thee I hail the time of flowers, And hear the sound of mu-sic
 3. Sweet bird! thy bower is ev-er green, Thy sky is ev-er clear; Thou hast no sor-row in thy

seat, And birds thy wel-come sing. What time the dai-sy decks the green, Thy
 sweet From birds a-mong the bowers. The school-boy wand'ring thro' the wood, To
 song, No win-ter in thy year. O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee; We'd

cer-tain voice we hear; Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the roll-ing year?
 pull the prim-rose gay, Starts, the new voice of spring to hear, And im-i-tates thy lay.
 make with joy-ful wing, Our annual vis-it o'er the globe, Com-panions of the spring.

WELCOME, FAIR MORNING.

From "TROVATORE."

193

Allegretto.

Fine.

D.C. 1. Welcome, fair morn-ing, Glad-ly we hail thee, Blithe-ly re - turn-ing, Our fes-tal day;
2. Hill-tops are glow-ing, Bright in the sun-shine, Brooklets are flow-ing, Gai-ly a-long;

Wake, all our voi-ces, Swell the full cho-rus, Na-ture re - joi-ces, Join in the lay;
Birds sweet-ly sing-ing, O'er hill and mead-ow, Woodlands are ring-ing, Loud-ly with song;

Chant hymns of glad-ness, Ban-ish all sad-ness, Let us be mer-ry, Now while we may.
O'er vale and moun-tain, By stream and foun-tain, Flowerets are bloom-ing, Breathing per-fume.

Rit.

D.C.

THE MOUNTAIN BUGLE, or FLORA AND FORESTER.

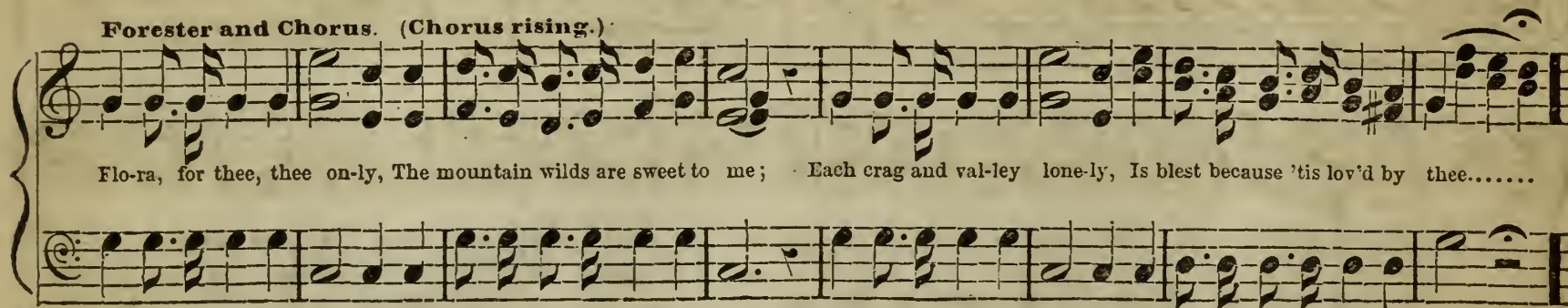
By permission of
Mr. G. WILLIG, JR.

Allegro.



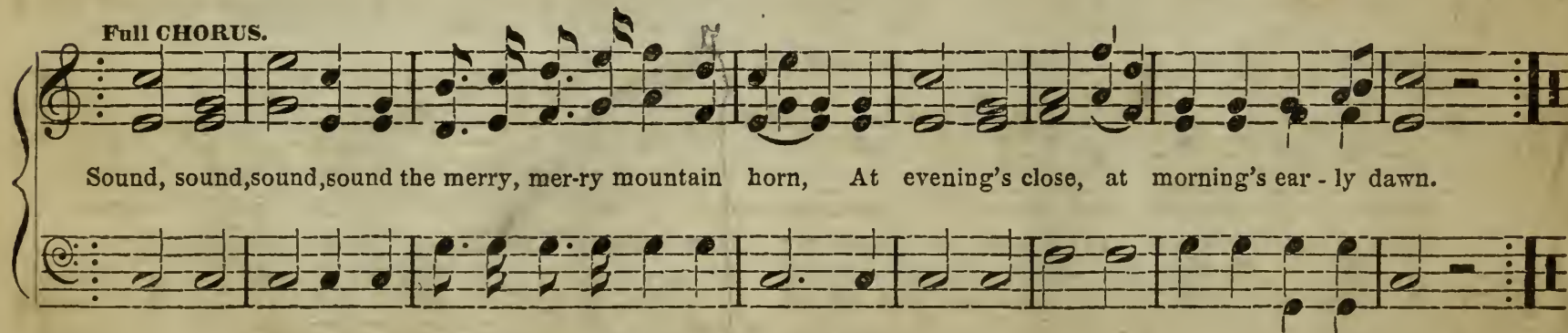
- * 1. { Cheeri - ly thy bugle sounds, When home returning o'er the lake; Mer-ri - ly my bosom bounds, As each clear swell bids echo wake. }
 { Joyous - ly I wind the note, To tell thee that thy hun - ter's near; Mer-ri - ly I speed my boat, Towards the home by thee made dear. }
 2. { Fearless - ly thy footsteps roam, When snow hangs on the dizzy steep; Driving from its rocky home, The ech - o of the hol-low deep. }
 { Mer-ri - ly the wild stag bounds, Until he feels the hun - ter's spear; Cheeri - ly the glen resounds, With chorus and the hunter's cheer. }

Forester and Chorus. (Chorus rising.)



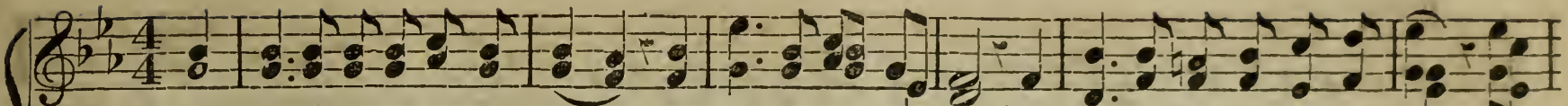
Flo-ra, for thee, thee on-ly, The mountain wilds are sweet to me; Each crag and val-ley lone-ly, Is blest because 'tis lov'd by thee.....

Full CHORUS.



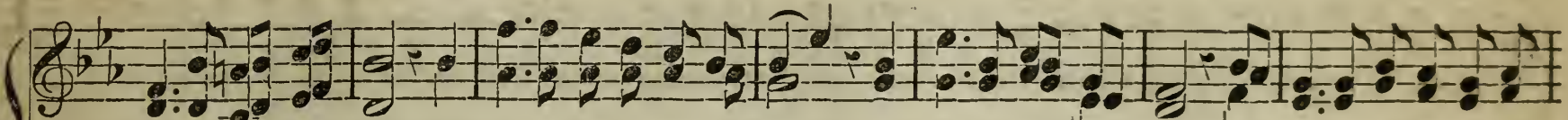
Sound, sound, sound, sound the merry, mer-ry mountain horn, At evening's close, at morning's ear - ly dawn.

* Flora will sing the first time, and Forester the second.

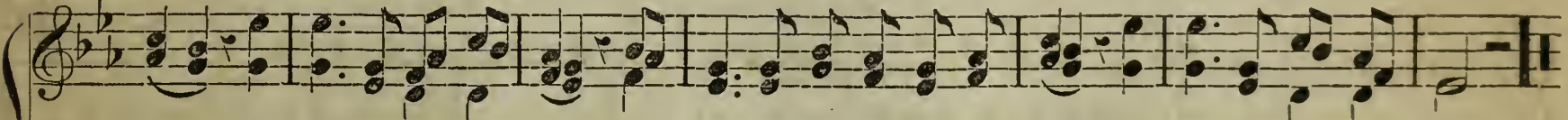


1. Oh, I have roam'd in many lands, And ma-ny friends I've met ; Not one fair scene or kindly smile, Can

2. If England were my place of birth, I'd love her tranquil shore, If bonny Scotland were my home, Her



this fond heart for - get ; But I'll confess that I'm content, No more I wish to roam ; Oh, steer my bark to Erin's
mountains I d a - dore ; Tho' pleasant days in both I pass, I dream of days to come ; Oh steer my bark to Erin's



Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

COME, FAIRIES, TRIP IT O'ER THE GRASS.

Allegretto.

1. Come, fai-ries, trip it o'er the grass With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And mock dull mortals as they pass, With a
 2. Then away, a-way, 'twill soon be day, No more our freaks pursue, We'll meet at night by Cynthia's light, And

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! While the stars are shin-ing bright, Let us dance by their sparkling light, With a
 then our sports re - new, Then a - way, a-way, a - way, Then a - way, a - way, a - way, With a

While the stars are shin-ing bright, Let us dance by their sparkling
 Then a-way, &c.

1st time. 2d time. Fine. DUETT.

ho, ho, ho, With a ho, ho, ho, With a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, hó, ho, ho, ho! But hark, hark, hark! The
 light. ^{Sva.}

Slow and soft. D.C.

warb-ling lark attunes her matin hymn: A-way, A-way, 'Twill soon be day, The stars are growing dim.

VOICE.

GENTLE HARP.

Words by MRS. DANA.

1. Sound forth in tuneful num - bers, Gentle Harp! In-vite to peaceful slum-bers, Gentle Harp! Come,
2. We love thy tones of sad-ness, Gentle Harp! But more thy notes of glad-ness, Gentle Harp! Then

bless the weary soul; Sweetly, by thy soothing power, Brighten every gloomy hour With soft con - trol!
pour thy sweetest strain; With the happy sounds of heaven, Ev'ry morn and every even, Come soothe our pain.

JOY, JOY, FREEDOM TO-DAY.*

BENEDICT.

With Spirit.

1. Joy, joy, free-dom to-day! Care, care, drive it a - way! Youth, health and vi - gor our sens - es o'er-power;
 2. Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine, all the scene, True hearts around thee, bright planets a - bove;

Trouble, count it for naught! Banish, banish the thought! Pleasure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour.
 Long, long may thy power Reign o'er grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher - ev - er we rove.

Na - ture, all her glo - ry show-ing, A-zure skies, and balm - y air, Equal
 Reign, o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the dash - ing main Reign where

cres. smiles on all be-stow - ing, Bids each heart her boun-ty share. Yes! Joy, joy, free-dom to - day!
 sparkling moonbeams quiver, Danc-ing o'er the hill and plain— Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen!

* First verse may be sung for Fourth of July, and second for May Festival.

JOY, JOY, Concluded.

199

Care, care, drive it away! Youth, health and vigor our sens - es o'erpower! Trouble count it for naught! Banish,
Thine, thine, all the scene, True hearts around thee, bright planets a - bove; Long, long may thy power Reign o'er

banish, the thought! Pleasure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour! Now pleasure, pleas-ure, joy, Now pleasure, pleasure,
grove and bower, Bright be thy glory wherev - er we roam! Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er

joy, Pleas - ure, and joy, Now pleas - ure, pleasure, joy, Now pleas - ure, pleas-ure, joy,
bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright,

Pleas - ure and joy, Now pleasure, pleasure, joy, Now pleasure, pleasure, joy!
Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright.

DIXIE'S LAND.

DAN. EMMETT.

By permission of Firth, Pond & Co.

Cres.

1. I wish I was in the land of child-hood, Ramb-ling there a - mid the wild-wood, Look a -
 2. 'Tis there we pass'd such mer - ry hours, A - mid the for - est leaves and flowers, Look a
 3. O, gay the times we had to - geth-er, Cared we not the kind of weather, Look a -
 4. So sing we now a song that's ve - ry Gay and bright, and blithe and merry, Look a -

way, Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land where I was born in,
 way, Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie Land. In May we chose our queen and crown'd her,
 way, Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie Land. 'Twas al - ways gay and pleas-ant there, We
 way, Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix - ie Land. And should you want to drive 'way sor-row,

Cres.

Ear - ly on one fros - ty morning, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 Boys and girls all gather'd round her, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 saw no cloud, we knew no care, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 Sing a - gain this song to - mor-row, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

DIXIE'S LAND. Concluded.

201

CHORUS.

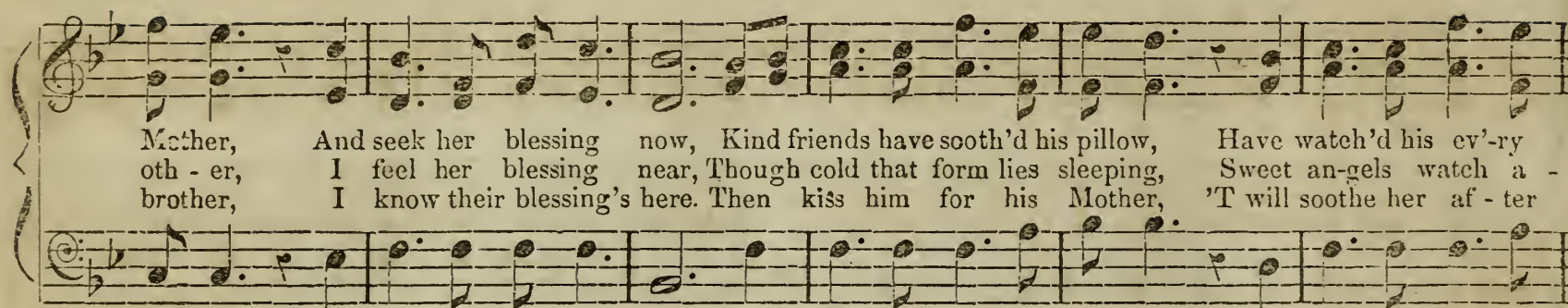
Then I wish I was in Dixie! Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand, To live and die in
Dixie, A - way, A - way, A-way down east in Dixie, A - way, A - way, A-way down east in Dixie.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

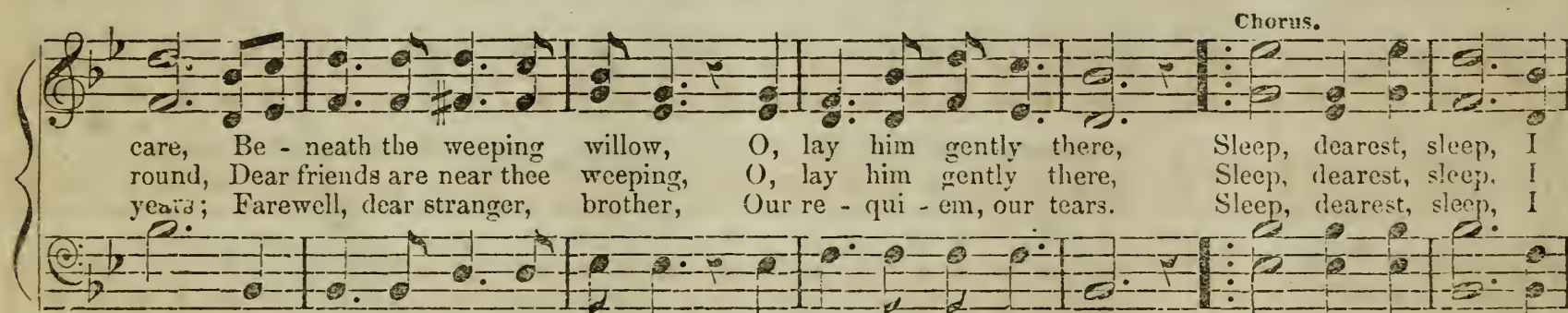
J. P. ORDWAY.

1. Let me kiss him for his Mother, Let me kiss his dear youthful brow; I will love him for his
2. Let me kiss him for his Mother, What though left a lone stranger here; She has loved him as none
3. Let me kiss him for his Mother, Or, perchance, a fond sis - ter dear; If a fa - ther or a

LET A KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER. Concluded.

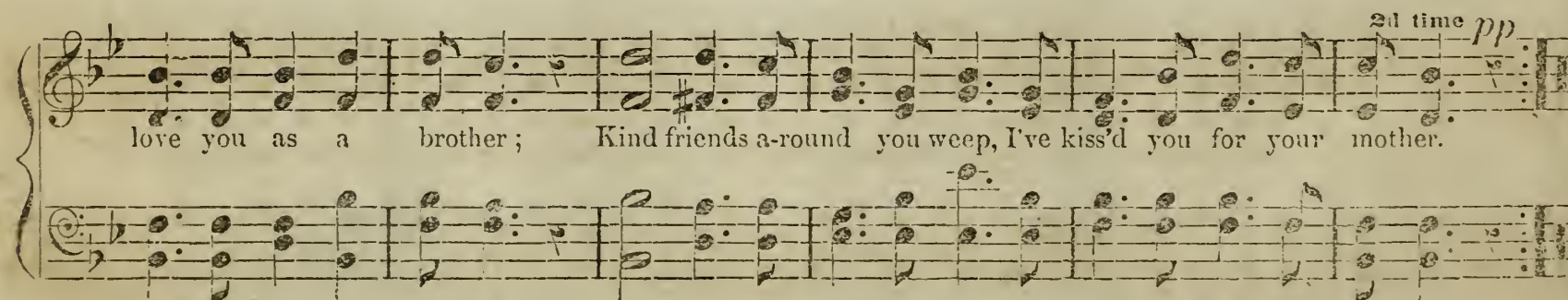


Mother, And seek her blessing now, Kind friends have sooth'd his pillow, Have watch'd his ev'-ry
 oth - er, I feel her blessing near, Though cold that form lies sleeping, Sweet an-gels watch a -
 brother, I know their blessing's here. Then kiss him for his Mother, 'T will soothe her af - ter



care, Be - neath the weeping willow, O, lay him gently there, Sleep, dearest, sleep, I
 round, Dear friends are near thee weeping, O, lay him gently there, Sleep, dearest, sleep, I
 years; Farewell, dear stranger, brother, Our re - qui - em, our tears. Sleep, dearest, sleep, I

Chorus.



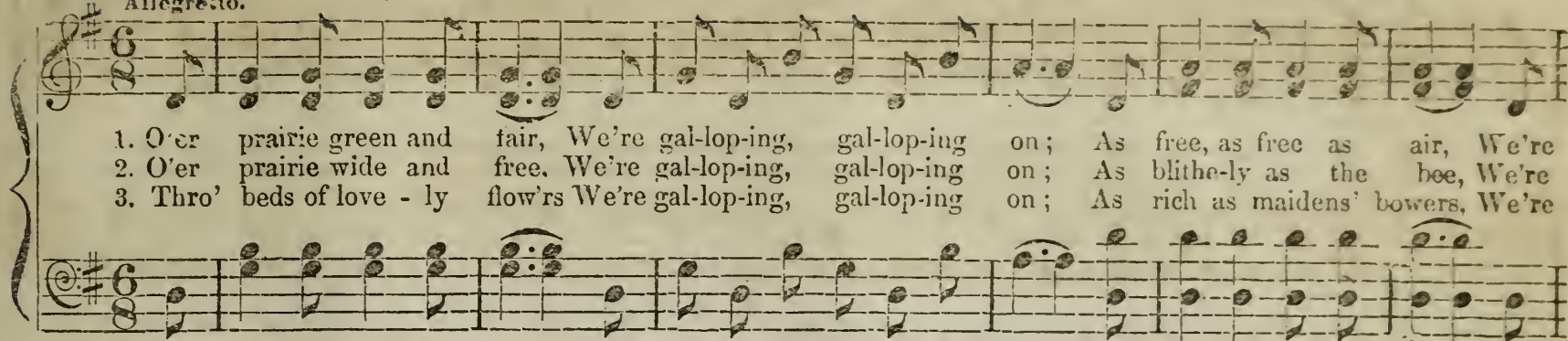
love you as a brother; Kind friends a-round you weep, I've kiss'd you for your mother.

2d time *pp*

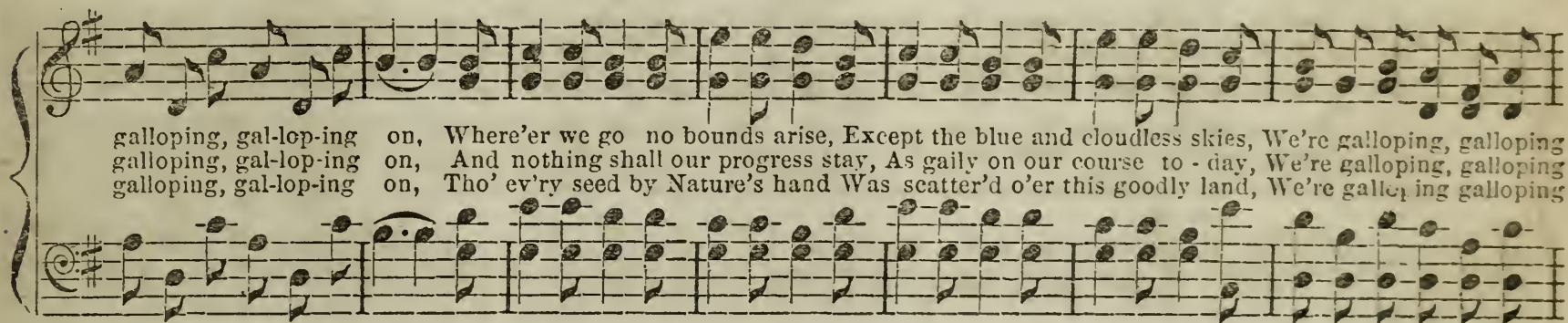
O'ER PRAIRIE GREEN AND FAIR.

G. F. ROOT,
From "SABBATH BELL." By permission. 203

Allegretto.

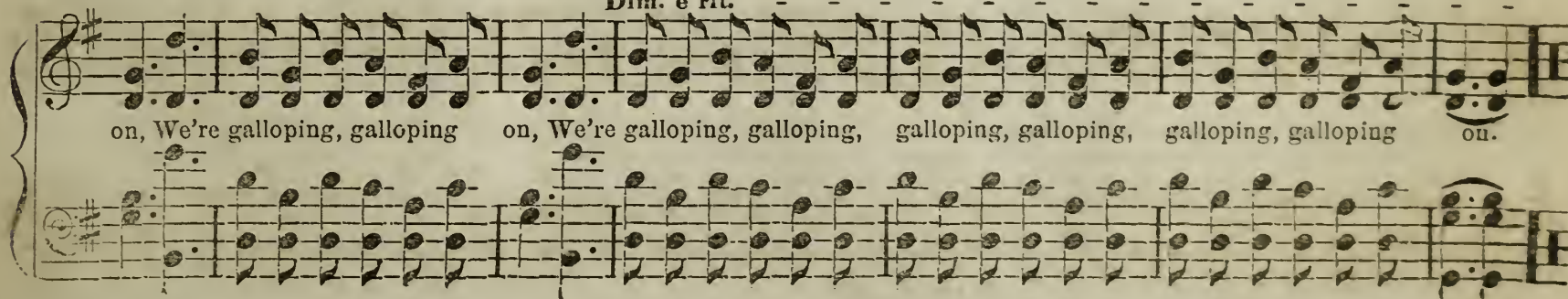


1. O'er prairie green and fair, We're gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing on; As free, as free as air, We're
2. O'er prairie wide and free. We're gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing on; As blithe-ly as the bee, We're
3. Thro' beds of love - ly flow'rs We're gal-lop-ing, gal-lop-ing on; As rich as maidens' bowers, We're



galloping, gal-lop-ing on, Where'er we go no bounds arise, Except the blue and cloudless skies, We're galloping, galloping
galloping, gal-lop-ing on, And nothing shall our progress stay, As gaily on our course to - day, We're galloping, galloping
galloping, gal-lop-ing on, Tho' ev'ry seed by Nature's hand Was scatter'd o'er this goodly land, We're galloping, galloping

Dim. e rit.



on, We're galloping, galloping on, We're galloping, galloping, galloping, galloping, galloping, galloping on.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

G. N. ALLEN.

Moderato con espressione.

1. "O! bu-ry me not in the deep, deep sea;" The words came low and mourn-ful-ly From the pal-lid lips of a
 2. "O! bu-ry me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the billowy shroud will roll o-ver me, Where no light will break thro' the
 3. "For in fancy I've listen'd to the well known words, The free, wild winds, the songs of birds: I have thought of home, of the
 4. "Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer And a sis-ter's tear shall min-gle there; O! 'twill be sweet, ere the

youth, who lay On his cab-in couch, at close of day. He had was-ted and pin'd, 'till o'er his brow The
 dark, cold wave, And no sun-beam rest up-on my grave. It mat-ters not, I have oft been told, Where the
 cot and bow'r, And of scenes I lov'd in child-hood's hour. I had ev-er hop'd to be laid when I died, In the
 heart's throb is o'er, To know when its fountains shall gush no more That those it so fond-ly yearn'd for will come To

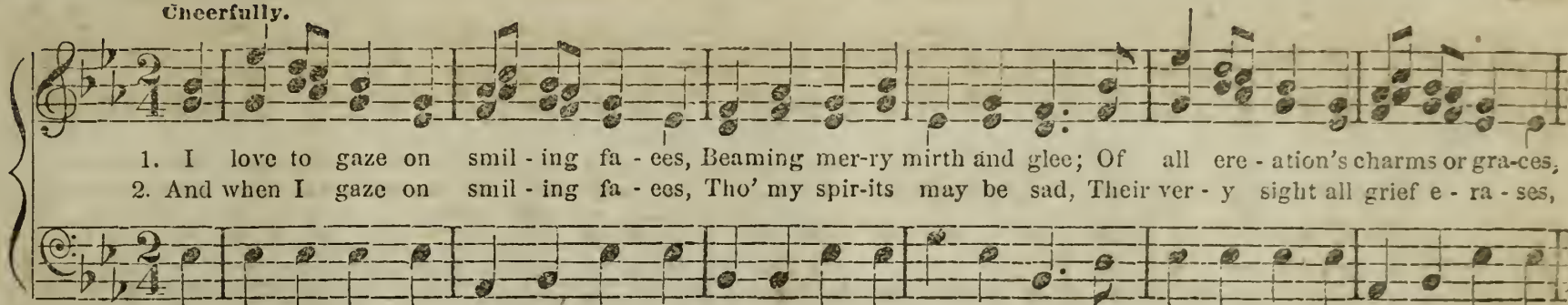
Ritard.

death-shade had slowly pass'd, and now, When the land and his fond lov'd home were nigh, They had gath-er'd a-round him to see him die,
 bo-dy shall lie when the heart is cold, Yet grant ye, O! grant ye this boon to me. O! bu-ry me not in the deep, deep sea,"
 church-yard there, on the green hill-side; By the bones of my fathers' my grave should be, O! bu-ry me not in the deep, deep sea."
 plant the wild flow'rs of spring on my tomb; Let me lie where those lov'd ones will weep over me, O! bu-ry me not in the deep, deep sea."

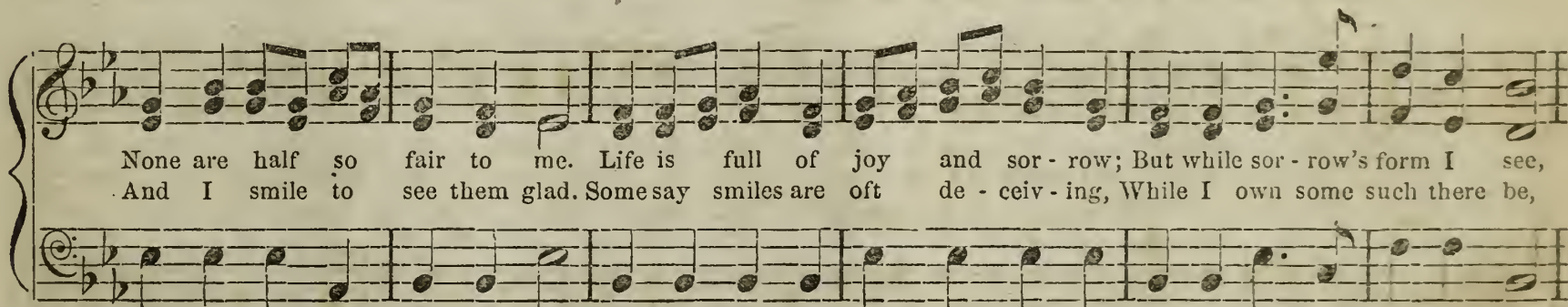
SMILING FACES.

205

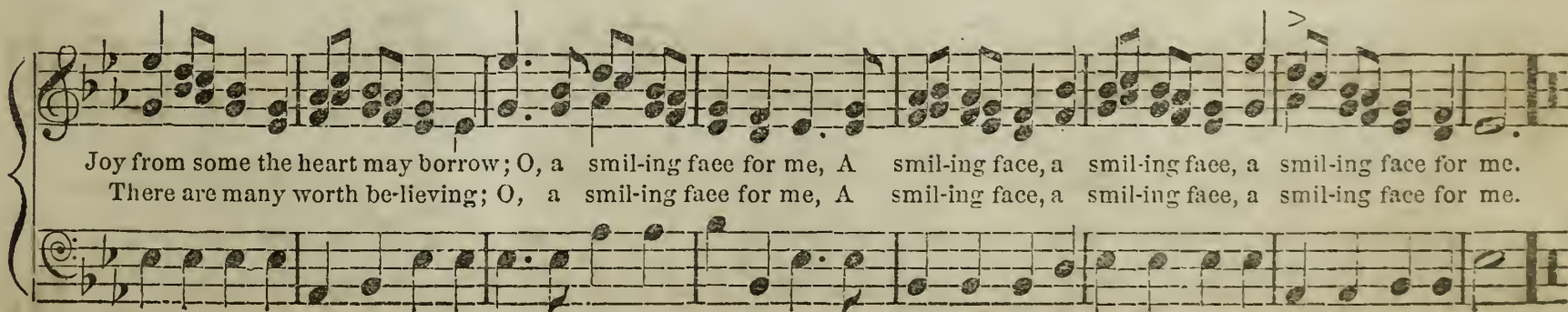
Cheerfully.



1. I love to gaze on smil - ing fa - ces, Beaming mer - ry mirth and glee; Of all ere - ation's charms or gra - ces,
2. And when I gaze on smil - ing fa - ces, Tho' my spir - its may be sad, Their ver - y sight all grief e - ra - ses,



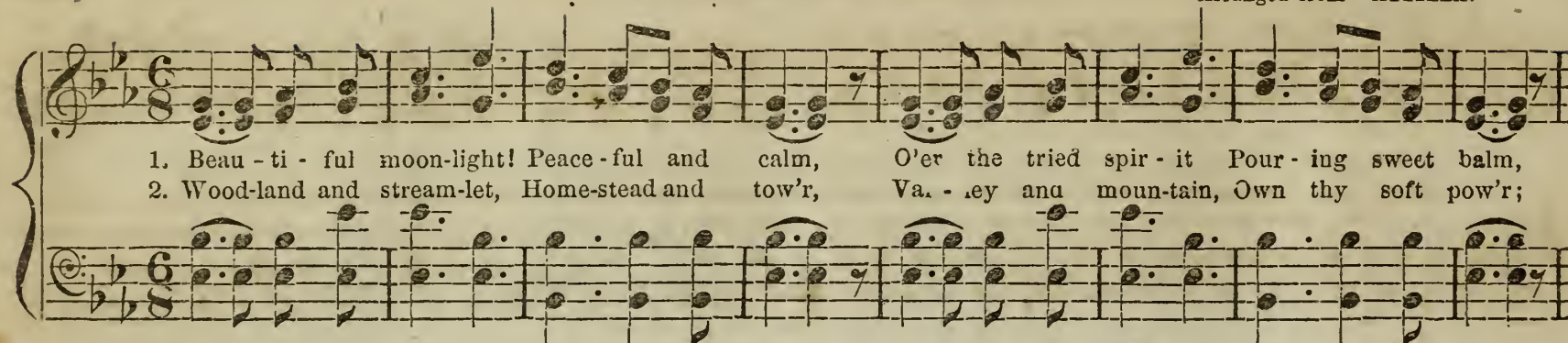
None are half so fair to me. Life is full of joy and sor - row; But while sor - row's form I see,
And I smile to see them glad. Some say smiles are oft de - ceiv - ing, While I own some such there be,



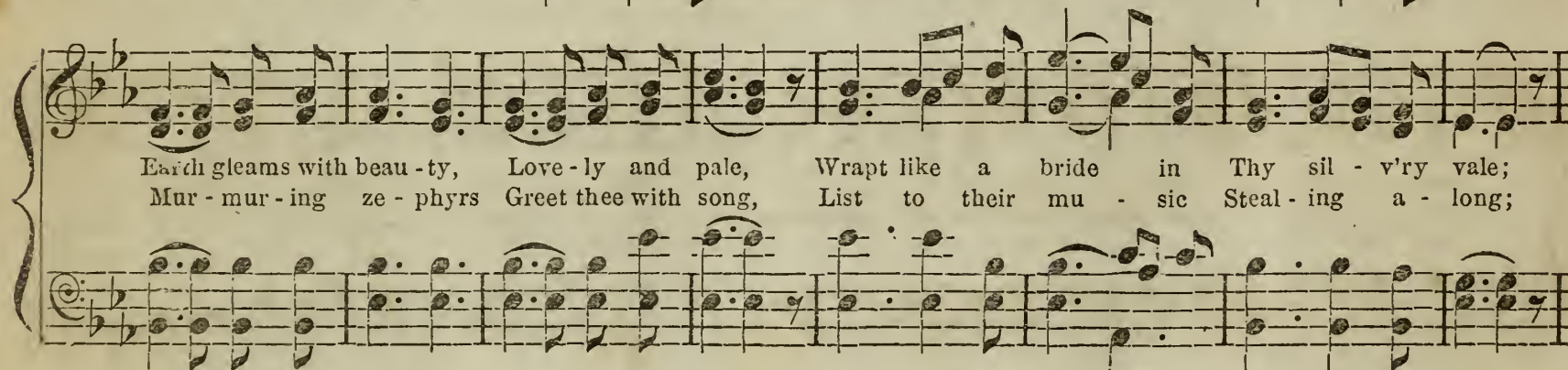
Joy from some the heart may borrow; O, a smil - ing faee for me, A smil - ing face, a smil - ing faee, a smil - ing face for me.
There are many worth be - lieving; O, a smil - ing faee for me, A smil - ing face, a smil - ing faee, a smil - ing face for me.

BEAUTIFUL MOONLIGHT.

Arranged from "ATTILLA."



1. Beau - ti - ful moon-light! Peace - ful and calm, O'er the tried spir - it Pour - ing sweet balm,
 2. Wood-land and stream-let, Home-stead and tow'r, Va - ley and moun-tain, Own thy soft pow'r;



Each gleams with beau - ty, Love - ly and pale, Wrapt like a bride in Thy sil - v'ry vale;
 Mur - mur - ing ze - phyr Greet thee with song, List to their mu - sic Steal - ing a - long;

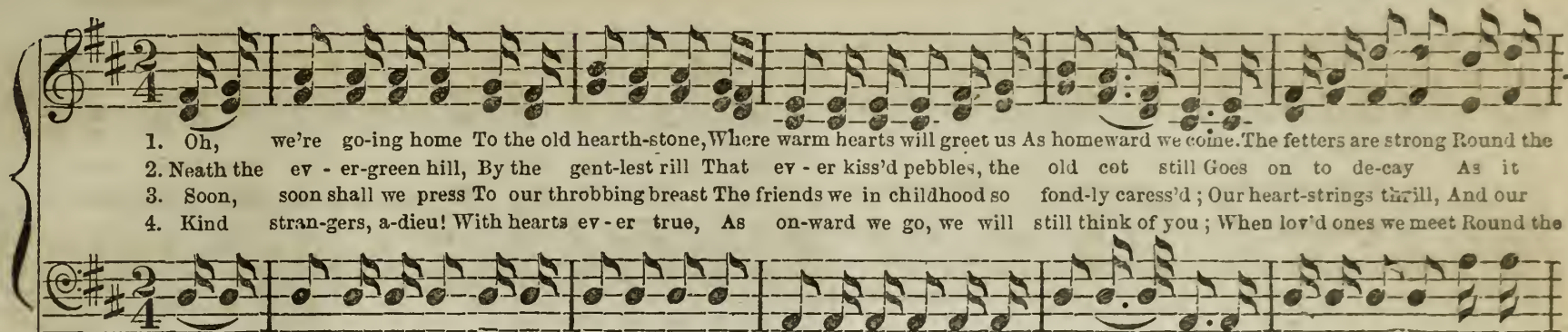


See the blue wa - ters Spar - kle with light: O! thou art love - ly,..... Beau - ti - ful night!
 Pure is the spir - it, Bath'd in thy light: Yes, thou art love - ly,..... Beau - ti - ful night!

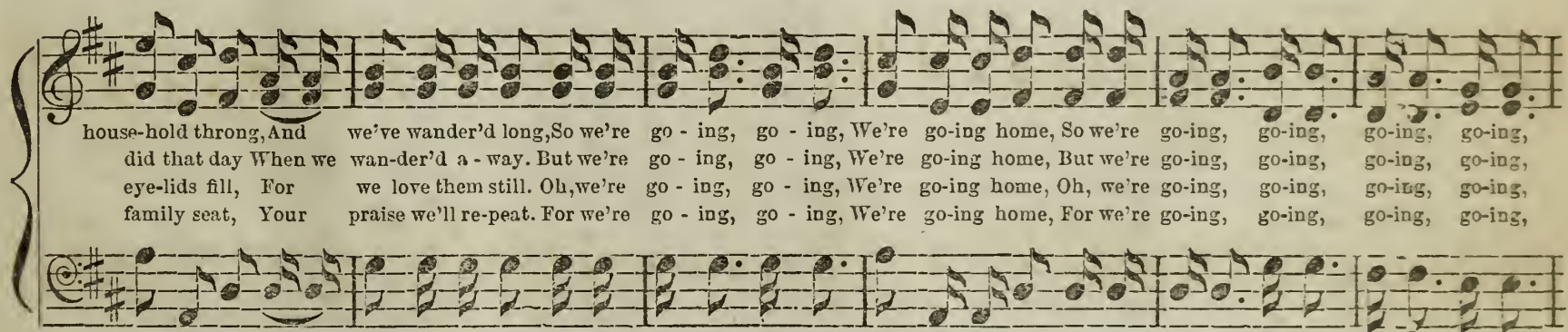
WE'RE GOING HOME.

WOOD.—By permission of Firth,
Pond & Co., Proprietors.

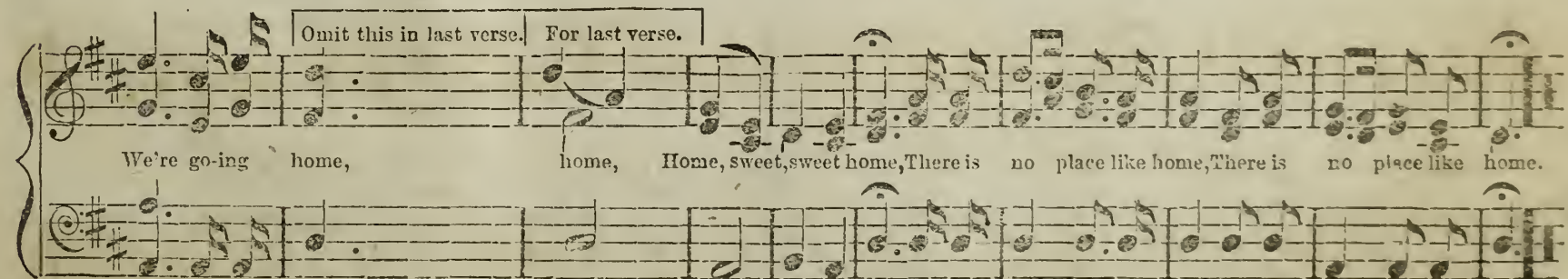
207



1. Oh, we're go-ing home To the old hearth-stone, Where warm hearts will greet us As homeward we come. The fetters are strong Round the
2. Neath the ev - er-green hill, By the gent-lest rill That ev - er kiss'd pebbles, the old cot still Goes on to de-cay As it
3. Soon, soon shall we press To our throbbing breast The friends we in childhood so fond-ly caress'd ; Our heart-strings thrill, And our
4. Kind stran-gers, a-dieu! With hearts ev - er true, As on-ward we go, we will still think of you ; When lov'd ones we meet Round the

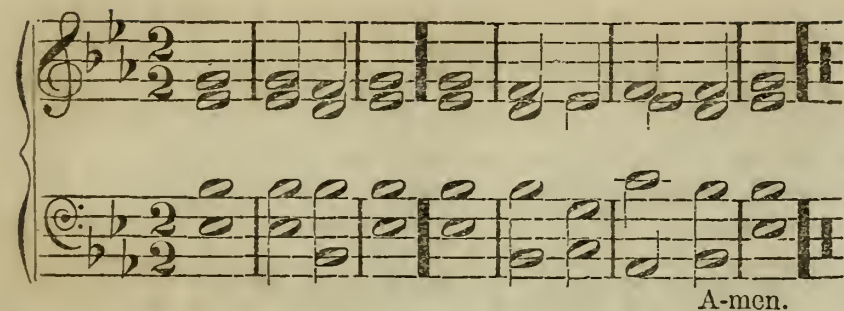


house-hold throng, And we've wander'd long, So we're go - ing, go - ing, We're go-ing home, So we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing,
did that day When we wan-der'd a - way. But we're go - ing, go - ing, We're go-ing home, But we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing,
eye-lids fill, For we love them still. Oh, we're go - ing, go - ing, We're go-ing home, Oh, we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing,
family seat, Your praise we'll re-peat. For we're go - ing, go - ing, We're go-ing home, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing,



Omit this in last verse. For last verse.

We're go-ing home, home, Home, sweet, sweet home, There is no place like home, There is no place like home.



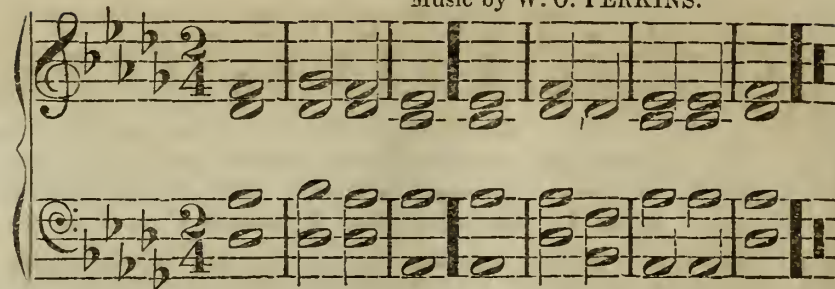
A-men.

- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth .. as it |
is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this day our | daily | bread,
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive | those who |
trespass .. a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver .. us
from | evil,
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the |
glory, .. for- | ever .. and | ever.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

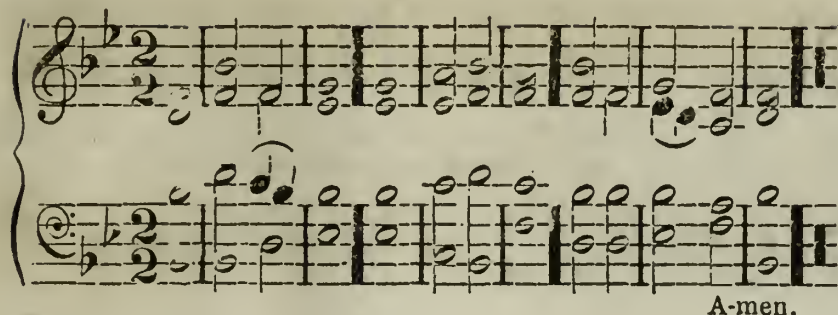
- 1 There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his | sickle | keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the | flowers that | grow be- | tween.
- 2 "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he,
"Have naught but the | bearded | grain ;
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will | give .. them | back a- | gain."

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.
Music by W. O. PERKINS.



- 3 He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their | drooping | leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He | bound them | in his | sheaves.
- 4 "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper | said, and | smiled ;
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where | once there | was a | child.
- 5 They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted | by my | care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These | sacred | blossoms | wear.
- 6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she | most did | love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In | fields of | light a- | bove.
- 7 O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper | came that | day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And | took the | flowers .. a- | way. .

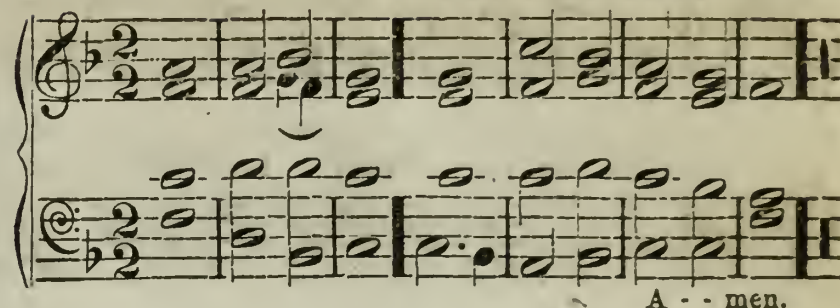
HYMN CHANT. Hear our prayer. W. O. P.



- 1 Hear! Father, hear our prayer
Thou who art Pity where | sorrow .. pre- | vaileth,
Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble, and | Hope .. to de- | spair.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!
- 2 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Wandering unknown in the | land .. of the | stranger,
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger,
Guard thou their path, guide their | feet .. from the | snare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!
- 3 Dry thou the mourner's tear!
Heal thou the wounds of time | hallowed .. af- | fection,
Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
Be in their trouble a | friend .. ever | near.
Dry thou the | mourner's | tear!
- 4 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps .. at- | tended;
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;
When at thy summons for | death .. we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

HYMN CHANT. The Lord our God. 209

Words by H. K. WHITE. †



- 1 The Lord our God is clothed with might
The winds o- | bey his | will;
He speaks—and in his heavenly height
The | rolling | sun stands | still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening | aspect | roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And | chains you | to the | shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his | high be- | hest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Dis- | turb the | sparrow's | nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant | peals it | dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And | sweeps the | howling | skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, | wait his | nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To | cele- | brate our | God.

THE SEAMAN'S PRAYER.

BROWNE.

1. { Je - sus, most ho - ly one, We lift our souls to thee; } { Watch us while shadows lie. } Hear the heart's
 { Plead for us, Savior, Lone wanderers on the sea. } { Far o'er the waters spread: }

lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled. Thou that hast looked on death, Aid us when death is near;

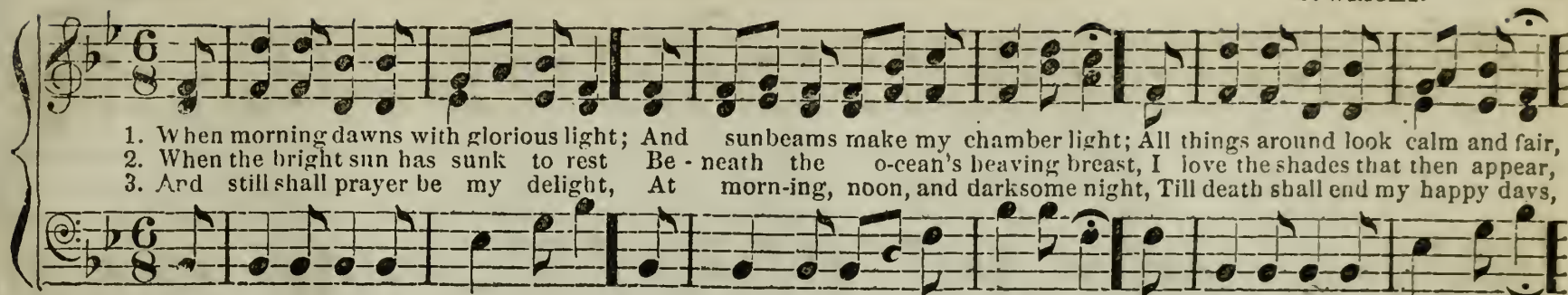
Whis-per of heaven to faith, Redeem-er, Re-deem-er, hear; Hear, O hear and saves us, Toss'd on the deep.

Rit.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.

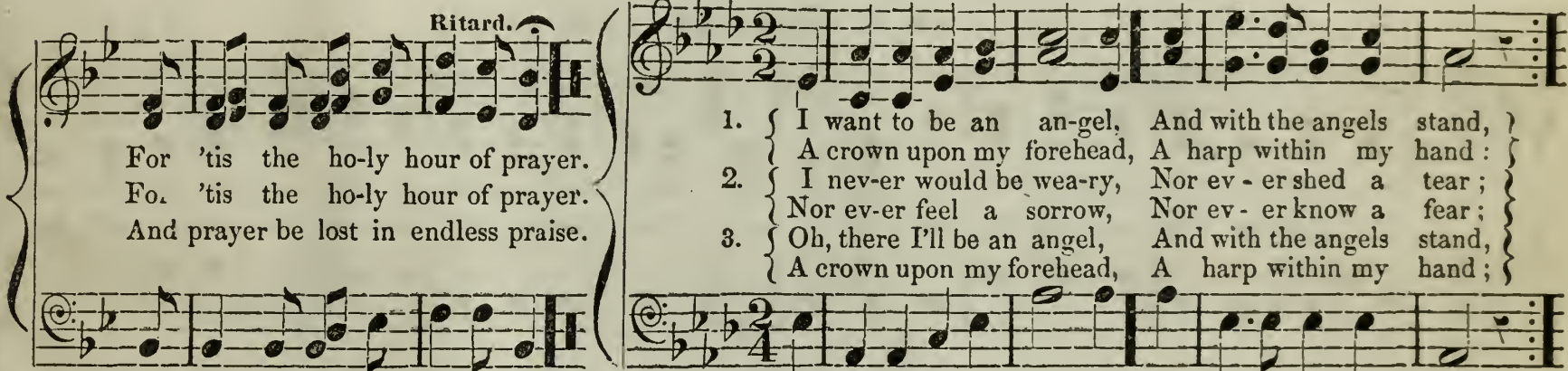
J. WRIGHT.

211



1. When morning dawns with glorious light; And sunbeams make my chamber light; All things around look calm and fair,
 2. When the bright sun has sunk to rest Be - neath the o - cean's heaving breast, I love the shades that then appear,
 3. And still shall prayer be my delight, At morn - ing, noon, and darksome night, Till death shall end my happy days,

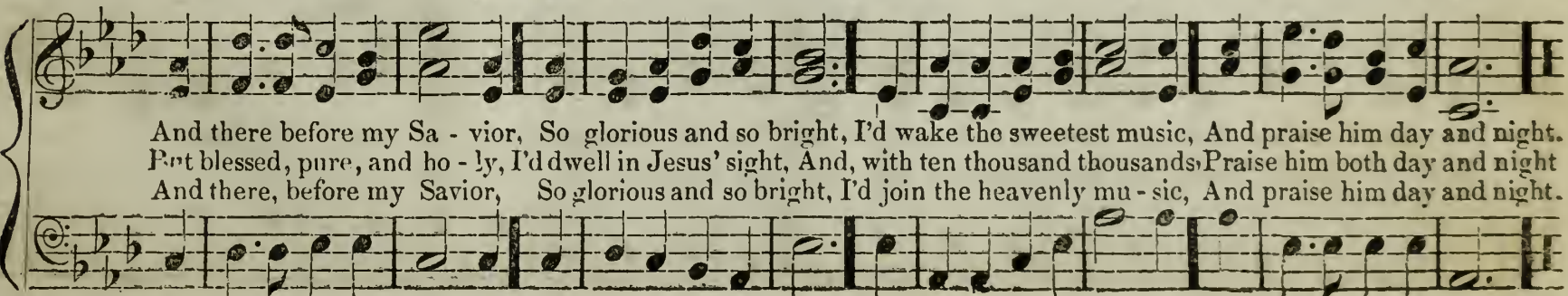
I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. 7s & 6s. J. WRIGHT.



Ritard.

For 'tis the ho - ly hour of prayer.
 Fo. 'tis the ho - ly hour of prayer.
 And prayer be lost in endless praise.

1. { I want to be an an - gel, And with the angels stand, }
 { A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand : }
 2. { I nev - er would be wea - ry, Nor ev - er shed a tear ; }
 { Nor ev - er feel a sorrow, Nor ev - er know a fear ; }
 3. { Oh, there I'll be an angel, And with the angels stand, }
 { A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand ; }



And there before my Sa - vior, So glorious and so bright, I'd wake the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.
 But blessed, pure, and ho - ly, I'd dwell in Jesus' sight, And, with ten thousand thousands, Praise him both day and night
 And there, before my Savior, So glorious and so bright, I'd join the heavenly mu - sic, And praise him day and night.

1. O God! we lift our hearts to thee, And grateful voices raise; We of-fer thee our grateful thanks, Accept our humble praise.

2. O give us wisdom from above, Life's various scenes to meet; Let thy right hand direct our way, And guide our youthful feet.

3. O crown our joys with thy rich faith, And fill our hearts with love: Let all our hopes, subdued by grace, Be fixed on thee above.

OUR FATHER. 11s.

W. O. P.

Our fath - er in heaven, We hal - low thy name, May thy kingdom ho - ly on earth be the same;
For - give our trans-gress-ions, And teach us to know That hum-ble com - pass-ion that pardor~ each foe;

O, give to us dai - ly our por-tion of bread, For 'tis from thy boun - ty that all must be fed.
Keep us from temp-ta - tion, from weakness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry, for - ev - er, A - men.

1. Heav-enly Father, ere we part, Let us now ourselves commend, To the gracious eye and heart, Of our ev-er present Friend.
 2. Father, hear our humble prayer, Shepherd of the lambs and sheep; Let thy mercy and thy care, All our souls in safety keep.
 3. What we each have now been taught, Let our memories re-tain! May we, if we live, be brought Here in peace to meet a-gain.

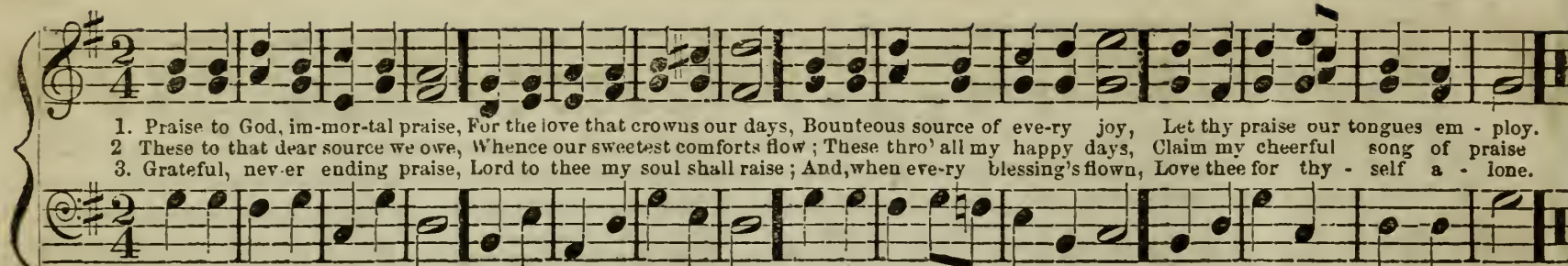
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. Be thou, O God, exalted high; And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
 2. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

HEBRON. L. M.

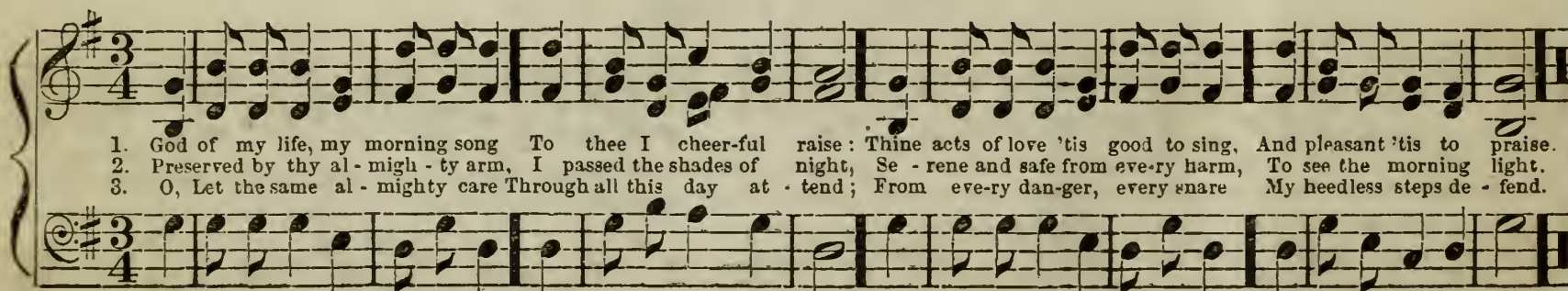
Dr. L. MASON.
 By permission.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry ev'ning should make known, Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 2. Al-migh-ty God, to thee on high, With reverence would my spirit bow; How frail a creature, Lord, am I, E-ter-nal One, how great art thou.
 3. Thy boundless love invites us near, And bids us look to heaven our home; As children, then, we will not fear; With our meek offerings, Lord, we come.



1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days, Bounteous source of eve-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
 2. These to that dear source we owe, Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These thro' all my happy days, Claim my cheerful song of praise
 3. Grateful, nev-er ending praise, Lord to thee my soul shall raise; And, when eve-ry blessing's flown, Love thee for thy - self a - lone.

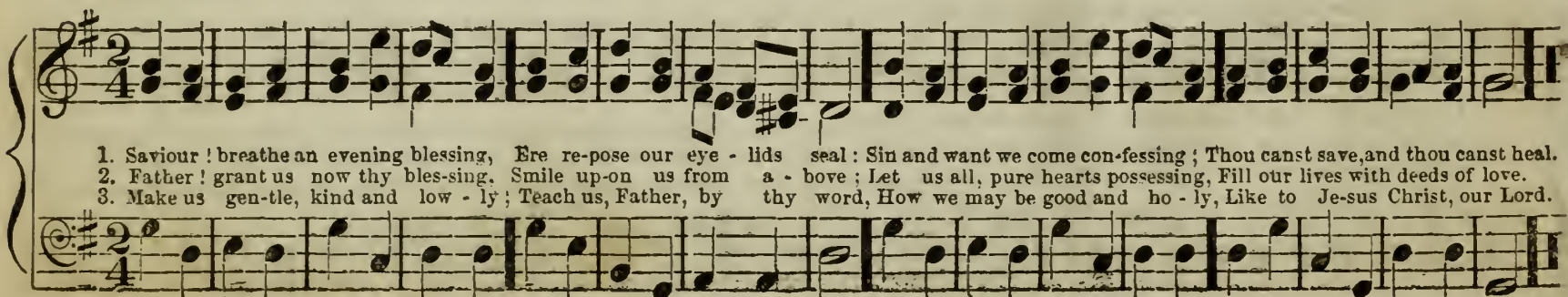
MARLOW. C. M.



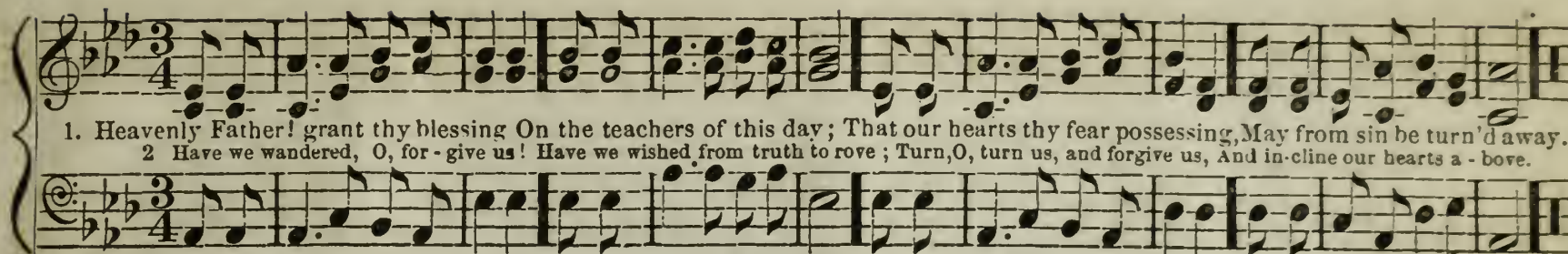
1. God of my life, my morning song To thee I cheer-ful raise: Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleasant 'tis to praise.
 2. Preserved by thy al-migh - ty arm, I passed the shades of night, Se - rene and safe from eve-ry harm, To see the morning light.
 3. O, Let the same al - mighty care Through all this day at - tend; From eve-ry dan-ger, every snare My heedless steps de - fend.

DINSMOOR. C. M.

H. S. PERKINS.



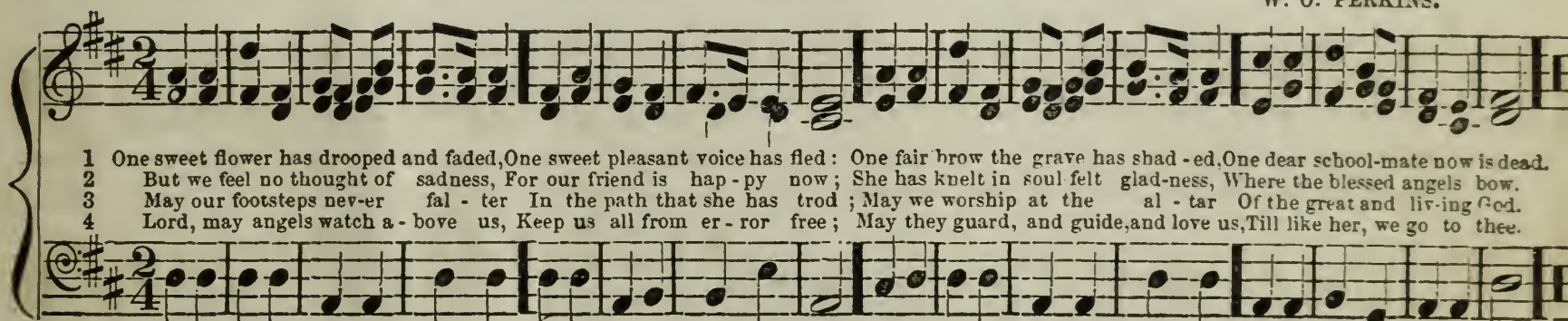
1. Saviour! breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our eye - lids seal: Sin and want we come con-fessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 2. Father! grant us now thy bles-sing. Smile up-on us from a - bove; Let us all, pure hearts possessing, Fill our lives with deeds of love.
 3. Make us gen-tle, kind and low - ly; Teach us, Father, by thy word, How we may be good and ho - ly, Like to Je-sus Christ, our Lord.



1. Heavenly Father! grant thy blessing On the teachers of this day; That our hearts thy fear possessing, May from sin be turn'd away.
2 Have we wandered, O, for - give us! Have we wished from truth to rove; Turn, O, turn us, and forgive us, And in-cline our hearts a - bove.

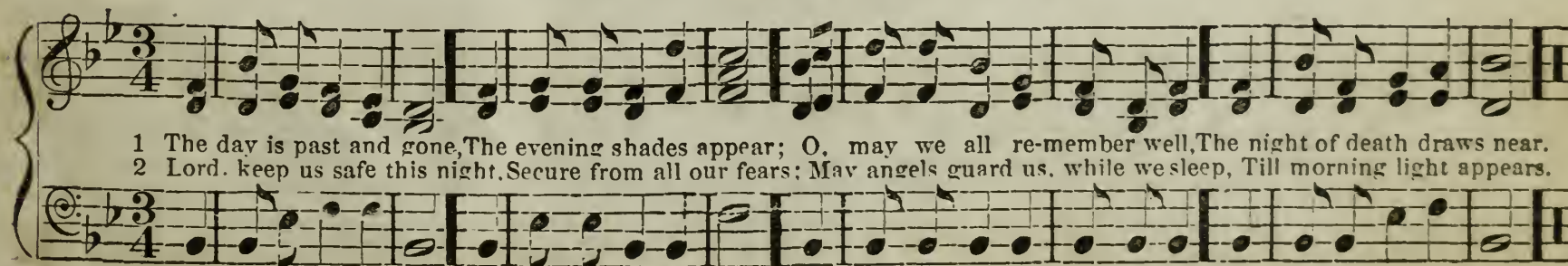
HYMN.* 8s & 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.



1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet pleasant voice has fled: One fair brow the grave has shad - ed, One dear school-mate now is dead.
2 But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is hap - py now; She has knelt in soul felt glad-ness, Where the blessed angels bow.
3 May our footsteps nev - er fal - ter In the path that she has trod; May we worship at the al - tar Of the great and liv - ing God.
4 Lord, may angels watch a - bove us, Keep us all from er - ror free; May they guard, and guide, and love us, Till like her, we go to thee.

THE DAY IS PAST. S. M.



1 The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O. may we all re-mem-ber well, The night of death draws near.
2 Lord. keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us, while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

* The hymn "Sister thou wast mild and lovely," &c., may be sung to this tune.

HAPPY MEET WE HERE. 7s.

T. WOOD.

1. Happy, happy meet me here ; Time has rolled an - oth - er year ; Spring tide brings the festal day, Now we lift the thank-ful
 2. Happy, happy meet we here, Bles-sed Je-sus be thou near ; Let our pleasures ev - er be, On - ly those approved by
 3. Happy, happy, meet we here, Parents friends and teachers dear : All with gladsome heart and voice, Share with us our fea-tive

Thanks for dai-ly mer-cies given. Crowned with morning light from heaven. Thanks to God who gives us breath, Thanks to God who saves from
 Praise the Savior's pre-cious name, He to save from Heav - en came, For our sins did bleed and die, Now He pleads for us on high
 Thanks to God for pa-rents kind, Thanks for friends with hearts inclined, Thus to guide us on the road, Lead-ing safe-ly up to Go

SHEPHERD. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear, My wants are all sup-plied
 2 To ev - er fragrant meads Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand in - dulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

